







*J. G. Pinckney*



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. II





THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY S. W. SINGER, F.S.A.

VOLUME II



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SCENE II. *A Public Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse,  
and a Merchant.*

*Mer.* Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusian merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here ;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit Dro. S.*]

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain<sup>1</sup>, sir ; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock, .  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart :  
And afterwards consort<sup>2</sup> you till bed-time ;

<sup>1</sup> *A trusty villain*, that is, *a faithful slave*. It is the French sense of the word.

<sup>2</sup> *Consort*, i. e. *accompany you*. In this line the emphasis must be laid on *time*, at the end of the line, to preserve the metre.

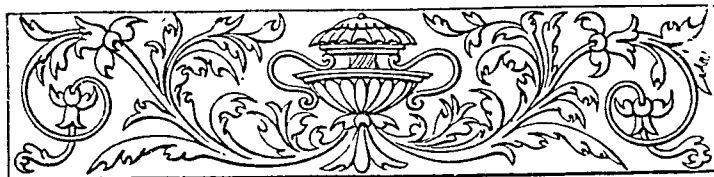


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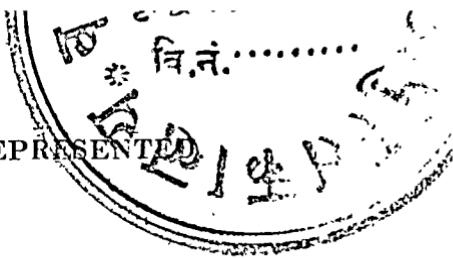
## COMEDY OF ERRORS.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE general idea of this play is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast, and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers or Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, "when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied." The clumsy and inartificial mode of informing the spectator by a prologue of events, which it was necessary for him to be acquainted with in order to enter into the spirit of the piece, is well avoided, and shows the superior skill of the modern dramatist over his ancient prototype. With how much more propriety is it placed in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin brothers, whose character is sketched with such skill as deeply to interest the reader in his griefs and misfortunes. Developement of character, however, was not to be expected in a piece which consists of an uninterrupted series of mistakes and laughter-moving situations. Steevens most resolutely maintains his opinion that this was a play only retouched by the hand of Shakespeare, but he has not given the grounds upon which his opinion was formed. We may suppose the doggerel verses of the dramas and the want of distinct characterization in the *Dramatis Personæ*, together with the farcelike nature of some of the incidents, made him draw this conclusion. Malone has given a satisfactory answer to the first objection, by adducing numerous examples of the same kind of long verse from the dramas of several of his contemporaries; and that Shakespeare was swayed by custom in introducing it into his early plays there can be no doubt; for it should be remembered that this kind of versification is to be found in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *The*

Taming of the Shrew. His better judgment made him subsequently abandon it. The particular translation from Plautus, which served as a model, has not come down to us. There was a translation of the *Menæchmi*, by W. W. (Warner), published in 1595, which it is possible Shakespeare may have seen in manuscript; but from the circumstance of the brothers being, in the folio of 1623, occasionally styled *Antipholus Erotes* or *Errotis*, and *Antipholus Sereptus*, perhaps for *Surreptus* and *Erraticus*, while in Warner's translation the brothers are named *Menæchmus Sosicles* and *Menæchmus the traveller*; it is concluded that he was not the poet's authority. It is difficult to pronounce decidedly between the contending opinions of the critics, but the general impression upon my mind is that the whole of the play is from the hand of Shakespeare. Dr. Drake thinks it "is visible throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastised parts, a combination of which may be found in the character of Pinch, who is sketched in his strongest and most marked style." We may conclude with Schlegel's dictum that "this is the best of all written or possible *Menæchmi*; and if the piece is inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakespeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials."

Malone first placed the date of this piece in 1593, or 1596, but lastly in 1592. Chalmers plainly showed that it should be ascribed to the early date of 1591. It was neither printed nor entered on the Stationers' books until it appeared in the folio of 1623.



PERSONS REPRESENTED

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus

ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *twin Brothers and Attendants on the*  
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *two Antipholuses.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *twin Brothers and Sons to Ægeon*  
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *and Æmilia, but unknown to*  
  } *each other.*

BALI. 'ZAR, a Merchant.

ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her sister.

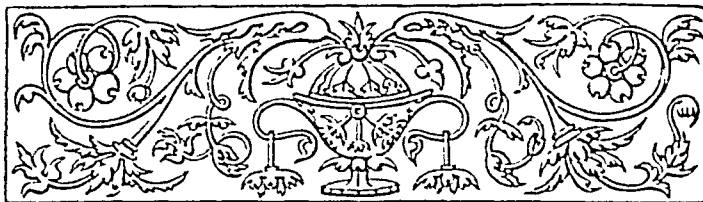
LUCE, her servant.

A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.





## COMEDY OF ERRORS.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. *A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaolers, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Ægeon.*

**P**ROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and  
all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no  
more ;

I am not partial, to infringe our laws :  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting guilders<sup>1</sup> to redeem their lives,  
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

<sup>1</sup> A *guilder* was a Flemish coin, valued from *one shilling and sixpence* to *two shillings*. The German *guilder* about three shillings and ninepence.

It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
 Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,  
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :  
 Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,  
 Be seen at any Syracusian marts and fairs;  
 Again, If any Syracusian born  
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;  
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,  
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Ege.* Yet this my comfort ; when your words are  
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause  
 Why thou departedst from thy native home ;  
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Ege.* A heavier task could not have been imposed,  
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :  
 Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
 Was wrought by nature<sup>2</sup>, not by vile offence,  
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
 In Syracuse was I born : and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
 With her I liv'd in joy : our wealth increas'd,  
 By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,  
 And the<sup>3</sup> great care of goods at random left,

<sup>2</sup> *Nature*, i. e. *natural affection*.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads *he* : the emendation is Malone's. It is a happy restoration ; for the manner in which Steevens pointed this passage gave to it a confused, if not an absurd meaning. The second folio attempts a remedy by printing, " And *he* great store of goods at random *leaving*."

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :  
From whom my absence was not six months old,  
Before herself (almost at fainting, under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear),  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
There she had not been long, but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,  
A poor<sup>4</sup> mean woman was delivered  
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.  
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return :  
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard !  
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
Before the always wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic instance<sup>5</sup> of our harm :  
But longer did we not retain much hope ;  
For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,

<sup>4</sup> The word *poor* was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

<sup>5</sup> *Instance* appears to be used here for *sign* or *prognostic*. Shake  
speare uses this word with very great latitude.

And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.  
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms :  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;  
And by the benefit of his wish'd light  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making amain to us ;  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :  
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !  
Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man ; do not break off so ;  
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily term'd them merciless to us !  
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;  
Which being violently borne upon<sup>6</sup>,  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,  
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
Fortune had left to both of us alike  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened  
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind ;  
And in our sight they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.

<sup>6</sup> The first folio reads "borne up," the second *up upon*.

At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;  
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave healthful<sup>7</sup> welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;  
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—  
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
 Do me the favour to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now<sup>8</sup>.

*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother ; and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant (for<sup>9</sup> his case was like,  
 Reft of his brother, but<sup>10</sup> retain'd his name),  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him :  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see<sup>11</sup>,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia ;  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;  
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life ;

<sup>7</sup> The second folio altered this to "*helpful* welcome;" but change was unnecessary. A *healthful* welcome is a kind welcome, wishing health to their guests. It was not a *helpful* welcome, for the slowness of their bark prevented them from rendering assistance.

<sup>8</sup> This is the reading of the second folio. The first misprints *have* for *hath*, and *they* for *thee*.

<sup>9</sup> The first folio reads *so* ; the second *for*.

<sup>10</sup> The personal pronoun *he* is suppressed : such phraseology is not unfrequent in the writings of that age.

<sup>11</sup> Mr. Collier's folio corrector would read this line thus :

"Whom whilst *he* labour'd of *all* love to see."

And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd  
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap !  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,  
 But to our honour's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can :  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
 To seek thy fine<sup>12</sup> by beneficial help :  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live ; if not<sup>13</sup>, then thou art doom'd to die :—  
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,  
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>12</sup> The old copy has, "To seek thy *help* by beneficial help." The word I have admitted into the text is evidently what the context requires. Mr. Collier suggests that Shakespeare may have written *hope*. But Ægeon himself had no hope :

"Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend."

It is evident that the repetition of the word *help* is a mere printer's error, by the eye glancing on a wrong word in the line. And the Duke has said,

"Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,"  
 implying that the *fine* had been before mentioned by him.

<sup>13</sup> *No*, which is the reading of the first folio, was anciently often used for *not*. The second folio reads *not*.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A public Place.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.**Adriana.*

**N**EITHER my husband, nor the slave re-  
turn'd,  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner;  
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:  
A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time,  
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o'door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe<sup>1</sup>.  
There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye,  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the bridle must bear the lash, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. So in *K. Lear*,

"The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us."

My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world, am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds<sup>3</sup> himself :  
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date<sup>4</sup>.—

What now ? How chance, thou art return'd so soon ?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too  
late :

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit :  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;  
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray ;  
Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*Dro. E.* O,—sixpence, that I had o'Wednesday  
last,

<sup>3</sup> *Confounds*, here, does not signify *destroys*, as Malone asserts ;  
but *overwhelms*, *mixes confusedly together*, *loses*.

<sup>4</sup> They were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date  
of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master.

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.  
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a'turns  
back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou  
reason?

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more  
than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,  
That time comes stealing on by night and day?  
If he<sup>13</sup> be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;  
And bring thy master home immediately.—  
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit<sup>14</sup>;  
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me  
As if I were their well acquainted friend<sup>1</sup>;  
And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me;  
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;  
Some offer me commodities to buy:  
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

<sup>13</sup> The old copy reads, "If I, &c."

<sup>14</sup> *Conceit, fanciful conception.*

<sup>1</sup> This actually happened to Sir H. Wotton when on his travels.  
See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685, p. 676.

Some of my mistress marks upon my shoulders,  
 But not a thousand marks between you both.—  
 If I should pay your worship those again,  
 Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave,  
 hast thou ?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
 Phoenix ;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,  
 And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
 Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir ? for God's sake, hold  
 your hands ;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DROMIO E*]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
 The villain is o'er-raught<sup>7</sup> of all my money.  
 They say, this town is full of cozenage<sup>8</sup> ;  
 As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye ;  
 Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind ;  
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body ;  
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
 And many such like liberties of sin<sup>9</sup> :  
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave ;  
 I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>7</sup> *O'er-raught*, i. e. *overreached*.

<sup>8</sup> This was the character which the ancients gave of it. *Ἐφεσια ἀλεξιφάρμακα* was proverbial among them. Thus Menander uses *Ἐφεσια γράμματα* in the same sense. The hint for the enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakespeare might have received from the *Menæchmi*, published in English in 1595.

<sup>9</sup> *Liberties of sin*, that is, *licentious actions*, *sinful liberties*. Hammer reads, *libertines*.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some  
sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where?<sup>2</sup>

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she  
pause<sup>3</sup> ;

They can be meek, that have no other cause<sup>4</sup>.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience<sup>5</sup> would'st relieve me :

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd<sup>6</sup> patience in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try ;—  
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

<sup>2</sup> "*Elsewhere, other where* ; in another place, *alibi*," says Baret.  
The sense is, "How if your husband fly off in pursuit of some  
other woman?"

<sup>3</sup> To pause is to rest, to be quiet.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. no cause to be otherwise.

<sup>5</sup> That is, by urging me to patience which affords no help. So  
in Venus and Adonis,

"As those poor birds that helpless berries saw."

<sup>6</sup> Fool-begg'd patience, i. e. this patience which you so foolishly  
beg of me will then be decided by you.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here  
very much glad of it.

*Mess.* I have already delivered him letters;<sup>3</sup>  
there appears much joy in him; even so much, that  
joy could not show itself modest enough, without a  
badge of bitterness<sup>4</sup>.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears:

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness: There are no  
faces truer than those that are so washed. How much  
better it is to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

*Beat.* I pray you, is signior Montanto<sup>5</sup> returned  
from the wars, or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady; there was  
none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever  
he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills<sup>6</sup> here in Messina, and

<sup>4</sup> Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended by tears  
is least offensive; because, carrying with it this mark of pain,  
it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This  
is finely called a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the  
observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. In  
Chapman's version of the 10th Odyssey, a somewhat similar ex-  
pression occurs:

“our eyes wore

The same wet badge of weak humanity.”

This is an idea which Shakespeare seems to have delighted to in-  
troduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*:

“my plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow.”

<sup>5</sup> *Montanto* was one of the ancient terms of the fencing school;  
a title humorously given to one whom she would represent as a  
bravado.

<sup>6</sup> This phrase was in common use for affixing a printed notice

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home ?  
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other  
beating :  
Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant ; fetch thy master  
home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round<sup>8</sup> with you, as you with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus ?  
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :  
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face !

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look<sup>9</sup>.  
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :  
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?  
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard  
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?  
That's not my fault, he's master of my state :  
What ruins are in me, that can be found  
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground  
Of my defeatures<sup>10</sup> : My decayed fair<sup>11</sup>

<sup>8</sup> He plays upon the word *round*, which signifies spherical, as applied to himself ; and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, as regards his mistress. The King in Hamlet desires the Queen to be *round* with her son.

<sup>9</sup> So in Shakespeare's Sonnets, the forty-seventh and seventy-fifth :—

“ When that mine eye is *famish'd for a look*.”

“ Sometimes all full with feeding on his sight,  
And by and by clean *starved for a look*.”

<sup>10</sup> *Defeat* and *defeature* were used for disfigurement or alteration of features. Cotgrave has “ Un visage desfaict : *Growne very leane*.”

A sunny look of his would soon repair :  
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,  
 And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale<sup>12</sup>.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy !—fie, beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage other-where ;  
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?  
 Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain ;—  
 'Would that alone alone he would detain,  
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !  
 I see, the jewel best enamelled  
 Will lose his beauty ; yet though gold 'bides still  
 The trier's touch, an often touching will  
 Wear gold : and no man, that hath a name,

*pale, wan, or decayed in feature and colour."*

It occurs again in the last Act ; and is also used by the poet in his *Venus and Adonis* :—

"To mingle beauty with deformity,  
 And pure perfection with impure *defeature*."

The word is so expressive, that it is surprising that it has fallen into disuse. It is, I believe, peculiar to Shakespeare in this sense ; though *defeature* is used for discomfiture, *defeat*, overthrow, by others.

<sup>11</sup> *Fair*, strictly speaking, is not used here for *fairness*, as Steevens supposed ; but for *beauty*. Shakespeare has often employed it in this sense, without any relation to *whiteness of skin* or *complexion*. The use of the substantive instead of the adjective, in this instance, is not peculiar to him ; but the common practice of his contemporaries. Marston, in one of his Satires, says :—

"As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*  
 Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air."

<sup>12</sup> Though Shakespeare sometimes uses *stale* for a decoy or stalking-horse, I do not think he meant it here ; or that Adriana can mean to call herself his *stalking-horse*. Probably she means she is *thrown aside, forgotten, cast off*, become *stale* to him. The dictionaries, in voce *Exoletus*, countenance this explanation. Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, Act iii. Sc. 4, says, "Poor I am *stale*, a garment out of fashion." The wife's complaint in the *Menæchmi*, "*ludibrio habeo*," is translated by Warner (1595), "He makes me a *stale* and a laughing stock to all the world."

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame<sup>13</sup>  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
 Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave  
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
 By computation, and mine host's report,  
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
 I sent him from the mart : See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?  
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
 You know no Centaur ? you receiv'd no gold ?  
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ?  
 My house was at the Phoenix ? Wast thou mad,  
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir ? when spake I such a  
 word ?

<sup>13</sup> In the folio of 1623, the passage stands thus:—

“ I see the Jewell best enameled  
 Will lose his beautie: yet the gold bides still  
 That others touch, and often touching will,  
 Where gold and no man that hath a name,  
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.”

In the second folio, the last two of these lines are omitted.

Much of this has been corrected, but one important corruption has escaped all editors. I read *the triers* for *that others*; omit the *d* in *and*; read *wear* for *where*, and *but* for *by*. The sense will then be: I see the best enamelled jewel will lose its beauty, yet though gold still abides the touch of the *triers*, yet often touching will wear gold: and no man that has a name but falsehood and corrupt manners shame it.

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence, Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt ; And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner ; For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein : What means this jest ? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth ?

Think'st thou, I jest ? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake : now your jest is earnest :

Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes Do use you for my fool, and chat with you, Your sauciness will jest upon my love, And make a common of my serious hours. When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport. But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams. If you will jest with me, know my aspéct, And fashion your demeanour to my looks, Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it ? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head : an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce<sup>1</sup> it too ; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten ?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know ?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir ; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why ?

<sup>1</sup> A sconce was a fortification ; to insconce was to hide, to protect as with a fort.

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore ; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me ; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season ?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason ?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir ? for what ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time ?

*Dro. S.* No, sir ; I think, the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that ?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason ?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric<sup>2</sup>, and purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time ; There's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

<sup>2</sup> So in *The Taming of the Shrew* :—

“ I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders *choler*, planteth anger.”

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery<sup>3</sup>?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men<sup>4</sup> in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit<sup>5</sup>.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair<sup>6</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falling<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> This is another instance of Shakespeare's acquaintance with technical law terms. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads *them*: the emendation is Theobald's.

<sup>5</sup> The following lines "Upon [Suckling's] *Aglaure*, printed in folio," may serve to illustrate this proverbial sentence:—

"This great voluminous pamphlet may be said  
To be like one that hath more hair than head;  
More excrement than body:—trees which sprout  
With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit."

*Parnassus Biceps*. 1656.

See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1, Note 26.

<sup>6</sup> An allusion too frequent in our old dramas. See *Measure for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 2, note 3.

<sup>7</sup> The folios have:—

"Nay not sure, in a thing *falsing*,"  
which must be a misprint for *falling*. The allusion is to *falling*

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in trimmings; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en<sup>8</sup> no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts<sup>9</sup> us yonder!

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.  
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow  
That never words were music to thine ear<sup>10</sup>,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

*hairs*; one of Dromio's reasons is, "that at dinner they should not *drop* in his porridge." In the line below, for *trimming*, the old copies have *trying*. The correction is made in my second folio.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy, by mistake, has *in*.

<sup>9</sup> *Wafts*, i. e. *beckons us*. So in *Hamlet*:—

"It *wafts* me still:—go on, I'll follow thee."

<sup>10</sup> Imitated by Pope in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*:—

"My music then you could for ever hear,  
And all my words were music to your ear."

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?  
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
 That, undividable, incorporate,  
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;  
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall<sup>11</sup>  
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
 Without addition, or diminishing,  
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?  
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow?  
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:  
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being strumpeted<sup>12</sup> by thy contagion.  
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;  
 I live unstain'd<sup>13</sup>, thou undishonoured.

<sup>11</sup> *Fall* is here a verb active. So in *Othello*:—

“Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.”

<sup>12</sup> Shakespeare is not singular in the use of this verb. So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:—

“By this aduress basely *strumpeted*.”

<sup>13</sup> The old copy has *distain'd*, which cannot be right, because Shakespeare's cotemporaries universally use *distain*, for to *stain*, *blot*, *sully*. Theobald suggested the correction.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;  
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me?

*Adr.* By thee: and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows  
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words  
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,  
Unless it be by inspiration?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!  
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt<sup>14</sup>,

<sup>14</sup> *Exempt*, i. e. *separated*, *parted*. Shakespeare uses the word in the first part of *K. Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 4, in a similar sense:

“And by his treason stand'st thou not attained,  
Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?”

Malone has given an instance of a similar use of the word from a letter of the Earl of Nottingham's in favour of Edward Alleyn:  
“Scituate in a very remote and *exempte* place-near Goulding Lane,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :  
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine<sup>15</sup> :  
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate :  
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle<sup>16</sup> moss :  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks ; she means<sup>17</sup> me for her theme :

What, was I married to her in my dream ?  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?  
 What error draws our eyes and ears amiss ?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd<sup>18</sup> fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner.

&c. And in *The Triumph of Honour*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :  
 "lest for contempt

They fix you there a rock whence they're exempt."

<sup>15</sup> So Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. v.

"They led the vine

To wed her elm. She spous'd about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms."

Thus also in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

"the female ivy so

Eurings the barky fingers of the elm."

Mr. Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines*. See also Ovid's *Tale of Vertumnus and Pomona*.

<sup>16</sup> *Idle*, i. e. *unfruitful*. So in *Othello* :—

"antres vast, and deserts idle."

<sup>17</sup> The old copies have *moves*, a printer's error for *meanes*, and three lines lower, *drives* for *drawes*. The correction is made in Mr. Collier's second folio.

<sup>18</sup> The old copy reads *freed* ; which is evidently wrong, and a corruption of *proffered* or *offer'd*. This note was written in 1825.

This is the fairy land :—O, spite of spites !—  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites<sup>19</sup> ;  
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not ?  
*Dromio*, thou drone<sup>20</sup>, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !

*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am not I ?

*Ant. S.* I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'Tis true ; she rides me, and I long for grass.  
 'Tis so, I am an ass ; else it could never be,  
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—  
 Come, sir, to dinner ; *Dromio*, keep the gate :—  
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
 And shrive<sup>21</sup> you of a thousand idle pranks :  
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

<sup>19</sup> Theobald changed *owls* to *ouphes* in this passage most unwarrantably. It was those "*unlucking birds*," the striges or *screech-owls*, which are meant. It has been asked, "how should Shakespeare know that screech-owls were considered by the Romans as witches?" Do these cavillers think that Shakespeare never looked into a book? Take an extract from the Cambridge Latin Dictionary, 1594, 8vo. probably the very book he used. "*Strix*, a *scritche owle*; an unluckie kind of bird (as they of old time said) *which sucked out the blood of infants lying in their cradles*; a witch, that changeth the favour of children; *an hagge or fairie*." So in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605 :—"Soul, I think I am sure crossed or *witch'd with an owl*." The epithet *elvish* is not in the first folio; but the second has *elves*, which was probably meant for *elvish*.

<sup>20</sup> The old copy reads "*Dromio*, thou *Dromio*." The emendation is Theobald's.

<sup>21</sup> *Shrive*, i. e. *give you absolution*, she hints also at an imposed penance.

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
Come, sister :—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!  
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate!

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,  
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

*Antipholus of Ephesus.*

**G**OOD signior Angelo, you must excuse us all:  
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:  
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,  
To see the making of her carcanet<sup>1</sup>,  
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
But here's a villain, that would face me down  
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;  
And that I did deny my wife and house:—

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what  
I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to  
show:

<sup>1</sup> *A carcanet or chain for a lady's neck; a collar or chain of gold and precious stones; from the French carcan. It was sometimes spelled karkanet and quarguenet.*

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave  
were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think, thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry so it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar : 'Pray God,  
our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome  
here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,  
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common ; that every churl  
affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common ; for that's  
nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing  
guest ;

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part ;  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft ; my door is lock'd ; Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,  
Jen' !

*Dro. S.* [*within.*] Mome<sup>2</sup>, malt-horse, capon, cox-  
comb, idiot, patch<sup>3</sup> !

<sup>2</sup> A *mome* was a *fool* or *foolish jester*. *Momar* is used by Plautus for a fool ; whence the French *mommeur*. The Greeks too had *μωμος* in the same sense.

<sup>3</sup> *Patch* was a term of contempt often applied to persons of low condition, and sometimes applied to a *fool*. Vide *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch :  
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for  
such store,  
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the  
door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*Dro. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefóre.

*Ant. E.* Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe<sup>4</sup>?

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.  
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,  
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or  
thy name for an ass.

*Luce.* [*within.*] What a coil is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* 'Faith, no; he comes too late:  
And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh :—  
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

*Luce.* Have at you with another: that's,—When?  
can you tell?

<sup>4</sup> *I owe, i. e. I own, am owner of*

*Dro. S.* If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope<sup>5</sup>?

*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* And you said, no.

*Dro. E.* So; come, help! well struck; there was blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* Let him knock till it ake.

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

*Adr. [within.]* Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part<sup>6</sup> with neither.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

<sup>5</sup> It seems probable that a line following this has been lost; in which Luce might be threatened with a *rope*; which would have furnished the rhyme now wanting. In a subsequent scene Dromio is ordered to go and buy a rope's end, for the purpose of using it on Adriana and her confederates.

<sup>6</sup> *Part*, i. e. *depart*.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here in the cold :

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold<sup>7</sup>.

*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir ; and words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*Dro. S.* It seems, thou want'st breaking ; Out upon thee, hind !

*Dro. E.* Here's too much out upon thee ! I pray thee, let me in.

*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in ; Go borrow me a crow.

*Dro. E.* A crow without feather ? master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> A proverbial phrase, meaning to be so overreached by foul and secret practices.

<sup>8</sup> The same quibble is to be found in one of the comedies of Plautus. Children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus, in *The Captives*, mentions, and says that, for his part, he had *tantum upupam*. *Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument with which stone was dug from the quarries.

*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so;  
 Herein you war against your reputation,  
 And draw within the compass of suspect  
 The unviolated honour of your wife.  
 Once this<sup>9</sup>:—Your long experience of her wisdom,  
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
 Plead on her part some course to you unknown;  
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
 Why at this time the doors are made<sup>10</sup> against you.  
 Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:  
 And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
 And that supposed by the common rout  
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:  
 For slander lives upon succession;  
 For ever housed, where it gets possession.

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.  
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,—  
 Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—  
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

<sup>9</sup> *Once this*; here means *once for all*; *at once*. See Much Ado About Nothing, Act i. Sc. 1. I see no reason for supposing this passage corrupt, with Malone. Numberless examples may be adduced of the use of *once* in this sense. It is so used by Massinger and Ben Jonson. Thus also Sir Philip Sydney, in his *Arcadia*, b. i.:—"Some perchance loving my estate, others my person. But *once*, I know all of them." *Her* in this line, and in the next but one, is printed *your* in the old copies.

<sup>10</sup> *Made*, i. e. *made fast*. The expression is still in use in some counties, where to *make* the door, signifies to *make it fast*.

My wife (but, I protest, without desert),  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;  
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 'tis made :  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine ;  
 For there's the house. That chain will I bestow  
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)  
 Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste :  
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so ; this jest shall cost me some expense.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter* LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office ? shall, Antipholus,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous<sup>1</sup> ?  
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

In the old copy the first four lines stand thus :—

“ And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office ? Shall, Antipholus,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?  
 Shall love in *buildings* grow so *ruinate* ? ”

The present emendation was proposed by Steevens, and adopted by Malone. *Love-springs* are the *buds of love*, or rather the young shoots. “ The *spring*, or young shoots that grow out of the stems or roots of trees.” BARET. Again : “ To branch out, to shoot out *young springes*.” Shakespeare uses it again in his *Venus and Adonis* :—

“ This canker that eats up love's tender *spring*.”

And in *The Rape of Lucrece* :—

“ To dry the old oak's sap and cherish *springs*.”

That love is gradually built up, and that the lover's bosom is the

Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness :

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;

Muffle your false love with some show of blindness :

Let not my sister read it in your eye ;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty<sup>2</sup> ;

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger :

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint :

Be secret-false ; What need she be acquainted ?

What simple thief brags of his own attain<sup>3</sup> ?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board :

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit<sup>4</sup>, that you love us ;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain<sup>5</sup>,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress (what your name is else, I know not,

mansion where this sovereign deity resides, was a favourite notion with the poet. Thus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

"O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall."

He has similar allusions in *Antony and Cleopatra* and in *Troilus and Cressida*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. make *disloyally becoming*.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have by error *attaine*, and below "not believe," for "*but believe*."

<sup>4</sup> *Compact of credit*, i. e. being made altogether of credulity.

<sup>5</sup> *Vain* is light of tongue

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine),  
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show  
 not,

Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine  
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,  
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
 But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline<sup>6</sup>.  
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears ;  
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs<sup>7</sup>,  
 And as a bed<sup>8</sup> I'll take them, and there lie ;

And, in that glorious supposition, think  
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die :—  
 Let Love being light, be drowned if she sink<sup>9</sup> !

<sup>6</sup> " To decline ; to turne, or hang toward some place or thing "  
 BARET.

<sup>7</sup> So in Macbeth —

" His silver skin laced with his golden blood "

<sup>8</sup> The first folio reads .—

" And as a *bud* I'll take thee, and there lie ; "

Which Malone thus explains :—" I, like an insect, will take thy  
 bosom for a rose, or other flower," and there

" Involved in fragrance, burn and die "

It appears to me that the context requires that we should read  
*bed*, with the second folio ; and *them* instead of *thee* with Edwards

<sup>9</sup> Malone says, that by *Love* here is meant the *queen of love*  
 I. Venus and Adonis, Venus, speaking of herself, says.

" Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,  
 Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire."

*Luc.* What! are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated<sup>10</sup>, how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being  
by.

*Luc.* Gaze where<sup>11</sup> you should, and that will clear  
your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on  
night.

*Luc.* Why call you me Love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim<sup>12</sup>,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim<sup>13</sup> thee:  
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;  
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:  
Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir! hold you still;  
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit Luc.*]

<sup>10</sup> *Mated* means *matched with a wife*, and *confounded*. A quibble is intended.

<sup>11</sup> The old copies have *when* instead of *where*.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. all the happiness I wish for on earth, and all that I claim from heaven hereafter.

<sup>13</sup> The old copy reads *I am* thee. The present reading is by Steevens. Others have proposed *I mean* thee: but *aim* for *aim ut* was sometimes used; as in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:—

“ I make my changes *aim* one certain end?”

*Enter, from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,  
DROMIO of Syracuse, hastily.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio; am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence<sup>14</sup>: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage?

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will ourn a Poland winter: if she lives till

<sup>14</sup> This is a very old corruption of *save reverence*, *salva reverentia*. See Blount's Glossography, 1682. "To speake words of reverence before, as when we say, *saving your worship*, *saving your reverence*, and such like."—BARET. Shakespeare has very properly put this corruption into the mouth of Dromio.

doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart<sup>15</sup>, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: For why? she sweats, a nan may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip<sup>16</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand<sup>17</sup>.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir<sup>18</sup>.

<sup>15</sup> *Swart*, or *swarth*, i. e. *dark*, *dusky*, *infuscus*. So in King Henry VI. Part I. :—

“And whereas I was black and *swart* before.”

The word runs through all the northern dialects; we have it from the Saxon *sweart*, or the Gothic *swarts*.

<sup>16</sup> This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger in *The Old Law*.

<sup>17</sup> Malone says, “had this play been revived after the accession of James, it is probable that this passage would have been struck out; as was that relative to the Scotch lord in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 1.”

<sup>18</sup> “An equivocal,” says Theobald, “is intended. In 1589

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks<sup>19</sup> to be ballast at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think,

If my breast had not been made of faith<sup>20</sup>, and my heart of steel,  
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel<sup>21</sup>

Henry III. of France, being stabbed, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he had appointed his successor; but whose claim the states of France resisted on account of his being a protestant. This I take to be what is meant by France making war against her heir. Elizabeth had sent over the Earl of Essex with four thousand men to the assistance of Henry of Navarre, in 1591. This oblique sneer at France was therefore a compliment to the poet's royal mistress." The other allusion is not of a nature to admit of explanation.

<sup>19</sup> *Carracks*, large ships of burthen; *caraca*, Span. *Ballast* is merely a contraction of *balassed*; to *balase* being the old orthography: as we write *drest* for *dressed*, *embost* for *embossed*, &c.

<sup>20</sup> Alluding to the popular belief that a great share of *faith* was a protection from witchcraft.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. *the wheel* of a turnspit.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to the road ;  
 And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
 I will not harbour in this town to-night.  
 If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
 Where I will walk, till thou return to me.  
 If every one knows us, and we know none,  
 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
 So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here ;  
 And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
 She that doth call me husband, even my soul  
 Doth for a wife abhor : but her fair sister,  
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself :  
 But, lest myself be guilty to<sup>22</sup> self-wrong,  
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus ?

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir : Lo, here is the chain :  
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine<sup>23</sup> :  
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

<sup>22</sup> Pope, not understanding sufficiently the phraseology of Shakespeare, altered this to guilty *of* self-wrong. But guilty *to* was the construction of that age. So in the *Winter's Tale* :—

“ But as the unthought of accident is *guilty*  
*To* what we wildly do.”

<sup>23</sup> The old copy has *Porpentine*, i. e. *porcupine*. I find it written *porpyn* in an old phrase book, *Hormanni Vulgaria*, 1519, thus : “ *Porpyns* have longer prickels than *Yrchins*.” But it is also spelt thus in *Huloet's Dictionary*, 1552. Of the later dictionaries, *BARET* has it *porcupine*, and *COOPER* *porkepyne*. As *porpyn*, from the abbreviated sound of *porc-spine*, was the old name, it is probable that in the popular language of the time, *porpentine* was used for *porcupine*.

*Ant. S.* What is your will, that I shall do with this ?

*Ang.* What, please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell ;  
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;  
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*Merchant.*

**Y**OU know, since pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you,  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage :  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,

Is growing<sup>1</sup> to me by Antipholus :  
 And, in the instant that I met with you,  
 He had of me a chain : at five o'clock,  
 I shall receive the money for the same.  
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of  
 Ephesus from the Courtesan's.*

*Off.* That labour may you save ; see where he  
 comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go  
 thou

And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow  
 Among my wife and her<sup>2</sup> confederates,  
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
 But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone :  
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy  
 rope ! *[Exit DROMIO.]*

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up, that trusts to you.  
 I promised your presence, and the chain ;  
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me :  
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
 If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note,  
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat ;  
 The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion ;  
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman ;  
 I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money ;  
 Besides, I have some business in the town.

<sup>1</sup> *Growing*, i. e. *accruing*.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads *their*.

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;  
Perchance, I will<sup>3</sup> be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*Ant. E.* No ! bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will : Have you the chain about you ?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have :  
Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain ;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord ! you use this dalliance, to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine :  
I should have chid you for not bringing it ;  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he importunes me : the chain—

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come ; you know, I gave it you even now ;

Either send the chain, or send by me some token<sup>4</sup>.

*Ant. E.* Fie ! now you run this humour out of breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance ;  
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ?  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

<sup>3</sup> *I will* for *I shall* is a Scotticism ; but it is not unfrequent in old writers on this side of the Tweed.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads *send me by*.

*Ant. E.* I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

*Ang.* The money, that you owe me, for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :  
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do ; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation :  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had !  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer ;  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :—  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away : our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* Hownow! a mad man! Why, thou peevish<sup>5</sup> sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage<sup>6</sup>.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me, for a rope's end as soon:  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it;  
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave; be gone.  
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Mer. ANG. Officer, and ANT. E.*

*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

<sup>5</sup> *Peevish* was used for *mad*, or *foolish*. Shakespeare has it again in this sense in *King Henry V.*—"What a wretched *peevish* fellow is this King of England to mope with his fat brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge." Again in *Cymbeline*:—"Desire my man's abode where I did leave him: he is strange and *peevish*." There are numerous other examples. I believe it is always used in this sense by Shakespeare, and by most of his contemporaries. Minsheu explains *peevish* by *foolish*. And long before, in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519, we have: "*A pyvyshe wytted felowe, Deliri capitis homo*," p. 64. See the old Latin dictionaries in *v. Insania*.

<sup>6</sup> *Waftage*, i. e. *carriage*; *hire* is here a dissyllable, and is spelt *hier* in the old copy.

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.**Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?*Luc.* Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?*Adr.* Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face<sup>1</sup>?*Luc.* First, he denied you had in him no right<sup>2</sup>.*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the more my  
spite.*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he  
were.*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.*Adr.* And what said he?*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might  
move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

*Adr.* Did'st speak him fair?

The allusion is to those meteors which have sometimes been thought to resemble armies meeting in the shock of battle. The following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost* best explains it:

“As when to warn proud cities, war appears  
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds, before each van  
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,  
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.”

<sup>2</sup> This double negative had the force of a stronger asseveration in the phraseology of that age. So in *King Richard III*:—

“You may *deny* that God were *not* the cause  
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.”

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.  
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere.  
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless every where ;  
Vicious, ungente, foolish, blunt, unkind ;  
Stigmatical in making<sup>3</sup>, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one ?  
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah ! but I think him better than I say,  
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse :  
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away<sup>4</sup> ;  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go ; the desk, the purse ; sweet now,  
make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath ?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell :  
A devil in an everlasting garment<sup>5</sup> hath him,  
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;  
A fiend, a fury<sup>6</sup>, pitiless and rough ;  
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff :

<sup>3</sup> *Stigmatical*, marked or stigmatized by nature with deformity.

<sup>4</sup> This expression, which appears to have been proverbial, is again alluded to in *Measure for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 5. See note there.

<sup>5</sup> The *buff* or leather jerkin of the sergeant is called an *everlasting garment*, because it was so durable. So in *King Henry IV.* Part i.—“ And is not a *buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of *durance* ? It appears probable that there was also a kind of stuff called *durance*. See note on *King Henry IV.* Part i. Act i. Sc. 2.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has, “ A fiend, a *fair*y pitiless and rough.” Theobald proposed the correction to *fury*, which is undoubtedly the true reading. It is adopted in Mr. Collier's folio, which makes some gratuitous and uncalled for additions in Dromio's speech here.

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands<sup>7</sup> ;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well<sup>8</sup> ;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell<sup>9</sup>.

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter ?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter ? he is 'rested on the case.

*Adr.* What, is he arrested ? tell me, at whose suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well ;  
But is<sup>10</sup> in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell :

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk ?

*Adr.* Go, fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at ;

[*Exit LUCIANA.*

That he<sup>11</sup>, unknown to me should be in debt :

Tell me, was he arrested on a band<sup>12</sup> ?

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ;  
A chain, a chain ; do you not hear it ring ?

*Adr.* What, the chain ?

<sup>7</sup> In some copies of the first folio *lans* is printed instead of *lands*, which I find in a copy before me. Shakespeare would have put *lanes* but for the sake of the rhyme.

<sup>8</sup> "To hunt or run *counter* signifies that the hounds or beagles hunt it by the heel," i. e. run backward, mistaking the course of the game. To *draw dry foot* was to follow the scent or track of the game. There is a quibble upon *counter*, which points at the prison so called. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Sc. 3, note 10.

<sup>9</sup> *Hell* was the cant term for prison. There was a place of this name under the Exchequer, where the king's debtors were confined.

<sup>10</sup> Thus the old copy. The omission of the personal pronoun was formerly very common : we should now write *he's*.

<sup>11</sup> The first folio has, "*Thus* he. Corrected in the second.

<sup>12</sup> *Band*, i. e. a *bond*. Shakespeare takes advantage of the old spelling to produce a quibble.

drick<sup>23</sup>, all women shall pardon me : Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine<sup>24</sup> is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord ; not with love : prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument<sup>25</sup>.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat<sup>26</sup>, and shoot at me ; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam<sup>27</sup>.

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try :

*In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke<sup>28</sup>.*

*Bene.* The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead : and let me be vilely painted ;

*h.* The meaning seems to be—"or that I should be  
" my forehead where there is nothing

*a capital subject for satire.*

a one of the inhuman sports of the wooden tub or bottle suspended aloft was, not many years since, kept up at to Ebenezer Lazarus, a silly metho-whole ceremony in his account ofigmatizes it, saying :  
hibits such a farce,  
is worse than an ass."  
assing good archer," who with of Cloudeslie were outlaws as Robin Hood and his fellows

edy, or Hieronimo, &c  
'son's Sonnets. 1581.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapiand sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for.  
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new  
apparell'd<sup>2</sup>?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? what Adam dost thou  
mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but  
that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the  
calf's skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that  
came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you  
forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went  
like a base-viol, in a case of leather: the man, sir,  
that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob<sup>3</sup>,  
and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed  
men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets  
up his rest<sup>4</sup> to do more exploits with his mace than a  
morris-pike<sup>5</sup>.

*Ant. S.* What? thou mean'st an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that

<sup>2</sup> The sergeant is designated by "*the picture of old Adam*" because he wore buff, as Adam wore his native buff; and Dromio asks Antipholus if he had *got* him *new apparell'd*, i. e. got him a new *suit*, in other words got rid of him.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have printed *sob* for *fob*.

<sup>4</sup> This unfortunate phrase is again mistaken here by the commentators. It has nothing to do with a *musket rest*; and the *rest of a pike* is a thing of the imagination. It is a metaphorical expression for being *determined, or resolutely bent to do a thing*, taken from the game of Primero. Vide *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>5</sup> A *morris pike* is a *moorish pike*, commonly used in the 16th century. It was not used in the morris dance, as Johnson erroneously supposed.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves<sup>2</sup>, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fye upon thee! art not ashamed?

*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband*: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband*? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

<sup>2</sup> *Side-sleeves*, i. e. *long sleeves*. *Side* or *syde* in North Britain is used for *long* when applied to the garment. It has the same signification in Anglo-Saxon and Danish.

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood<sup>8</sup>, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone:

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*]

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain!

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad

{ Besides this 'present instance of his rage),

The first folio has "Master if do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon. The second folio supplied the word *you*. Or is evidently superfluous.

<sup>8</sup> In *The Witch*, by Middleton, when a spirit descends, Hecate exclaims:

"There's one come down to fetch his dues,  
A kisse, a coll, a sip of blood," &c.

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now, to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;  
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man, I will not break away;  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day:  
And will not lightly trust the messenger,  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.  
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them  
all<sup>1</sup>.

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir: and to that end am  
I return'd.

<sup>1</sup> *Pay them*, i. e. *punish them all by corporal correction*. Falstaff says, in *King Henry IV. Part I.* "I have pepper'd the rogues; two of them, I'm sure, I've *pay'd*."

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*]

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears<sup>2</sup>. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows : when I am cold, he heats me with beating : when I am warm, he cools me with beating : I am waked with it, when I sleep ; raised with it, when I sit ; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home ; welcomed home with it, when I return : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat ; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and a Schoolmaster called PINCH<sup>3</sup>, and others.*

*Ant. E.* Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*<sup>4</sup>, respect your end ;

<sup>2</sup> Long from frequent pulling.

<sup>3</sup> As learning was necessary for an exorcist, the *schoolmaster* was often employed. Within these fifty years, in country villages the pedagogue was still a reputed conjuror.

<sup>4</sup> Buchanan wrote a pamphlet against the Lord of Liddington, which ends with these words : *respice finem, respice funem*. Shakespeare's quibble may be borrowed from this. The parrot's prophecy may be understood by means of the following lines in

or rather, to prophesy like the parrot<sup>5</sup>, *Beware the rope's end*.

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you<sup>6</sup> what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstacy<sup>7</sup>!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness lie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizzard, peace; I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers<sup>8</sup>?

Hudibras:—

“ Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
That speak and think contrary clean;  
What member 'tis of whom they talk,  
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *knave*, *walk*.”

<sup>5</sup> The old copies give this passage thus: “ or rather *the* prophecy like the parrot.” Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight place a comma at prophecy, but otherwise follow the old text, in which the comma is wanting.

<sup>6</sup> *Please you*, i. e. give you any fee or gratification.

<sup>7</sup> This *tremor* was anciently thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban in the *Tempest* says—  
“ Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling*.”

<sup>8</sup> “ A *customer*,” says Malone, “ is used in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such women.” It is surprising that a man like Malone, whose life had been devoted to the study and elucidation of Shakespeare, should so often seem ignorant of the language of the poet's time. A *customer* was a *familiar*, an *intimate*, a *customary* haunter of any

Did this companion<sup>9</sup> with the saffron face  
 Revel and feast it at my house to-day,  
 Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
 And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O, husband, God doth know you din'd at home,  
 Where 'would, you had remain'd until this time,  
 Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy<sup>10</sup>, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revild you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,  
 That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,  
 And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

*place;*" as any of the old dictionaries would have shown him under the word *consuetudo* or *custom*. It is true that in *Othello*, and in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Shakespeare has used the word to signify a common woman; i. e. one *familiar* with any man. This was a popular application of the word. In *Udal's translation of Erasmus's Apophthegms*, p. 55, we have it applied to a man as Shakespeare has done here:—"Aristippus was a *customer* of one Lais, a notable misliving woman."

<sup>9</sup> *Companion* is a word of contempt, anciently used as we now use *fellow*.

<sup>10</sup> A corruption of the common French oath *par dieu*.

*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*Dro. E.* Money by me? heart and good-will you might,  
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*Luc.* And I am witness with her, that she did.

*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:  
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth  
to-day,  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack,  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and bind ANT. and DRO.*

*Adr.* O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

*Pinch.* More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

*Luc.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler,  
thou,  
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

*Off.* Masters, let him go;  
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish<sup>11</sup> officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Off.* He is my prisoner; if I let him go,  
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* O most unhappy<sup>12</sup> strumpet!

*Dro. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou  
mad me?

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,  
Good master; cry, the devil.—

*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*Adr.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANT. and DRO.*  
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

<sup>11</sup> Vide before Act iv. Sc. 1, p. 47, note 5.

<sup>12</sup> *Unhappy* for *unlucky*, i. e. *mischievous*. See *Much Ado*  
about Nothing, Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,  
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),  
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it:—  
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier  
drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords; let's call more  
help,  
To have them bound again.

*Off.* Away, they'll kill us.

<sup>13</sup> *Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC*

*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran from  
you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff<sup>14</sup>  
from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will surely  
do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us  
gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that  
but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims mar-

<sup>13</sup> The old stage direction is "Run all out," and afterwards, "Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be frightened;" but the officer does not run out until after the others.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *baggage*. *Stuff* is the genuine old English word for all moveables. "*Baggage*," says Baret, "is borrowed of the French, and signifyeth all such *stuffe* as may hinder or trouble us in warre or travelling, being not worth carriage, *impedimenta*." Thus Lord Bacon:—"I cannot call riches better than the *baggage* of virtue; the Romane word *impedimenta* is better; for as the baggage is to an armie, so is riches to vertue: it cannot be spared, nor left behind; but it hindreth the march, yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory."

riage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town ;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

*Angelo.*

**A**M sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

*Ang.* Of very reverent reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city ;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Mer.* Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly :  
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

*Ant. S.* I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:  
I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is  
mad;—

Some get within him<sup>1</sup>, take his sword away:  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake take a  
house<sup>2</sup>.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANTIPH. and DRO. to the Abbey*<sup>3</sup>.

*Enter the Lady Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you  
hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mer.* I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much different from the man he was;

<sup>1</sup> *Get within him*, i. e. close, grapple with him.

<sup>2</sup> *Take a house*, i. e. go into a house: we still say that a dog takes the water.

<sup>3</sup> The folios have *Priory*.

But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of  
sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copie<sup>4</sup> of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company, I often glanced at<sup>5</sup> it;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And therefore came it, that the man was mad:  
The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

<sup>4</sup> *Copie*. This obsolete latinism, which was formerly in universal use, should be spelt *copie*, as it is in the first folio, and by Ben Jonson and others, to distinguish it from *copy* in its usual sense. It here signifies *abundant* or *copious subject*, and not "chief part," as Mr. Collier explains it. Thus Bishop Cooper, "copiose et abundanter loqui,—to use his words with great *copie* and abundance of eloquence." And Lord Bacon, "the disadvantage which a wise man hath, in undertaking a lighter person than himself, is such an engagement as, whether a man turn the matter to jest or turn it to heat, or howsoever he change *copie*, he can no ways quit himself of it."—*Advancement of Learning*.

<sup>5</sup> *At* is wanting in the old copy.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :  
 And therefore comes it that his head is light.  
 Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :  
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions,  
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;  
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?  
 Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls ;  
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;  
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop<sup>6</sup>  
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?  
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast ;  
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—  
 Why bear you these rebukés, and answer not ?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband  
 forth.

*Abb.* Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,  
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,

<sup>6</sup> I think there is no doubt that this passage has suffered by incorrect printing ; I am not satisfied with it, even with the parenthesis in which the third line is enclosed by Steevens. The second line evidently wants a word of two syllables, and I feel inclined to read the passage thus :—

“ Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody [sadness] and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsmen to grim and comfortless despair ;  
 And at *their* heels a huge infectious troop ? ”

Heath proposed a similar emendation, but placed *moping* where I have placed *sadness*. Malone has admitted the reading “*their*” into his text, but for other reasons.

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney<sup>7</sup> but myself;  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,  
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again<sup>8</sup>:  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order;  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here;  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.  
[Exit Abbess.]

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;  
The place of death and sorry<sup>9</sup> execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverent Syracusian merchant,

<sup>7</sup> *Attorney*, i. e. *substitute*.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the accustomed forms of sober behaviour. In *Measure for Measure*, Act v. Sc. 1, "*informal women*" is used for just the contrary.

<sup>9</sup> The place of *death* and sorry execution. Both folios have *depth*. Rowe made the alteration. Mr. Hunter is of opinion that the old reading is right, and that "in this Greek story the *Bathrum*, or deep pit into which offenders were cast," is meant by the *place of depth*.

Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

*Ang.* See, where they come; we will behold his  
death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with  
the Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my  
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important<sup>10</sup> letters,—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperate<sup>7</sup> he hurried through the street,  
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he),  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
Whilst to take order<sup>11</sup> for the wrongs I went,  
That here and there his fury had committed.

<sup>10</sup> *Important*, i. e. *importunate*. Shakespeare uses this word again in *Lear*, and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in the same sense. The poet gives to Ephesus the custom of *wardship*, so long considered a grievous oppression in England. Royal Letters were sometimes addressed to ladies with great fortunes in behalf of certain persons who were desirous of obtaining them. See Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, vol. i. p. 29.

<sup>11</sup> *Take order*, i. e. *to take measures*. So in *Othello*:—

“Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.”

Anon, I wot<sup>12</sup> not by what strong escape,  
 He broke from those that had the guard of him ;  
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,  
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chas'd us away ; till, raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them. Then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;  
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since, thy husband served me in my  
 wars ;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
 And bid the lady abbess come to me ;  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress ! shift and save yourself !  
 My master and his man<sup>13</sup> are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the maids a-row<sup>14</sup>, and bound the doctor,  
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire ;  
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him  
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.  
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool :<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup> To wot is to know. Strong escape is an escape effected by strength or violence. Malone once thought we should read *strange*, which Mr. Collier's corrector substituted; but afterwards saw it would be wrong.

<sup>13</sup> *Are* is here inaccurately put for *have*.

<sup>14</sup> *A-row*, i. e. *successively*, one after another.

<sup>15</sup> The heads of fools were shaved, or their hair cut close, as appears by the following passage in *The Choice of Change*, 1598.

And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;  
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me. fear nothing. Guard  
with halberds!

*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke! O, grant me  
justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars<sup>16</sup>, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Æge.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio!

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman  
there!

"Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head *like fooles*." Florio explains, "*zuccone*, a shaven pate, a notted poll, a poll-pate, a gull, a *ninnie*."

<sup>16</sup> This act of friendship is frequently mentioned by Shakespeare. Thus in King Henry IV. Part I.:—"Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and *bestride* me so: it is an act of friendship." Again in King Henry VI. Part III.:—

"Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,  
Three times *bestrid* him; thrice I led him off."

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury.  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,

Whilst she with harlots<sup>17</sup> feasted in my house.

*Duke.* Agrievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

*Adr.* No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,  
As this is false he burdens me withal!

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

*Ang.* O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised what I say;  
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;  
And in his company, that gentleman,  
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,

<sup>17</sup> *Harlot* was a term anciently applied to a rogue or base person among men, as well as to wantons among women. See Todd's Johnson.

He did arrest me with an officer.  
I did obey ; and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats : he with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By the way we met  
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates ; along with them  
They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man<sup>18</sup> : this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 'twere outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd : then altogether  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together ;  
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him ;  
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

*Ang.* He had, my lord : and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart.

<sup>18</sup> " but as a living death,  
So *defi* alive of life he drew the breath."  
*Sackville's Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates.*

And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;  
 And then you fled into this abbey here,  
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey walls ;  
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :  
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !  
 And this is false, you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this !  
 I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;  
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :—  
 You say, he dined at home ; the goldsmith here  
 Denies that saying :—Sirrah, what say you ?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

*Cour.* He did ; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange :—Go call the abbess hither ;

I think, you are all mated<sup>19</sup>, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word ;

Haply I see a friend will save my life,  
 And pay the sum that nay deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?  
 And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,  
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords ;  
 Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*Æge.* I am sure, you both of you remember me.

<sup>19</sup> *Mated* is *confounded*. See note on *Macbeth*, Act. v. Sc. 1.

*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;  
For lately we were bound as you are now.  
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

*Æge.* Why look you strange on me ? you know  
me well.

*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life, till now.

*Æge.* Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw  
me last ;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed<sup>20</sup> hand  
Have written strange defeatures<sup>21</sup> in my face :  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou ?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Æge.* I am sure, thou dost.

*Dro. E.* Ay, sir ? but I am sure, I do not ; and  
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to be-  
lieve him<sup>22</sup>.

*Æge.* Not know my voice ! O, time's extremity !  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?  
Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up ;  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :  
All these old witnesses<sup>23</sup> (I cannot err),  
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

<sup>20</sup> *Deformed* for *deforming*.

<sup>21</sup> See note on Act ii. Sc. 1, p. 18, note 10.

<sup>22</sup> Dromio delights in a quibble, and the word *bound* has before  
been the subject of his mirth.

<sup>23</sup> " But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience."

*Titus Andronicus*, Sc. ult.

*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
Thou know'st, we parted : but, perhaps, my son,  
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,  
Can witness with me that it is not so ;  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse :  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,  
and DROMIO Syracusan.*

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much  
wrong'd. *[All gather to see him.]*

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other ;  
And so of these : Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio ; command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

*Dro. S.* O, my old master ! who hath bound him  
here ?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty.—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
That hadst a wife on' ' call'd Æmilia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :  
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia<sup>a</sup> ;

<sup>a</sup> In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the Duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:  
What then became of them, I cannot tell;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right<sup>24</sup>;  
These two Antipholus, these two so like,  
And these two Dromios, one in semblance<sup>25</sup>,—  
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,—  
These are the parents to these children<sup>26</sup>,  
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is  
which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious  
lord.

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous  
warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

<sup>24</sup> The "morning story" is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play.

<sup>25</sup> *Semblance* is here a trisyllable. It appears probable that a line has been omitted here, the import of which may have been:

"These circumstances all concur to prove  
These are the parents," &c.

If it began with the word *these* as well as the succeeding one, the error would easily happen.

<sup>26</sup> *Children* is here a trisyllable, it is often spelled as it was then pronounced *childeren*.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*Ant. E.* No, I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so ;  
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,  
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good ;  
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you.  
And Dromio my man did bring them me :  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors all<sup>27</sup> arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it ; and much thanks for my  
good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction.—  
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail

<sup>27</sup> The old copies read, "these errors *are* arose," a phrase which it is impossible Shakespeare could have written. The printer has here mistaken the word *all* as written for *are*. It may be as well to mention that this note was written in 1851.

Of you, my sons, and till this present hour ;—  
 My heavy burden ne'er delivered<sup>28</sup>.  
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the calendars of their nativity<sup>29</sup>,  
 Go to a gossip's feast, and joy<sup>30</sup> with me ;  
 After so long grief, such festivity !

*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan,  
 Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked ?

*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio ;

Come, go with us : we'll look to that anon :  
 Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. and ANT. E. ADR. and LUC.<sup>31</sup>

<sup>28</sup> The old copy reads, erroneously, thus :

" *Thirty-three* years have I but gone in travail  
 Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour  
 My heavy burthen *are* delivered."

*Thirty-three* years are an evident error for *twenty-five* ; this was corrected by Theobald. I adopt Mr. Dyce's reading, "*ne'er delivered*," which makes all clear.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. the two Dromios. Antipholus of Syracuse has already called one of them " the Almanack of my true date." See note on p. 12, Act i. Sc. 2.

<sup>30</sup> The first folio reads,

" Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me,  
 After so long grief such nativity."

I adopt Heath's correction, "*joy* with me," which the context, " After so long grief," shows was the word intended. Warburton proposed "*gaud* with me." The compositor has evidently also caught the word *nativity*, repeated in the last line, from the line above. There cannot be a doubt that *festivity* was intended.

<sup>31</sup> The old stage direction is a strange one : "*Exeunt omnes.* Mane[n]t the two Dromio's and two brothers."

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my  
brother :

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

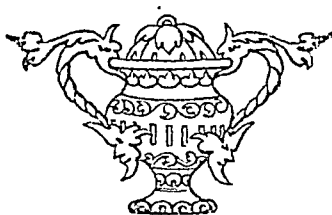
*Dro. E.* That's a question : how shall we try it ?

*Dro. S.* We will draw cuts for the senior : till  
then, lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay ; then thus :

We came into the world, like brother and brother :  
And now, let's go hand in hand, not one before ano-  
ther.

[*Exeunt*



comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me ; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I will wait upon them ; I am ready.

*[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]*

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go ; get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol ; we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.


*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here's that *[Touching his forehead.]* shall drive some of them to a *non com* : only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The Inside of a Church*

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, Claudio, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.*

*Leonato.*

OME, friar Francis, be brief ; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this ?

*Claud.* No.

*L.*

*L.*



## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**I**T is said that the main plot of this play is derived from the story of Ariodante and Ginevra, in the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. Something similar may also be found in the fourth canto of the second book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; and it appears that a play, entitled *A History of Ariodante and Genevora*, was played before Queen Elizabeth, by Mulcaster's Children, in 1582-3. But a novel of Banello's, copied by Belleforest, in his *Tragical Histories*, seems to have furnished Shakespeare with the fable. It approaches nearer to the play in all particulars than any other performance hitherto discovered. No translation of it into English has, however, yet been met with.

Steevens surmised, from one of Vertue's MSS. that *Much Ado about Nothing* formerly passed under the title of *Benedick and Beatrix*. Heminge's player, received on the 20th May, 1613, the sum of 40*l.*, as many gentlemen's Majesty's gratuity for exhibiting six plays, among which was this comedy.

The incident few of any sort, effect on the stage, where it has ever been a victory is twice that of Shakespeare's Comedies. Benedick and Béatrice, and brings home full numbers, these inimitable men in office, Dogberry hath bestowed many serious parts of the play, which might be called Claudio, too serious for comedy. There is a deal of excitement for the innocent and much injury to the cause. Much deservitation is brought about by one of those temperers by Don Pedro, the grave, of which Shakespeare appears to have answered to Steevens's objection to the same artifice, and the promise to entrap both the lovers, Schlegel objection is in the very symmetry of the deception, the whole effect to themselves; but had Don Pedro's raillery against each other is a "incarnation."

supposed to have been written in 1599. It was first

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal<sup>7</sup> villain,  
 Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
 A thousand times in secret.

*D. John.* Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,  
 Not to be spoke<sup>a</sup> of;  
 There is not chastity enough in language,  
 Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,  
 I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,  
 If half thy outward graces had been placed  
 About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!  
 But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,  
 Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!  
 For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
 And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,  
 To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
 And never shall it more be gracious<sup>b</sup>.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[HERO *swoons*.

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you  
 down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go: these things, come thus  
 to light,  
 Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN,  
 and CLAUDIO.

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—  
 Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—  
 friar!

*Leon.* O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

<sup>7</sup> *Liberal* here, as in many other places, means *licentious beyond honesty or decency*. This sense of the word is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

<sup>a</sup> The folio changes *spoke* to *spoken*.

<sup>b</sup> *Gracious*, i. e. *graced, favoured, countenanced*. See vol. i. p. 150, note 29, and *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 2

Me: ABOUT NOTHING. 85  
 ble Cinged Cupid at th my uncle's fool,  
 Eng the challer.  
 easlenged h  
 tane h



## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. *Before Leonato's House.*

*Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others,  
 with a Messenger<sup>1</sup>.*

*Leonato.*



LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro<sup>2</sup>  
 of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Mess.* He is very near by this; he was  
 not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this  
 action?

*Mess.* But few of any sort, and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself, when the achiever  
 brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don  
 Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Flo-  
 rentine, called Claudio.

*Mess.* Much deserved on his part, and equally re-  
 membered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself  
 beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure

<sup>1</sup> The old stage direction includes *Imogen*, wife of Leonato, and  
 mother to Hero, but no part is assigned to her in the drama.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read *Don Peter* here, as well as when Leonato  
 speaks of him afterwards.

says she, *a fine little one*: No, said I, *a great wit*; Right, says she, *a great gross one*: Nay, said I, *a good wit*; Just; said she, *it hurts nobody*: Nay, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; Certain, said she, *a wise gentleman*<sup>16</sup>: Nay, said I, *he hath the tongues*; That I believe, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning*; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit BENEDICK.*]

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; And, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

<sup>16</sup> *Wise gentleman* was probably in current use ironically for a silly fellow; as we still say *a wise-acre*.

Mes

ABOUT NOTHING.

85

ble Cnged Cupid at the flight<sup>7</sup>: and my uncle's fool,  
 Eng the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and  
 easlenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how  
 tany hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But  
 now many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to  
 eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too  
 much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath holp to  
 eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an  
 excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is  
 he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed<sup>8</sup>  
 with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed  
 man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

in some public place, long before Shakespeare's time, and long after.  
 It is amply illustrated by Mr. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shake-  
 speare*.

<sup>7</sup> *Flights* were long and light-feathered arrows, that went di-  
 rectly to the mark; *bird-bolts*, short thick arrows without a point,  
 and spreading at the extremity into a blunt nobbed head. See  
*Twelfth Night*, Act i. Sc. 5. The meaning of the whole is:—  
 Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, chal-  
 lenged Cupid at the flight (i. e. to shoot at hearts). The fool, to  
 ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick  
 the bird-bolt, an inferior kind of archery; whence the prov may  
 —“A fool's *bolt* is soon shot.” A fool speaks, as a bad ly, th  
 shoots, without aim, or with nothing worth aiming at.

<sup>8</sup> *Stuffed*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous ‘you’  
*Mede*, in his discourses on Scripture, quoted by Edw  
 ing of Adam, says, “he whom God had *stuffed* wit with speak  
 cellent qualities.” And in the *Winter's Tale*: May the flout-

“Of *stuff'd* sufficiency.”  
*Beatrice* starts an idea at the words *stuffed* care-finder, and  
 checks herself in the pursuit of it. A stuff  
 been one of the many cant phrases for a

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece. It is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits<sup>9</sup> went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference<sup>10</sup> between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is it possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block<sup>11</sup>.

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books<sup>12</sup>.

*Beat.* No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer<sup>13</sup> now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

<sup>9</sup> In Shakespeare's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual power. The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five* by analogy to the five senses. So in *Lear*, Act iii. Sc. 4: "Bless thy five wits."

<sup>10</sup> This is an heraldic term. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia says, "You may wear your rue with a *difference*."

<sup>11</sup> The mould on which a hat is formed. It is here used for *shape* & *fashion*. See note on *Lear*, Act iv. Sc. 6. The hats of the time were new blocked as whim or fashion led. There is a passage in *Montanto*, employing the same type of changeable friendship.

This is a. origin of this phrase, which is still in common use, has introduced. Nearly explained, though the sense of it is pretty guessed.

The most probable account derives it from the want of servants and retainers being entered in the In dro, whom they were attached. *To be in one's books*

<sup>12</sup> *Montanto* was c. That this was the ancient sense of the phrase, a title humorously grs from Florio, in V.—"Casso. Cashier'd, bravado. 't out of booke and checke roule."

<sup>13</sup> This phrase was in *Čer*. *To square* is to *dispute*, to *contend*.

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord ! he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, [DON] JOHN<sup>14</sup>, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, and others.*

*D. Pedro.* Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly. — I think, this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, be<sup>x</sup>. . . . Truly, the lady fathers herself <sup>15</sup> : — Be<sup>at</sup> you in<sup>g</sup> ! for you <sup>16</sup> like an honourable father y such a jewe<sup>l</sup> to put it into. . . . speak

<sup>14</sup> In the old copies how ? or do you play the flout- and " Sir John."

<sup>15</sup> This phrase is com<sup>pl</sup>usid is a good hare-finder, and self," is *like his father*.

*Bene.* If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so goes <sup>s pl.</sup>continuer: But keep your way God's name; *I.* The none.

*Ant.* You are of servants with a jade's trick; I know you whom they were.

<sup>5</sup> *Mon.* <sup>ld.</sup> *unto* was on. That this was t. a title humorously gives from Florio, all: Leonato,—sign-bravado. <sup>t out of booke an</sup>—my dear friend

<sup>6</sup> This phrase was in *cder.* To square

wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn<sup>6</sup>.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow, I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

*[Dance. Exeunt.]*

<sup>6</sup> Steevens, Malone, and Reed, conceive that there is an allusion here to the staff used in the ancient trial by wager of battle; but, as Mr. Douce says, it is more probable the walking stick or staff of elderly persons was intended, such sticks were often *tipped* or headed with *horn*, sometimes *crosswise*, in imitation of the crutched sticks or *potences* of the friars, which were borrowed from the celebrated *tau* of St. Anthony. Chaucer's Sompnour describes one of his friars as having a "scrippe and *tipped staff*," and he adds that "His felaw had a *staf tipped with horn*."

To these the epithet *reverend* would be much more appropriate than to the staff used by a felon in wager of battle.

Benedick here again sportively insinuates, what he elsewhere considers to be the destiny of married men.



Vulcan a rare carpenter<sup>16</sup>? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song<sup>17</sup>?

*Claud.* In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty; as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion<sup>18</sup>? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays<sup>19</sup> Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.

<sup>16</sup> Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a good carpenter? Do you mean to amuse us with improbable stories?

<sup>17</sup> i. e. to join in the song you are singing.

<sup>18</sup> Wear his cap with suspicion, i. e. subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.

<sup>19</sup> Sigh away Sundays, i. e. become sad and serious. Alluding to the manner in which the Puritans usually spent the Sabbath, with sighs and gruntings, and other mistaken marks of devotion.

challek, how short his answer is :—With Hero, Leo-read's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord : it is not so, nor 'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so<sup>20</sup>.

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part-bick in the force of his will<sup>21</sup>. Less now may do me good.

*Bene.* That a woman come to teach ; teach it but ; that she brought me up, I like  
ble thanks : but that I will have to learn  
in my forehead, or hang my breech good.

<sup>20</sup> The old tale, of which this is on, my lord !

tionally preserved and recovered by same light as Cyprus among  
happy illustration of this passage. actor of the people that is here  
of the play in the late edition

The story is told of a Mr. Fox,  
Sir Richard Baker, who lies buried lamented.

See Notes and Queries, Vol. i. *do not touch yourself.* Old ends  
<sup>21</sup> Alluding to the definitions of letters, which were frequently

<sup>22</sup> That is, wear a horse used above.

blow. A recheat is the

## LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.



*Moth.* A wonder, master ; here's a Costard broken in a shin.  
ACT III. SC. 1.

and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign—*Here you may see Benedick the married man*.

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice<sup>29</sup>, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy: and so I commit you—

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it)—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded<sup>30</sup> with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience<sup>31</sup>, and so I leave you. *[Exit BENEDICK.]*

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn  
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord!

<sup>29</sup> Venice is represented in the same light as Cyprus among the ancients, and it is this character of the people that is here alluded to.

<sup>30</sup> *Guarded*, i. e. *trimmed, ornamented*.

<sup>31</sup> *Examine if your sarcasms do not touch yourself*. *Old ends* probably mean the conclusions of letters, which were frequently couched in the quaint forms used above.

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero, she's his only heir;  
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,  
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love:  
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.—

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words:  
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;  
And I will break with her, [and with her father,  
And thou shalt have her:<sup>32</sup>] Was't not to this end,  
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than  
the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity<sup>33</sup>:  
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once<sup>34</sup>, thou lov'st;  
And I will fit thee with the remedy.  
I know we shall have revelling to-night;

<sup>32</sup> The words in crotchets are from the 4to. 1600.

<sup>33</sup> Mr. Hayley, with great acuteness, proposed to read, "The fairest grant is to necessity;" i. e. *necessitas quod cogit defendit*. The meaning may however be—"The fairest or most equitable concession is that which is needful only." Unless we read with the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, "the fairest ground is the necessity."

<sup>34</sup> *Once*, i. e. *once for all*. So, in *Coriolanus*: "*Once* if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him." See *Comedy of Errors*, Act iii. Sc. 1

I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
 And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;  
 And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale:  
 Then, after, to her father will I break;  
 And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:  
 In practice let us put it presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Leon.* How now, brother? Where is my cousin,  
 your son? Hath he provided this musick?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can  
 tell you *[strange]*<sup>a</sup> news that you yet dreamed not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they have a  
 good cover, they show well outward. The prince and  
 Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached<sup>1</sup> alley in  
 my orchard, were thus *[much]* overheard by a man of  
 mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved  
 my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge  
 it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accord-  
 ant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and  
 instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and  
 question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it ap-  
 pear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal,  
 that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if  
 peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of  
 it. *[Several persons cross the stage.]* Cousins<sup>2</sup>, you

<sup>a</sup> The folio 1623 omits *strange* and *much* in Antonio's next speech.

<sup>1</sup> *Pleached*, i. e. *thickly interwoven*.

<sup>2</sup> *Cousins* were formerly enrolled among the dependants, if not

know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend ; go you with me, and I will use your skill :—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.*

*Con.* What the good year<sup>1</sup>, my lord ! why are you thus out of measure sad ?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it ?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet<sup>2</sup> a patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am<sup>3</sup> : I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw<sup>4</sup> no man in his humour.

the domestics of great families, such as that of Leonato.—Petruccio, while intent on the subjection of Katharine, calls out in terms imperative for his *cousin* Ferdinand.

The commentators say, that the original form of this exclamation was the *gougere*, i. e. *morbus gallicus* ; which ultimately became obscure, and was corrupted into the *good year*, a very opposite form of expression. It occurs in Roper's *Life of More*. See Note on *K. Lear*, Act. v. Sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> The 4to has *at least*.

<sup>3</sup> This is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence.

<sup>4</sup> To *claw*, is to *flatter* or *curry favour* ; hence a *claw-back* is used to designate a servile flatterer.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have [until]<sup>5</sup> of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker<sup>6</sup> in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only<sup>7</sup>. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model<sup>8</sup> to build

<sup>5</sup> The word *until* is wanting in the old copies, it is supplied in my corrected folio; that of Mr. Collier inserts *'ill*. The folio omits *true* before root.

<sup>6</sup> *A canker* is the *canker-rose*, or *dog-rose*. "I had rather be a neglected dog-rose in a hedge, than a garden-rose if it profited by his culture."

<sup>7</sup> *I make all use of it, for I use it only*, i. e. *for I make nothing else my counsellor*.

<sup>8</sup> *Model* is here used in an unusual sense, but Bullokar explains it, "*Model*, the *platforme*, or form of anything."

mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand

*D. John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room<sup>9</sup>, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad<sup>10</sup> conference: I whipt [me] behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "the smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford to *sweeten* our chambers." See also K. Henry IV. P. II. Act v. Sc. 4.

<sup>10</sup> *Sad*, i. e. *serious*. The folio omits *mc*.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Leonato's House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE,  
*and others.*

*Leonato.*

**W**AS not count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she is too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband: for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward<sup>1</sup>, and lead his apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well then, go you into hell?

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids*: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*Ant.* Well, niece, [*To HERO.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal

*Bear-ward* is spelt *Berrord* in the old copies, following the pronunciation of the time.

than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important<sup>2</sup>, tell him, there is measure<sup>3</sup> in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink<sup>4</sup> into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering; brother, make good room!

<sup>2</sup> *Importunate*, for which *important* occurs elsewhere.

<sup>3</sup> A *measure* in old language, besides its ordinary meaning, signified also a *dance*. So, in *Richard II.*

"My legs can keep no *measure* in delight,

When my poor heart no *measure* keeps in grief."

The *measures* were grave solemn dances with slow and measured steps like the minuet; and therefore described as "full of state and ancientry."—The *cinque-pace*, a dance, the movement of which was regulated by the number five.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Collier's corrector of the second folio inserts the word *apace* after sink here.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked*<sup>5</sup>.

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend<sup>6</sup>?

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case<sup>7</sup>!

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove<sup>8</sup>.

*Hero.* Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Balth.* I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have "Balthazar or dumb John," and add "*with a drum,*" after the word Maskers.

<sup>6</sup> *Your friend*, i. e. *lover*.

<sup>7</sup> That is, "God *forbid* that your face should be as homely and coarse as your mask."

<sup>8</sup> Alluding to the fable of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid, who describes the old couple as living in a thatched cottage:

"*Stipulis et cannâ tecta pulustri,*"

which Golding renders:

"The *roofs* thereof was *thatched* all with straw and fennish reede."

Jacques, in *As You Like It*, again alludes to it:

"O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove* in a *thatched house*."

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer !

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words ; the clerk is answered.

*Urs.* I know you well enough ; you are signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the waggling of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man : Here's his dry hand up and down ; you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come ; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so ?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*<sup>9</sup> ;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

<sup>9</sup> This was the term for a *jest-book* in Shakespeare's time, from a popular collection of that name, about which the commentators were much puzzled, until a large fragment was discovered in 1815, by my late lamented friend, the Rev. J. Conybeare, Professor of Poetry in Oxford. I had the gratification of printing a few copies at the Chiswick press, under the title of Shakespeare's Jest Book. It was printed by Rastell, and therefore must have been published previous to 1533. Another collection of the same kind, called "*Tales and Quicke Answeres*," printed by Berthelette, and of nearly equal antiquity, was also reprinted at the same time ; and it is remarkable that this collection is cited by Sir John Harrington, under the title of *The Hundred Merry Tales*. It continued for a long period to be the popular name for collections of this sort, for in the *London Chaunticlere*, 1659, it is mentioned as being cried for sale by a ballad-man.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible<sup>10</sup> slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded<sup>11</sup> me.

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Musick within.*] We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance.* *Then exeunt all but DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*

*D. John.* Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

*D. John.* Are not you signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he!

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you,

<sup>10</sup> *Impossible*, i. e. *incredible*, or *inconceivable*.

<sup>11</sup> *Boarded*, besides its usual meaning, signified *accosted*.

dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth :  
you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her ?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too ; and he swore he would marry  
her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* DON JOHN and BORACHIO.]

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,  
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—  
'Tis certain so ;—the prince woos for himself.  
Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love :  
Therefore<sup>12</sup>, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;  
Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood<sup>13</sup>.  
This is an accident of hourly proof,  
Which I mistrusted not : Farewell therefore, Hero !

*Re-enter* BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Count Claudio ?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me ?

*Claud.* Whither ?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own  
business, count. What fashion will you wear the gar-  
land of it<sup>14</sup> ? About your neck, like an usurer's  
chain<sup>15</sup> ? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ?  
You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got  
your Hero.

<sup>12</sup> *Let*, which is found in the next line, is understood here.

<sup>13</sup> *Blood* signifies *amorous heat or passion*. So, in *All's Well*  
that Ends Well, Act iii. Sc. 7 :

"Now his important *blood* will nought deny,  
That she'll demand."

<sup>14</sup> The folios read *off*. Evidently misprinted for *of't*.

<sup>15</sup> Chains of gold of considerable value were, in Shakespeare's  
time, worn by wealthy citizens, and others, in the same manner

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man; twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out<sup>16</sup>. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count, Did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren<sup>17</sup>; I told him, and, I think, I told

as they are now on public occasions by the aldermen of London. *Usury* was then a common topic of invective. Lodge, in his very amusing satire, "Wits Miserie and the World's Madnesse," 1596, says of *Brocage*, a brother devil to the Usurer: "You shall never find him without a *counterfeit chaine* about him: Bristow Diamonds set in gold instead of right."

<sup>16</sup> Though Beatrice is so bitterly disposed towards me, she does not reflect upon me directly, but contrives with her bitterness the baseness of circulating her own slanders as the common report of the world. Malone altered *though* to *the*, but the words *though bitter* are in a parenthesis in the old copy, which favours the old reading.

<sup>17</sup> A parallel thought occurs in Isaiah, c. i. where the prophet, in describing the desolation of Judah, says: "The daughter of

him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her<sup>18</sup>: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester: that

Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers," &c. It appears that these lonely buildings were necessary, as the cucumbers, &c. were obliged to be constantly watched and watered, and that as soon as the crop was gathered they were *forsaken*.

<sup>18</sup> It is singular that a similar thought should be found in the tenth Thebaid of Statius, v. 658.

"ipsa insanire videtur  
Sphynx galeæ custos."

I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible<sup>19</sup> conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me : She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as [her] terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed ; she would have made Hercules have turned spit ; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Até<sup>20</sup> in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her ; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither : so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*Re-enter* CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and  
LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard : do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy : You have no employment for me ?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

<sup>19</sup> *Impossible* seems to be used in the sense of *incredible* or *inconceivable*, both here and in the beginning of the scene, where Beatrice speaks of "*impossible* slanders."

<sup>20</sup> *Até*, the goddess of discord. Warburton thinks there is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in rags. *Até*, however, was not one of the furies.

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not ; I cannot endure my lady Tongue<sup>21</sup>. [Exit.

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while ; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one : marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count ? wherefore are you sad ?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then ? Sick ?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well : but civil, count ; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true ; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won ; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained : name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy !

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes : his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it !

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—

<sup>21</sup> Thus the quarto. The first folio has "*this* Lady tongue." The second, "*this* Ladye's tongue." And lower down, "*of a* jealous complexion."

Lady, as you are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord : I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care :—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord, for alliance !—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned<sup>22</sup> ; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho ! for a husband.

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting : Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady ?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days ; your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me : I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy !

<sup>22</sup> *Every one goes to the world but I, and I am sunburned*, i. e. every one is likely to be married but I, and I am left a solitary woman. To go to the world, is an old familiar way of expressing to get married, to enter upon the cares and duties of married life. To be sunburned, to be in the sun, or the warm sun, was to remain sole or single, to be destitute of the comforts of domestic life. There is an old proverb, "Out of God's blessing into the warm sun," referring to any one getting into a state of discomfort. The latter phrase has been happily and amply illustrated by Mr. Hunter, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, Vol. i. p. 248, *et seq.*

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.]

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness<sup>23</sup>, and waked herself with laughing.

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

*D. Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection<sup>24</sup>, the one with the other. I would

<sup>23</sup> i. e. mischief. *Unhappy* was often used for *mischievous*, as we now say an *unlucky* boy for a *mischievous* boy. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 5:

“A shrewd knave and an *unhappy*.”

<sup>24</sup> *A great deal of affection*. In the *Renegado*, by Massinger, we have:

“’tis but parting with  
A mountain of vexation.”

Thus also in *Hamlet*, “a sea of troubles;” and in *Henry VIII.* “a

fain have it a match ; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero ?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him ; he is of a noble strain<sup>25</sup>, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick : —and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer ; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*D. John.* It is so : the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord ; but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him ; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection,

sea of glory." In the Comedy of Errors : " the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me." And in other places, " A storm of fortune," " the vale of years," " a tempest of provocation."

<sup>25</sup> *Strain* is the same as *strene*, descent, lineage. A. S. *strynd*. Thus in K. Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 1 :

" And he is bred out of that bloody *strain*,  
That haunted us in our familiar paths."

ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that to be the death of this marriage ?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale<sup>1</sup>, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that ?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato : Look you for any other issue ?

*D. John.* Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone : tell them, that you know that Hero loves me ; intend<sup>2</sup> a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match ; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare uses *stale* here, and in a subsequent scene, for *an abandoned woman*. A *stale* also meant a *decoy* or *lure*, but the two words had different origins. It is obvious why the term was applied to prostitutes.

<sup>2</sup> *Intend*, i. e. *pretend*.

have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio<sup>3</sup>; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Leonato's Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK, a Boy following.*

*Bene.* Boy,—

*Boy.* Signior.

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard<sup>1</sup>.

*Boy.* I am here, already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that;—but I would have thee hence,

<sup>3</sup> Thus the old copies. Theobald altered it to *Borachio*; but the expression *term me* leads to the supposition that a false name was to be used. He assumes that Margaret will answer to the name of *Hero*, and it is therefore quite consistent that, to carry out the jesting reference to the approaching marriage, she should call him *Claudio*, though the conversation, of course, could at the same time indicate clearly enough that she knew who he was.

<sup>1</sup> *Orchard* in Shakespeare's time signified a *garden*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The orchard walls are high and hard to climb."

This word was first written *hort-yard*, then by corruption *hort-chard*, and hence orchard.

and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet<sup>2</sup>. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or

<sup>2</sup> This folly is the theme of all comic satire. In Andrew Borde's *Introduction to Knowledge*, the English gentleman is represented *naked*, with a pair of shears in one hand and a piece of cloth on his arm, with the following verses:

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,  
Musing in my mynde what rayment I shal were,  
For now I will ware this, and now I will were that,  
And now I will were I cannot tell what."

In Barnabe Riche's *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 1606, "The fashionmonger that spends his time in the contemplation of suites," is said to have "a sad and heavy countenance," because his tailor "hath cut his new sute after the olde stampe of some stale fashion that is at the least of a whole fortnight's standing."

have discovered<sup>3</sup> angel; of good discourse, an excellent without trial: her hair shall be of what colour it no less likeli<sup>h</sup>. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! window; hear<sup>r</sup> in the arbour.

garet term me

[*Withdraws behind the trees.*]

the very n<sup>i</sup>

in the m<sup>r</sup> DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO<sup>4</sup>.

Hero s<sup>Pedro</sup>. Come, shall we hear this musick?

seeming<sup>d</sup>. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening be cal<sup>l</sup> is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

*D. Pedro*. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claud*. O, very well, my lord: the musick ended, We'll fit the kid-fox<sup>5</sup> with a penny-worth.

*Enter BALTHAZAR, with musick.*

*D. Pedro*. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth*. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander musick any more than once.

*D. Pedro*. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

<sup>3</sup> Benedick may allude to the fashion of dyeing the hair, very common in Shakespeare's time. Or to that of wearing false hair, which also then prevailed. So, in a subsequent scene: "I like the new tire within excellently, if the *hair* were a thought browner."

<sup>4</sup> In the folio of 1623, "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio and Jack Wilson," the latter was the performer who personated Balthazar, and sang the song.

<sup>5</sup> *Kid-fox* has been supposed to mean *discovered* or *detected* fox; *Kid* certainly meant known or discovered in Chaucer's time. It may have been a technical term in the game of *hide-fox*; old terms are sometimes longer preserved in jocular sports than in common usage. Some editors have printed it *hid-fox*; which is most probably the true reading, and others explain it a *young* or *cub-fox*.

For every man with his affects is born ;  
 Not by might master'd, but by special grace :  
 If I break faith, this word shall speak<sup>16</sup> for me,  
 I am forsworn on mere necessity.—  
 So to the laws at large I write my name : [*Subscribes*  
 And he, that breaks them in the least degree,  
 Stands in 'attainder of eternal shame ;  
 Suggestions<sup>17</sup> are to others, as to me ;  
 But, I believe, although I seem so loath,  
 I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
 But, is there no quick<sup>18</sup> recreation granted ?  
*King.* Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is  
 haunted  
 With a refined traveller of Spain ;  
 A man in all the world's new<sup>19</sup> fashion planted,  
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :  
 One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue  
 Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;  
 A man of complements<sup>20</sup>, whom right and wrong  
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :  
 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight  
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.  
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;  
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy<sup>21</sup>.  
*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,

<sup>16</sup> The folios erroneously repeat the word *break* instead of *spent* here.

<sup>17</sup> *Suggestions*, i. e. *temptations*.

<sup>18</sup> *Quick*, i. e. *lively, sprightly*.

<sup>19</sup> The first folio has "*all the world's new fashion*." The second "*all the world new*."

<sup>20</sup> *Complements* is here used in its ancient sense of *accomplishments*. Vide Note on K. Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>21</sup> I will make use of him instead of a *minstrel*, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven<sup>7</sup>, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry; [*To CLAUDIO.*—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and musick.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits<sup>8</sup> [*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* 'Faith, like enough.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. the owl; νυκτικораξ. So, in Henry VI. P. III. "The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time." Thus, also Milton, in L'Allegro:—"And the night-raven sings."

<sup>8</sup> This is an allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently screened himself from the sight of the game.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*

*Leon.* What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him!

*Leon.* This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet!—

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence<sup>9</sup>; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries<sup>10</sup>:—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

*Leon.* She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy<sup>11</sup> hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: It is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it

*Claud.* To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms-deed to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* O my lord, wisdom and blood<sup>12</sup> combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have daff'd<sup>13</sup> all other respects, and

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *into a thousand small pieces*; it should be remembered that the *silver halfpence*, which were then current, were very minute peices.

<sup>10</sup> The old copy has *curses*. The correction is from Mr. Collier's folio, as well as the word *deed* after alms in Don Pedro's speech below.

<sup>11</sup> See *The Tempest*, Act iii. Sc. 3, p. 66, note 14.

<sup>12</sup> *Blood*, i. e. *passion*.

<sup>13</sup> To *daff*, is the same as to *do off*, to *doff*, to put aside.

made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible<sup>14</sup> spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek<sup>a</sup> Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

<sup>14</sup> *A contemptible spirit*, that is, a spirit inclined to *scorn* and *contempt*. It should be *contemptuous*. The active and passive adjectives were often used indiscriminately by our ancestors. See Tooke's very acute observations on these abbreviations, in *The Diversions of Purley*, vol. 2, c. viii.

<sup>a</sup> The folios read *see*.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we'll hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady<sup>15</sup>.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

*D. Pedro.* [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*]

*BENEDICK advancing from the Arbour.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne<sup>16</sup>.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly,

<sup>15</sup> Thus the 4to; the folio reads, "to have so good a lady;" and in Don Pedro's speech the folio has *gentlewoman*.

<sup>16</sup> *Sadly borne*, i. e. *seriously carried on*.

for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage :— But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age : Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour; No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal :—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thank: —If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. 20' [*Exit*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. Leonato's Garden.

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.**Hero.*

**G**OOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour;  
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice  
 Proposing<sup>1</sup> with the Prince and Claudio:  
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula  
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
 Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;  
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
 Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,  
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
 Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide  
 her,

To listen our propose<sup>2</sup>. This is thy office,  
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.  
[Exit.]

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,  
 As we do trace this alley up and down,  
 Our talk must only be of Benedick:  
 When I do name <sup>h</sup>im, let it be thy part  
 To praise him n<sup>r</sup> <sup>an</sup>d than ever man did merit:  
 My talk to thee <sup>ai</sup> must be, how Benedick  
 Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter  
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
 That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

<sup>1</sup> *Proposing* is *conversing*, from the French *Propos*, discourse-talk. Further on we have, "To listen our *propose*."

<sup>2</sup> The folio reads *purpose*. The quarto *propose*, which is evidently right. See the preceding note.

*Enter BEATRICE, behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
Cut with their golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :  
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now  
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :  
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-  
thing  
Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it.—

*[They advance to the Bower.]*

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;  
I know her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock<sup>3</sup>

*Urs.* But are you sure,  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new-trothed  
lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ;  
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,  
To wish him<sup>4</sup> wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

<sup>3</sup> A hawk not manned, or trained to obedience ; a wild hawk. *Hugard*, Fr. Latham, in his *Book of Falconry*, says : " Such is the greatness of her spirit, *she will not admit of any society* until such a time as nature worketh," &c. So, in *The Tragical History of Didaco and Violenta*, 1576 :

" Perchance she's not of haggard's kind,  
Nor heart so hard to bend," &c.

<sup>4</sup> *Wish* him, that is, *recommmend* or *desire* him. So, in *The Honest Whore*, 1604 :

" Go *wish* the surgeon to have great respect," &c.

Deserve as full<sup>5</sup>, as fortunate a bed,  
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

*Hero.* O God of love! I know, he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man:  
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so;  
And therefore, certainly, it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward<sup>6</sup>: if fair-faced,  
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;  
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,  
Made a foul blot<sup>7</sup>: if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
If low, an agate very vilely cut<sup>8</sup>:  
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds:

<sup>5</sup> So, in *Othello*:

"What a *full* fortune does the thick lips owe."  
What Ursula means to say is, "that he is as deserving of complete happiness as Beatrice herself."

<sup>6</sup> *She would spell him backward*, i. e. *misinterpret him*. Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. Several passages, containing a similar train of thought, are cited by Mr. Steevens from Lily's *Euphues*.

<sup>7</sup> A *black* man here means a man with a dark or thick beard, which is the *blot* in nature's drawing. An *antick* here means a grotesque and distorted figure.

<sup>8</sup> An *agate* is often used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the figures cut in agate for rings, &c. Queen Mab is described, "In shape no bigger than an *agate stone* on the forefinger of an alderman." See note on *K. Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2.*

If silent, why a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out :  
And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No : not to be so odd, and from all fashions,  
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :  
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,  
She'd mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me  
Out of myself, press me to death with wit<sup>9</sup>.  
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :  
It were a better death than die with mocks ;  
Which is as bad as die with tickling<sup>10</sup>.

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No ; rather I will go to Benedick,  
And counsel him to fight against his passion :  
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with : One doth not know,  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.  
She cannot be so much without true judgment,  
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,  
As she is priz'd to have), as to refuse  
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,  
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,  
Speaking my fancy ; signior Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, argument<sup>11</sup>, and valour,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

<sup>9</sup> The allusion is to an ancient punishment inflicted on those who refused to plead to an indictment. If they continued silent, they were pressed to death by heavy weights laid on the stomach.

<sup>10</sup> This word is intended to be pronounced as a trisyllable, it was sometimes written *tickeling*.

<sup>11</sup> *Argument*, i. e. *conversation*.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—  
When are you married, madam?

*Hero.* Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;  
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,  
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* She's lim'd<sup>13</sup> I warrant you; we have caught  
her, madam.

*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO and URSULA.

BEATRICE *advances.*

*Beat.* What fire is in mine ears<sup>14</sup>? Can this be true?  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!  
No glory lives behind the back of such<sup>15</sup>.  
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand<sup>16</sup>;  
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
To bind our loves up in a holy band:  
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I  
Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

<sup>13</sup> *Lim'd*, i. e. *ensnared* and *entangled*, as a sparrow with bird lime. The folios read "she's *ta'en*."

<sup>14</sup> Alluding to the proverbial saying, which is as old as Pliny's time: "That when our *ears do glow and tingle*, some there be that in our absence do talke of us." Holland's Translation, B. xxxiii. p. 297.

<sup>15</sup> The annotator of Mr. Collier's second folio here makes the rash and uncalled-for substitution of *but in the lack*. The text is right. Beatrice, who had professed contempt and maiden pride, has just heard (as she supposes) how much glory she gets by such qualities when the back is turned. They who would be well spoken of in their absence must renounce them.

<sup>16</sup> This image is taken from Falconry. She has been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; she therefore says, that wild as her heart is, she will *tame* it to the hand.

SCENE II. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and  
LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company: for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman<sup>1</sup> dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks<sup>2</sup>.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I; methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope, he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ach<sup>3</sup>.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Farmer has illustrated this term by citing a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. II. C. xiv.; but it seems probable that no more is meant by *hangman* than *executioner*, slayer of hearts.

<sup>2</sup> A covert allusion to the old proverb:

"As the fool thinketh  
The bell clinketh."

<sup>3</sup> So, in *The False One*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"O this sounds mangily,  
Poorly and scurvily in a soldier's mouth;  
You had best be troubled with the tooth-ach too,  
*For lovers ever are.*"

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What ! sigh for the tooth-ach ?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour, or a worm ?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy<sup>4</sup> in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as, to be a Dutchman to-day ; a Frenchman to-morrow ; [or in the shape of two countries at once ; as, a German from the waist downward, all slops<sup>5</sup> ; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet :] Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : he brushes his hat o' mornings ; What should that bode ?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

<sup>4</sup> A play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakespeare uses for *love*, as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affectation*.

<sup>5</sup> Large loose breeches or trousers. Hence a *slop*-seller for one who furnishes seamen, &c. with clothes. So, in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, by Decker, 1606, "For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's body that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places : his codpiece, in Denmarke ; the collar of his dublet and the belly, in France ; the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy ; the short waste hangs over a botcher's stall in Utrich ; his huge *sloppes* speaks Spanish ; Polonia gives him the booties, &c.—and thus we mocke everie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from everie of them to piece out our pride ; and are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us." The passage in crotchets is not in the folios.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, a' rubs himself with civet : Can you smell him out by that ?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face ?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself ? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit ; which is now crept into a lutestring<sup>6</sup>, and now governed by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him : Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too ; I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards<sup>7</sup>.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.— Old signior, walk aside with me : I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so : Hero and Margaret have by

<sup>6</sup> *Love-songs*, in Shakespeare's time, were sung to the lute. So, in Henry VI. Part I.

"As melancholy as an old lion or a lover's lute"

<sup>7</sup> *She shall be buried with her face upwards*, i. e. "*in her lover's arms.*" So in the Winter's Tale :

"*Flo.* What ? like a corse ?

*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on ;

Not like a corse :—or if,—not to be buried,

But quick and in my arms."

this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter DON JOHN.*

*D. John.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*D. John.* If it please you:—yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* [*To CLAUDIO.*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

*D. Pedro.* You know, he does.

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

*D. John.* You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who? Hero?

*D. John.* Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not

till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honour to change your mind

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day, untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented!  
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. A Street.

*Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES<sup>1</sup>, with the Watch.*

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for

<sup>1</sup> The first of these worthies is named from the *Dog-berry* or female cornel, a shrub that grows in every county in England. *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *verjuice*.

them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge<sup>2</sup>, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

*Dogb.* You have ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge : You shall comprehend all vagrom men : you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if a' will not stand ?

*Dogb.* Why then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

<sup>2</sup> To *charge* his fellows seems to have been a regular part of the duty of the constable. So in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639. My watch is set—*charge given*—and all at peace."

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend ; only, have a care that your bills<sup>3</sup> be not stolen : — Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not ?

*Dogb.* Why then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man : and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled : the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Veig.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

<sup>3</sup> This representation of a watchman with his *bill* (a sort of halberd) on his shoulder, is copied from the title-page to Decker's *O per se O*. 1612.



*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it<sup>4</sup>.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats<sup>5</sup>.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think, it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own<sup>6</sup>, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the

<sup>4</sup> It is not impossible but that a part of this scene was intended as a burlesque upon "The Statutes of the Streets, imprinted by Wolfe in 1595."

<sup>5</sup> *Will never answer a calf when he bleats.* Mr. Collier says, "this confusion of genders is characteristic of Shakespeare and his times." Is it not rather characteristic of the sagacious constable?

<sup>6</sup> This is part of the oath of a grand jurymen, and is one of many proofs of Shakespeare's having been very conversant with legal proceedings and courts of justice at some period of his life.

wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night : Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.*

*Bora.* What ! Conrade !—

*Watch.* Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

*Bora.* Conrade, I say !

*Con.* Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched ; I thought, there would a scab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear ?

*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich ; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirmed<sup>7</sup>. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush ! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is ?

*Watch.* I know that Deformed ; a' has been a vile

<sup>7</sup> *Unconfirmed, i. e. unpractised in the ways of the world.*

thief this seven year ; a' goes up and down like a gentleman : I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody ?

*Con.* No ; 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is ? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty ? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy<sup>8</sup> painting ; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window ; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched<sup>9</sup> worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club ?

*Con.* All this I see ; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion.

*Bora.* Not so neither : but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero ; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night.—I tell this tale vilely :—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought they, Margaret was Hero ?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged ; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he

<sup>8</sup> *Reechy*, i. e. discoloured by smoke, *reeky*. From *recan*, Saxon.

<sup>9</sup> *Smirched*, i. e. soiled, *sullied*. Probably only another form of *smutched*. The word is peculiar to Shakespeare.

saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch*. We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

2 *Watch*. Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock<sup>10</sup>.

*Con*. Masters, masters!

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Con*. Masters,—

1 *Watch*. Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us<sup>11</sup>.

*Bora*. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills<sup>12</sup>.

*Con*. A commodity in question<sup>13</sup>, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt*.]

#### SCENE IV. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

*Hero*. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs*. I will, lady.

*Hero*. And bid her come hither.

*Urs*. Well.

[*Exit* URSULA.]

*Marg*. Troth, I think, your other rabato<sup>1</sup> were better.

<sup>10</sup> *He wears a lock*, i. e. a lock of hair called a *love-lock*, worn by the young gallants in the poet's time, and long after. Prynne attacked the fashion in his *Unloveliness of Love-locks*.

<sup>11</sup> In the old copies this is made part of Conrade's speech.

<sup>12</sup> We have the same conceit in *K. Henry VI. Part II.* "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills!"

<sup>13</sup> *In question*, i. e. in examination or trial.

<sup>1</sup> *Rabato*, i. e. a kind of ruff. *Rabat*, Fr. Menage says, it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, being at first nothing but the collar of the shirt turned back toward the shoulders.

A man of fire-new<sup>22</sup> words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport,  
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL, with a Letter, and COSTARD.*

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person?

*Biron.* This, fellow; What would'st?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am  
his grace's tharborough<sup>23</sup>; but I would see his own  
person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.  
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God  
for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low having<sup>24</sup>: God grant  
us patience!

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear laughing<sup>25</sup>?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderate-  
ly; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style<sup>26</sup> shall give us  
cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Ja-  
quenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the  
manner<sup>27</sup>.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. *new from the forge*; we have still retained a similar mode  
of speech in the colloquial phrase *brand-new*.

<sup>23</sup> *Tharborough*, i. e. *third-borough*, a *peace-officer*.

<sup>24</sup> The old copy has *heaven*. Theobald corrected it to *having*.

<sup>25</sup> The old copy has, "To hear, or forbear *hearing*," but the an-  
swer of Longaville is decisive in respect to the present reading,  
which had long since been suggested, and is found in my corrected  
copy of the second folio.

<sup>26</sup> A quibble is here intended between a *stile* and *style*.

<sup>27</sup> That is, *in the fact*. A thief is said to be taken with the  
manner (*mainour*) when he is taken with the thing stolen about

easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse<sup>4</sup> will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To prove you a cipher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage! for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

<sup>4</sup> This alludes to the celebrated bay horse Morocco, belonging to one Bankes, who exhibited his docile and sagacious animal through Europe. Many of his remarkable pranks are mentioned by cotemporary writers, and he is alluded to by numbers besides Shakespeare. The fate of man and horse is not known with certainty, but it has been asserted that they were both burnt at Rome, as magicians, by order of the Pope. The best account of Bankes and his horse is to be found in the notes to a French translation of Apuleius's Golden Ass, by Jean de Montlyard, 1602

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuffed ! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me ! God help me ! how long have you profess'd apprehension ?

*Marg.* Ever since you left it : doth not my wit become me rarely ?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled *Carduus Benedictus*<sup>7</sup>, and lay it to your heart ; it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* *Benedictus* ! why *Benedictus* ? you have some moral<sup>8</sup> in this *Benedictus*.

*Marg.* Moral ? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning ; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love : nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list ; nor I list not to think what I can ; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love : yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man : he swore he would never marry ; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat

<sup>7</sup> "The *Carduus Benedictus*, or the Blessed Thistle," says Parkinson, "is much used in the time of any infection or plague, as also to *expel any evil symptom from the heart*, at all other times." According to Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595, it had then but lately become known. The French call it *Chardon Benoit*, the Italians *Cardo Santo*, and in Latin it is *Atractylis Hirsuta*.

<sup>8</sup> "You have some *moral* in this *Benedictus*," i. e. some *hidden meaning*, like the *moral* of a fable. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece :

"Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight."

And in the Taming of the Shrew, "to expound the *meaning* or *moral* of his signs and tokens."

without grudging<sup>9</sup>: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Another Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestest than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*<sup>1</sup>, neighbour Verges.

<sup>9</sup> *He eats his meat without grudging*, i. e. "feeds on love, and likes his food."

*Palabras*, i. e. *words*, in Spanish. It seems to have been current here for a time, even among the vulgar; it was probably introduced by our sailors, as well as the corrupted form *pala'ver*. We have it again in the mouth of Sly the Tinker, "Therefore *pau-cas pallabris*: let the world slide, Sessa."

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor<sup>2</sup> duke's officers ; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me ! ha !

*Dogb.* Yea, and 'twere a thousand pound<sup>3</sup> more than 'tis ; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city ; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as ar-rant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir ; he will be talking ; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out. God help us ! it is a world to see<sup>4</sup> !—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges :—well, God's a good man ; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir : by my troth he is, as ever broke bread : but, God is to be worshipped : All men are not alike ; alas ! good neighbour !

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed,

<sup>2</sup> This stroke of pleasantry, arising from the transposition of the epithet *poor*, has already occurred in *Measure for Measure*. Elbow says : "If it please your honour, I am the *poor duke's* constable."

<sup>3</sup> The folio has *times* instead of *pounds*.

<sup>4</sup> This was a common apostrophe of admiration equivalent to "it is *wonderful*," or "it is *admirable*." Baret in his *Alvearie*, 1580, explains, "*It is a world to heare*," by "It is a thing worthie the hearing, *audire est operæ pretium*." In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* we have, "Is it not a *world* to consider?"

You may not come; fair princess, in my gates;<sup>12</sup>  
 But here without you shall be so receiv'd,  
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
 Though so denied fair harbour<sup>13</sup> in my house.  
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
 To-morrow we shall visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your  
 grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!  
 [Exeunt King and his Train.]

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

*Ros.* 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would  
 be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick?<sup>a</sup>

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack! let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My Physick says, I<sup>14</sup>.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* No point<sup>15</sup>, with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that  
 same?

<sup>12</sup> The 4to reads "within my gates."

<sup>13</sup> The folio has "farther harbour," which deranges the metre.  
 Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *free* for *fair*.

<sup>a</sup> So the 4to 1598. The folio has *soul*.

<sup>14</sup> The old spelling of the affirmative particle *ay* is here retained  
 for the sake of the rhyme.

<sup>15</sup> *Point*, in French, is an adverb of negation, with or without  
 the proper negative *ne* or *non*, but, if properly spoken, is not  
 sounded like the *point* of a knife. A quibble was however in-  
 tended. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, in *v. PUNTO*, explains  
 it by "never a whit;—no point, as the Frenchman says." See Act  
 v. Sc. 2, p. 273.

*Leon.* To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it<sup>1</sup>.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer, none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! [not knowing what they do<sup>2</sup>!]

*Bene.* How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave!

Will you with free and unconstrained soul  
Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;  
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;  
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—  
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:  
O, what authority, and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

<sup>1</sup> This is borrowed from our marriage ceremony, which (with a few changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>2</sup> These words are not in the folio.

come; To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's? —no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles? titles; For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

*Thine, in the dearest design of industry,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play:  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he, that indited  
this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear  
better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-  
while<sup>7</sup>.

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here  
in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho<sup>8</sup>, and one that makes sport  
To the prince, and his book-mates.

<sup>7</sup> 'Erewhile, i. e. lately. A pun is intended upon the word *stile*.

<sup>8</sup> The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. "Popular applause (says Meres in *Wit's Treasure*, p. 178) doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing but vaine

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True! O God<sup>5</sup>!

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power<sup>6</sup>

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God, defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

<sup>5</sup> Hero's exclamation refers to the speech of Don John.

<sup>6</sup> *Kindly power*, i. e. *natural power*. *Kind* is used for *nature*. So in *The Induction to the Taming of the Shrew*—

“This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs.”

which here also signifies *naturally*.

*Moth.* The sheep : the other two concludes it ; o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew<sup>10</sup> of wit : snip, snap, quick and home ; it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit.

*Moth.* Offered by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure ; what is the figure ?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa* ; A gig of a cuckold's horn !

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *unquem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house<sup>11</sup> on the top of the mountain ?

*Hol.* Or, *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day ; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon :

<sup>10</sup> *Tencur*, i. e. a hit. See Vol. i. p. 199.

<sup>11</sup> The old copies have *charg-house*, which Steevens conjectures meant a *free-school*. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *large house*.

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,  
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero?

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea; Wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly  
thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?<sup>9</sup>  
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:  
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?  
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame<sup>10</sup>?  
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not, with charitable hand,  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;  
Who smirched<sup>11</sup> thus, and mired with infamy,  
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*  
*This shame derives itself from unknown loins:*  
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,  
That I myself was to myself not mine,  
Valuing of her: why, she—O, she is fallen  
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again<sup>12</sup>;

<sup>9</sup> That is, "which her *blushes* discovered to be true."

<sup>10</sup> *Frame* is *order, contrivance, disposition of things*. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *frown*. Surely an unnecessary innovation!

<sup>11</sup> *Smirched*. See note on Act iii. Sc. 3. The folio has *smeared*.

<sup>12</sup> The same thought is repeated in *Macbeth*:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand?"

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils<sup>5</sup>! How! let me not die your debtor,  
 My red dominical, my golden letter :  
 O, that your face were not so full of O's!  
*Prin.* A pox<sup>6</sup> of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!  
 But, Katherine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?  
*Kath.* Madam, this glove.  
*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?  
*Kath.* Yes, madam; and moreover,  
 Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :  
 A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
 Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.  
*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;  
 The letter is too long by half a mile.  
*Prin.* I think no less : Dost thou not wish in heart,  
 The chain were longer, and the letter short?  
*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.  
*Prin.* We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.  
*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so  
 That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.  
 O, that I knew he were but in by the week<sup>7</sup>!  
 How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek ;  
 And wait the season, and observe the times,  
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes ;  
 And shape his service wholly to my behests ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And make me proud to make him proud that jests<sup>9</sup>!

<sup>5</sup> She advises Katharine to *beware of drawing likenesses*, lest she should retaliate.

<sup>6</sup> Such a plague was the *small-pox* formerly, that its name might well be used as an imprecation. It is evident that Katharine's face was pitted with it. This line is given to the princess in the old copies.

<sup>7</sup> *In by the week.* This is an expression taken from the hiring of servants for a fixed term; meaning, *I wish I knew that he was in love with me, or my servant*, as the phrase is.

<sup>8</sup> *Behests* is the reading of the second folio. The earlier copies read *device*, which does not rhyme.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy reads:—

"And make *him* proud to make *me* proud: that jests."  
 The meaning appears to be, "He should make me proud: in

Under some biting error.

*Leon.*

Friar, it cannot be :

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury ; she not denies it.

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness ?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?

*Hero.* They know, that do accuse me ; I know none.

If I know more of any man alive,

'Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Friar.* There is some strange misprision in the  
princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent<sup>17</sup> of honour ;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies<sup>18</sup>.

*Leon.* I know not ; If they speak but truth of her,

These hands shall tear her : if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havock of my means,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,

But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind<sup>a</sup>,

Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,

Ability in means, and choice of friends,

To quit me of them thoroughly.

<sup>17</sup> *Bent* is here used for the utmost degree of, or tendency to honourable conduct. See note on Act ii. Sc. 3.

<sup>18</sup> *In frame of villainies*, i. e. in framing of them.

<sup>a</sup> In such a kind, i. e. in such a nature.

*Friar.*

Pause a while.

And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead<sup>19</sup>;  
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
 And publish it, that she is dead indeed:  
 Maintain a mourning ostentation;  
 And on your family's old monument  
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
 That appertain unto a burial.

*Leon.* What shall become of this? What will this do?

*Friar.* Marry, this well carried, shall on her behalf  
 Change slander to remorse; that is some good:  
 But not for that, dream I on this strange course,  
 But on this travail look for greater birth.  
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
 Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd,  
 Of every hearer: For it so falls out,  
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
 Why, then we rack the value; then we find  
 The virtue, that possession would not show us  
 Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio  
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
 Into his study of imagination;  
 And every lovely organ of her life  
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
 More moving-delicate, and full of life,  
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
 Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,  
 If ever love had interest in his liver<sup>20</sup>),  
 And wish he had not so accus'd her;

<sup>19</sup> The old copies of this lin, overpo<sup>r</sup> daughter here, the p<sup>r</sup> was anciently supposed to

The folio omits it.

elief, close

has no longer

in any other that

No, though he thought his accusation true.  
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success<sup>21</sup>  
 Will fashion the event in better shape  
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,  
 The supposition of the lady's death  
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy:  
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her  
 (As best befits her wounded reputation),  
 In some reclusive and religious life,  
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you.  
 And though, you know, my inwardness<sup>22</sup> and love  
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,  
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
 As secretly, and justly, as your soul  
 Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,  
 The smallest twine may lead me<sup>23</sup>.

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented; presently away;  
 For to strange sores strangely they strain the  
 cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,  
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and  
 endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.*]

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason, I do it freely.

<sup>21</sup> *Success* is here used for *that which will follow* or succeed.

<sup>22</sup> *Inwardness*, i. e. *intimacy*.

To quit me one of Shakespeare's subtle observations upon life.

<sup>17</sup> *Bent* is here used for *distraughtly*; eagerly listen to the first offers  
 honourable conduct. See note on Act i and believe every promise. He

<sup>18</sup> *In frame of villainies*, i. e. *in* himself is glad to repose his

<sup>2</sup> In such a *kind*, i. e. *will* undertake to guide him.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you; Is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me!

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it<sup>24</sup>: Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

<sup>24</sup> To deny it, i. e. to refuse to do it. The folio omits it.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here<sup>25</sup>:—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain<sup>26</sup>, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand<sup>27</sup> until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice;—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay but, Beatrice;—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes, and Counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count-Confect<sup>28</sup>; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too<sup>29</sup>: he is now as valiant as Hercules,

<sup>25</sup> i. e. *I am in reality absent, for my heart is gone from you, though I remain in person before you.*

<sup>26</sup> So, in *K. Henry VIII.* "He's a traitor to the height." *In præcipiti vitium stetit.*—*JUV.* i. 149.

<sup>27</sup> *Bear her in hand*, i. e. *delude her with false expectations.*

<sup>28</sup> *Count-Confect*, i. e. *an image of a man made in sugar.*

<sup>29</sup> *Trim* seems here to signify *apt, fair spoken.* *Tongue* used in the singular, and *trim ones* in the plural, is a mode of construction not uncommon in Shakespeare.

that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice : By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him ; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you : By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account : As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin ; I must say, she is dead ; and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A Prison.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES<sup>1</sup>, and Sexton, in gowns ; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton !

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors ?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner<sup>2</sup>.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine<sup>3</sup>.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

<sup>1</sup> Throughout this scene the names of *Kempe*, sometimes misprinted *Keeper*, and *Cowley*, two celebrated actors of the time, are put for *Dogberry* and *Verges* in the old editions. The Sexton is called the town-clerk in the old stage directions.

<sup>2</sup> The name *Andrew* in the old copy is placed against this speech.

<sup>3</sup> This is a blunder of the constable's, for "examination to exhibit." In the last scene of the third Act, Leonato says : "Take their examination yourself and bring it me."

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—  
What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray write down — Borachio. — Yours,  
sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Con-  
rade.

*Dogb.* Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—  
Masters, do you serve God?

*Con. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down—that they hope they serve God:  
—and write God first; for God defend but God should  
go before such villains<sup>1</sup>!—Masters, it is proved already  
that you are little better than false knaves; and it  
will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer  
you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but  
I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah;  
a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought  
you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both  
in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none?

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to  
examine; you must call forth the watch that are their  
accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the efastest way:—Let the  
watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the  
prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the  
prince's brother, was a villain.

The first part of this speech, and the answer of Conrade and  
Borachio, are not in the folio. In consequence, as Blackstone sug-  
gests, of the Statute against the profane employment of the name  
of the Deity.

*Dogb.* Write down—prince John a villain :—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else ?

*2 Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow ?

*1 Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain ! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else ?

*2 Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away ; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's ; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* Let them be in the hands<sup>5</sup>—

*Con.* Off, coxcomb !

*Dogb.* God's my life ! where's the sexton ? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet !

<sup>5</sup> In the old copy this passage stands thus : "*Sexton.* Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb." Mr. Steevens proposed to read, "Let them be in band." That the speech should be thus divided and given to Verges and Conrade is evident. I believe it was so arranged by Theobald.

*Con.* Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder: and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down,—an ass.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Before Leonato's House.*

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Antonio.*

**I**F you go on thus, you will kill yourself;  
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief  
Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience;  
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain ;  
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :  
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard :  
 Cry—sorrow, wag ! and hem, when he should groan<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk  
 With candle-wasters<sup>2</sup> ; bring him yet to me,  
 And I of him will gather patience.  
 But there is no such man : For, brother, men  
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief  
 Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,  
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words :  
 No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow :  
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
 To be so moral, when he shall endure  
 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :  
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement<sup>3</sup>.

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace ! I will be flesh and blood :  
 For there was never yet philosopher,

The folio reads, " And sorrow, wagge, cry hem," &c. The emendation and arrangement of this line is by Dr. Johnson, who thus explains the passage: " If he will smile, and cry *sorrow be gone !* and *hem* instead of groaning." Steevens proposed to read, " And, *sorry* wag, cry hem," &c. which is very plausible, but he abandoned his own reading in favour of Johnson's. Mr. Collier's corrector of the second folio cuts the knot by the unlicensed change of, *Call sorrow joy !*

<sup>2</sup> *Candle-wasters.* A contemptuous term for *book-worms* or *hard students*, used by Ben Jonson in *Cynthia's Revels*, and others. The spirit of what Leonato here says, is directed against those moralizing comforters who think to assuage grief by stoical philosophy derived from books, who " would charm ache with air, and agony with words."

<sup>3</sup> *Advertisement* that is, than *admonition*, than *moral instruction*.

That could endure the tooth-ache patiently ;  
However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a push<sup>4</sup> at chance and sufferance.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;  
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so  
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied,  
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,  
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Ant.* Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord !—well, fare you well,  
my lord :—

Are you so hasty now ?—well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old  
man.

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,  
Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him ?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissem-  
bler, thou ;—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,  
I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear :  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

<sup>4</sup> *Push* is the reading of the old copy, which Pope altered to *pish* without any seeming necessity. To make a *push* at any thing is to contend against it or defy it. It may, however, be observed that the interjection *pish* ! was constantly spelt *push* ! by our old drairatic writers.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me :  
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;  
As, under privilege of age, to brag  
What I have done being young, or what would do.  
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,  
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;  
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,  
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.  
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child ;  
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,  
And she lies buried with her ancestors :  
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,  
Save this of her's fram'd by thy villainy.

*Cloud.* My villainy !

*Leon.* Thine, Claudio ; thine I say.

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,  
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;  
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,  
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

*Cloud.* Away ! I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.* Canst thou so daff<sup>5</sup> me ? Thou hast kill'd  
my child ;  
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :  
But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—  
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—  
Come, follow me, boy ! come, sir boy, come follow  
me :

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining<sup>6</sup> fence ;  
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother,—

<sup>5</sup> *Daff.* This is only a corrupt form of *doff*, to *do off*, or *put off*

<sup>6</sup> *Foining*, i. e. *thrusting*.

*Ant.* Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains ;  
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops !—

*Leon.* Brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Hold you content ; What, man ! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :  
Scambling<sup>8</sup>, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,  
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,  
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness<sup>9</sup>,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,  
And this is all.

*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter ;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake<sup>10</sup>  
your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;  
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No !

Come, brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

*Ant.* And shall,

<sup>8</sup> *Scambling* appears to have been much the same as *scrambling*; shifting or shuffling. "Griffe graffe," says Cotgrave, "by hook or by crook, squimble squamble, *scamblingly*, catch that catch may." We have "*skimble skamble stuff*" in *K. Henry IV. Part I.*

<sup>9</sup> i. e. what in *King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 6*, is called—

"*A horrid suit of the camp.*"

<sup>10</sup> *Wake your patience*, i. e. rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger, by remaining longer in your presence.

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

*Claud.* Now, signior! what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us<sup>11</sup>.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

<sup>11</sup> "I will bid thee draw thy sword, as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles, merely to please us."

*Claud.* Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross<sup>12</sup>.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle<sup>13</sup>.

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid<sup>14</sup> me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock<sup>15</sup> too.

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: *True*,

<sup>12</sup> The allusion is to *tilting*. See note, As You Like It, Act iii. Sc. 4.

<sup>13</sup> This proverbial expression for a challenge to fight, was still in use when Swift wrote his "Polite Conversation." To *turn the girdle* was to put the sword-sheath a little back, in order to draw the weapon. Sir Ralph Winwood, in a letter to Cecil, says, "I spake not to make him angry." He replied, "If I were angry I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me." Mr. Holt White says it was a challenge at a wrestling match.

<sup>14</sup> *Bid*, i. e. *invited*.

<sup>15</sup> A *woodcock*, being supposed to have no brains, was a common phrase for a foolish fellow. It means here one caught in a springe or trap, alluding to the plot against Benedick. So, in *Hamlet*, Sc. ult.

"Why, as a *woodcock* to my own springe, *Osrick*." Sir Wm. Cecil, in a letter to Secretary Maitland (*penes me*) says: "I went to lay some lime twiggs for certen *woodcocks* which I have taken." He alludes to an attempted escape of the French hostages.

If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd,  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;  
And wonder, what they were; and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
'Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the<sup>35</sup> land.

[*Exeunt* Princess, *ROS.* *KATH.* and *MARIA.*]

*Enter* the King, *BIRON*, *LONGAVILLE*, and *DUMAIN*,  
in their proper habits.

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,  
Command me any service to her thither<sup>36</sup>?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;  
And utters it again when Jove<sup>37</sup> doth please:  
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares  
At wakes and wassels<sup>38</sup>, meetings, markets, fairs;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

<sup>35</sup> The old copies read: "as Roes runnes oro land." The correction is from my second folio.

<sup>36</sup> *Thither* is omitted in the folios.

<sup>37</sup> The 4to. has "God doth please." The folio in the line above has "*picks up*."

<sup>38</sup> *Wassels*, i. e. *Festive meetings, drinking-bouts*: from the Saxon *was-hal*, be in health, which was the form of drinking a health; the customary answer to which was *drine-hæl*, I drink your health. The *wassel-cup*, *wassel-bowl*, *wassel-bread*, *wassel-candle*, were all aids or accompaniments to festivity.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit<sup>17</sup>

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let be<sup>18</sup>; pluck up, my heart, and be sad<sup>19</sup>! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dogb.* Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once<sup>20</sup>, you must be looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord!

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders: sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

<sup>17</sup> These words are probably meant to express what Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, calls the "*careless desolation*" of a lover.

<sup>18</sup> The old copies read "*let me be*," the emendation is Malone's. *Let be* appears here to signify *hold, rest there*, and occurs again in *Winter's Tale*, Act v. Sc. 3, and in *K. Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1. It has the same signification in *Saint Matthew*, xxvii. 49.

<sup>19</sup> *Pluck up my heart and be sad*, i. e. *rouse thyself my heart and be prepared for serious consequences*.

<sup>20</sup> *Once*, see before in this play, p. 94, note 34.

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited<sup>21</sup>.

*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood : What's your offence ?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed<sup>22</sup> me to slander the lady Hero ; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments ; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame : the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this ?

*Bora.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery :— And fled he is upon this villainy.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

*Dogb.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time our Sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter : And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

<sup>21</sup> That is, *one meaning put into many different dresses* ; the Prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.

<sup>22</sup> *Incensed*, i. e. *incited*, *instigated*.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

*Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;  
That when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast  
kill'd

Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;  
Here stand a pair of honourable men,  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—  
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience,  
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;  
Impose me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,  
But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I;  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live.  
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,  
Possess<sup>23</sup> the people in Messina here  
How innocent she died: and, if your love  
Can labour aught in sad invention,

<sup>23</sup> *To possess* anciently signified to *inform*, to *make acquainted with*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.”

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb<sup>24</sup>,  
 And sing it to her bones : sing it to-night.—  
 To-morrow morning come you to my house ;  
 And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
 Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,  
 Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
 And she alone is heir to both of us<sup>25</sup> ;  
 Give her the right you should have given her cousin,  
 And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.*

O, noble sir.

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !  
 I do embrace your offer ; and dispose  
 For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;  
 To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man  
 Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,  
 Who, I believe, was part<sup>26</sup> in all this wrong.  
 Hie'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.*

No, by my soul, she was not ;  
 Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;  
 But always hath been just and virtuous,  
 In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under  
 white and black), this plaintiff here, the offender, did  
 call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in  
 his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk  
 of one Deformed : they say, he wears a key in his  
 ear, and a lock hanging by it<sup>27</sup> ; and borrows money

<sup>24</sup> It was the custom among Catholics to attach, upon or near the tomb of celebrated persons, a written inscription either in prose or verse generally in praise of the deceased. See Bayle, in *Arctin* (*Pierre*), note H. ed. 1720.

<sup>25</sup> Yet Shakespeare makes Leonato say to Antonio, Act i. Sc. 5, "How now, brother ; where is my cousin your son ?" We must, therefore, suppose in that instance an oversight of the poet, of which other plays furnish examples.

<sup>26</sup> *Pact*, i. e. *combined*, an *accomplice*.

<sup>27</sup> *They say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it.*

in God's name ; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake : Pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation<sup>28</sup> !

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an errant knave with your worship ; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship ; I wish your worship well ; God restore you to health : I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords ; we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on ; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd<sup>29</sup> fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

See note on Act iii. Sc. 3. It was one of the fantastic fashions of Shakespeare's time to wear a long hanging *lock of hair* dangling by the ear ; it is often mentioned by cotemporary writers, and may be observed in some ancient portraits. The humour of this passage is in Dogberry's supposing the *lock* to have a *key* to it. See Hall's Satires, Edition, 1824 ; Book iii. Satire 7.

<sup>28</sup> *God save the foundation.* A phrase used by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses. Dogberry probably designed to say, " God save the founder."

<sup>29</sup> Here *lewd* has not the common meaning ; nor do I think it

## SCENE II. Leonato's Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs<sup>1</sup>.

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

*Marg.* And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers<sup>2</sup>.

*Marg.* Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

can be used in the more uncommon sense of *ignorant*; but rather means *knavish*, *ungracious*, *naughty*, which are the synonyms used with it in explaining the Latin *pravus* in dictionaries of the sixteenth century.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps a word has here been accidentally omitted, and that we should read, "Why, shall I always keep *them* below stairs?"

<sup>2</sup> *I give thee the bucklers*, i. e. *I yield*. So in Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History, b. x. c. 21: "It goeth against the stomach to yeeld the gauntlet and *give the bucklers*." He is speaking of the cock.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.]

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

*The god of love,  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,  
How pitiful I deserve<sup>3</sup>.—* [Singing.]

I mean, in singing ; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love : Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried ; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme ; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme ; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings : No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms<sup>4</sup>.—

*Enter BEATRICE.*

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call'd thee ?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then !

*Beat.* *Then*, is spoken ; fare you well now : — and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for<sup>5</sup>, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

<sup>3</sup> The first line of an old ballad, by William Elderton. In "The Handful of Pleasant Delights," 1584, there is a song to the tune of it.

<sup>4</sup> *In festival terms*, i. e. *in choice phraseology*. So mine Host, in Merry Wives of Windsor, says of Fenton, *He speaks holiday*. And Hotspur, in K. Henry IV. Part I.

"With many holiday and lady terms."

<sup>5</sup> The word *for* is not in the old copies ; as necessary to the sense it was inserted by Rowe.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours<sup>6</sup>: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question<sup>7</sup>!—Why, an hour in clamour, and

<sup>6</sup> *In the time of good neighbours, i. e. when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.* Or it may be, in the time of the fairies, who were called *good neighbours*.

<sup>7</sup> *Question.* This phrase appears to be equivalent to "You ask a question indeed!" or "that is the question!"

a quarter in rheum : Therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary), to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy), and now tell me, How doth your cousin ?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you ?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle ; yonder's old coil<sup>8</sup> at home : it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone : will you come presently ?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior ?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes<sup>9</sup> ; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>8</sup> *Old coil* is *great* or *abundant bustle*. *Old* was a common augmentative in ancient familiar language. So in *K. Henry IV. Part II. Act ii.* "By the mass, here will be *old* utis." And in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, "I shall have *old* laughing." It is said to be still in use in the northern counties.

<sup>9</sup> It has been suggested that the words *heart* and *eyes* have been transposed by the printer of the old copy. Although this is probable, yet it would spoil the euphony of the sentence to make the change.

SCENE III. *The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with Musick and Tapers.*

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [*Reads from a scroll.*]

*Done to death<sup>1</sup> by slanderous tongues*

*Was the Hero that here lies :*

*Death, in guerdon<sup>2</sup> of her wrongs,*

*Gives her fame which never dies.*

*So the life, that died with shame,*

*Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it.*

*Praising her when I am dumb.—*

Now, musick, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

## SONG.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,*

*Those that slew thy virgin knight<sup>3</sup> ;*

*For the which, with songs of woe,*

*Round about her tomb they go.*

*Midnight, assist our moan ;*

*Help us to sigh and groan,*

*Heavily, heavily :*

*Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,*

*Till death be uttered,*

*Heavenly, heavenly<sup>4</sup>.*

<sup>1</sup> See note on K. Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. i.

<sup>2</sup> *Reward.*

<sup>3</sup> *Diana's knight, or virgin knight, was the common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time. So in The Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634 :*

*"O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,  
who to thy female knights," &c.*

<sup>4</sup> This is the reading of both the folios ; the quarto repeats the

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night !  
Yearly will I do this rite.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters ; put your torches  
out :

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray :  
Thanks to you all, and leave us ; fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other  
weeds ;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds,  
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Leonato's House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,  
URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd  
her

Upon the error that you heard debated :  
But Margaret was in some fault for this ;  
Although against her will, as it appears  
In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd  
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

previous words : "Heavily, heavily," which reading has been generally adopted to the destruction of the sense. The meaning is evidently "Graves yawn, and yield your dead, till death have its heavenly utterance or deliverance." Shakespeare uses the word *utterance* for *extremity*.

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;  
 And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :  
 The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour  
 To visit me.—You know your office, brother ;  
 You must be father to your brother's daughter,  
 And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance

*Benc.* Friar. I must entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, signior ?

*Benc.* To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,  
 Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her ; 'Tis most  
 true.

*Benc.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,  
 From Claudio, and the prince : But what's your will ?

*Benc.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But, for my will, my will is, your good will  
 May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
 In the state of honourable marriage ;—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.

[Here comes the prince, and Claudio<sup>1</sup>.]

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.*

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio.  
 We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd  
 To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

<sup>1</sup> This line is not in the folios.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's the matter,  
That you have such a February face,  
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

*Claud.* I think, he thinks upon the savage bull<sup>2</sup> :—  
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,  
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;  
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,  
When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low :  
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,  
And got a calf in that same noble feat,  
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.*

*Claud.* For this I owe you : here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her<sup>3</sup>.

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine : Sweet, let me see your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand  
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand before this holy friar ;  
I am your husband, if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I lived, I was your other wife :  
[*Unmasking.*

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

*Claud.* Another Hero !

*Hero.* Nothing certainer :  
One Hero died [defil'd]<sup>4</sup> ; but I do live,

<sup>2</sup> Still alluding to the passage quoted from Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy, in the first scene of the play.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies give this speech to *Leonato*.

<sup>4</sup> The word *defil'd* is from the 4to of 1600 ; it is omitted in the folios. By *defil'd*, the aspersions upon her character, defiling her name are intended. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *belied*.

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward<sup>73</sup> for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

*Enter a Messenger* MONSIEUR MERCADE.

*Mer.* God save you, madam.

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion<sup>74</sup>, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,

<sup>73</sup> That is clothed in wool, and not in linen. - A penance often enjoined in times of superstition. In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils* of this Age, 1596, we have the character of a *swash-buckler*: "His common course is to go always untruss, except when his shirt is a washing, and then he goes *woolward*."

<sup>74</sup> Armado probably means to say in his affected style that "he had discovered he was wronged." "One may see day at a little hole" is a proverb.

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth<sup>5</sup>.

[*Kissing her.*]

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterwards.

*Bene.* First, o' my word; therefore play, musick.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a

<sup>5</sup> The old copies give this line to Leonato.

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
 I will be thine ; and, till that instant<sup>86</sup>, shut  
 My woful self up in a mourning house ;  
 Raining the tears of lamentation,  
 For the remembrance of my father's death.  
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;  
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank<sup>87</sup> ;  
 You are attaint with faults and perjury ;  
 Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,  
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

*Kath.* A wife !—A beard, fair health, and honesty ;  
 With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord ;—a twelvemonth and a day  
 I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :  
 Come when the king doth to my lady come,  
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria ?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end,  
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

<sup>86</sup> This is the reading of the folio. Mr. Collier follows the erroneous reading of the quarto, which has *instance*.

<sup>87</sup> The old editions read *rack'd*. Thirlby, Warburton, and Coleridge thought this and the four following lines ought to be omitted, as only an abridgment of what Rosaline says afterward. They are found in the quarto as well as in the folio.



*To-achit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

## IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs<sup>92</sup> hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
    *To-who ;*  
*To-achit, to-who, a merry note.  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot*<sup>93</sup>.*

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way ; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>92</sup> This wild English apple, roasted before the fire, and put into ale, was a very favourite indulgence in old times.

<sup>93</sup> To *keel*, or *kele*, is to *cool*, from *Celan*, Anglo-Saxon. Laterly it seems to have been applied particularly to the cooling of boiling liquor. To *keel* the pot is to *cool* it by stirring the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over*. Tooke was unaware of the following ancient example, or he would have been less severe upon the commentators :

"And lered men a ladel bygge, with a long stele

That cast for to *kele* a *crokke*, and save the fatte above."

*P. Plouhman*, p. 380. *Ed.* 1813



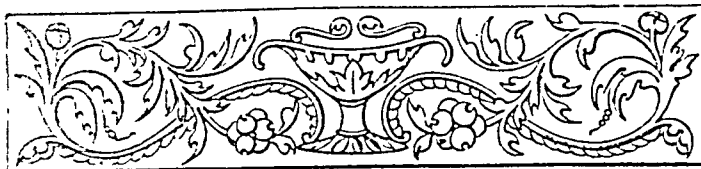
TEAM.  
See my face

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*  
EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*  
LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*  
DEMETRIUS, }  
PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*  
QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*  
SNUG, *the Joiner*  
BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*  
FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*  
SNOUT, *the Tinker.*  
STARVELING, *the Tailor.*  
HIPPOLYT, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*  
HERMIA, *Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.*  
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*  
OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*  
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*  
PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy.*  
PEAS-BLOSSOM, }  
COBWEB, } *Fairies.*  
MOTH, }  
MUSTARD-SEED, }  
PYRAMUS, }  
THISBE, } *Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.*  
WALL, }  
MOONSHINE, }  
LION, }

*Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.*  
*Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.*  
SCENE, *Athens, and a Wood not far from it.*





## LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE novel upon which this comedy was founded has hitherto eluded the research of the commentators. Mr. Douce thinks it will prove to be of French extraction. "The Dramatis Personæ in a great measure demonstrate this, as well as a palpable Gallicism in Act iv. Sc. 1; viz. the terming a *letter a capon*."

This is one of Shakespeare's early plays, and the author's youth is certainly perceivable, not only in the style and manner of the versification, but in the lavish superfluity displayed in the execution: the uninterrupted succession of quibbles, equivoques, and sallies of every description. "The sparks of wit fly about in such profusion that they form complete fireworks, and the dialogue for the most part resembles the bustling collision and banter of passing masks at a carnival\*." The scene in which the king and his companions detect each other's breach of their mutual vow, is capitally contrived. The discovery of Biron's love-letter while rallying his friends, and the manner in which he extricates himself, by ridiculing the folly of the vow, are admirable.

The grotesque characters, Don Adrian de Armado, a braggadocchio, such as we find frequently in Italian comedies, Nathaniel the curate, and Holofernes, that prince of pedants (whom Warburton thought was intended as a ridicule, the resolute John Florio), with the humours of Costard the clown, are well contrasted with the sprightly wit of the principal characters in the play. It has been observed that "Biron and Rosaline suffer much in comparison with Benedick and Beatrice," and it must be confessed that there is some justice in the observation. Yet Biron, "that merry mad-cap Lord," is not overrated in Rosaline's admirable character of him—

"A merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch

\* Schlegel.

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;—  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Shakespeare has only shown the inexhaustible powers of his mind in improving on the admirable originals of his own creation in a more mature age.

Malone placed the composition of this play first in 1591, afterwards in 1594. Dr. Drake thinks we may safely assign it to the earlier period. The first edition was printed in 1598, 4to. and is followed with all its errors in the folio 1623. There is another 4to. impression dated 1631.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*  
 BIRON\*,  
 LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the King.*  
 DUMAIN, }  
 BOYET, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*  
 MERCADE, }  
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*  
 SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*  
 HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*  
 DULL, *a Constable.*  
 COSTARD, *a Clown.*  
 MOTTH, *Page to Armado.*  
 A Forester.

Princess of France.  
 ROSALINE, }  
 MARIA, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*  
 KATHARINE, }  
 JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

*Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.*

SCENE, Navarre.

This enumeration of Persons was made by Rowe.

\* *Berowne* in all the old editions.

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. *A Park with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and  
DUMAIN.*

*King.*

**L**ET fa.ce, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,  
The endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art,  
You three, Birón<sup>1</sup>, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

<sup>1</sup> Birón must be pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, as in French. In the old copies it is written *Berowne*.

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,  
 That are recorded in this schedule here :  
 Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;  
 That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
 That violates the smallest branch herein.  
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
 Subscribe to your deep oath<sup>2</sup>, and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years' fast ;  
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :  
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits  
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite<sup>3</sup> the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified ;  
 The grosser manner of these world's delights  
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :  
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;  
 With all these<sup>4</sup> living in philosophy.

*Biron.* I can but say their proteration over,  
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
 That is, To live and study here th<sup>ree</sup> years.  
 But there are other strict observances :  
 As, not to see a woman in that term ;  
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :  
 And, one day in a week to touch no food ;  
 And but one meal on every day beside ;  
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :  
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
 And not be seen to wink of all the day ;  
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
 And make a dark night too of half the day ;)  
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :  
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;  
 Not to see ladies—study—fast—not sleep.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies have *oaths*.

<sup>3</sup> The folios omit the word *quite*, and give *bankerout* as a trisyllable.

<sup>4</sup> *All these*, i. e. *with all these companions*. He may be supposed to point to the king, Biron, &c.

*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;  
I only swore, to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—  
What is the end of study? let me know.

*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should  
not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from com-  
mon sense?

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus—To study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast<sup>5</sup> expressly am forbid ;  
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid :  
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain ; but<sup>6</sup> that most  
vain.

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth : while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile

<sup>5</sup> The old copies print erroneously *fast* instead of *feast*. Theobald corrected it.

<sup>6</sup> The folio substitutes *and* for *but*, as it stands in the quarto 1598.

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that it was blinded by<sup>7</sup>  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining nights,  
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are,  
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame ;  
And every godfather can give a name<sup>8</sup>

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading !

*Dum.* Proceeded<sup>9</sup> well, to stop all good proceeding !

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the  
weeding.

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a  
breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that ?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

*King.* Birón is like an envious sneaping<sup>10</sup> frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

<sup>7</sup> The meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that *fairer eye* shall be his *heed* or guide, his *lode-star*, and give him light that was blinded by it.

<sup>8</sup> That is, too much knowledge gives no real solution of doubts, but merely *fame*, or a name, a thing which every godfather can give.

<sup>9</sup> To *proceed* was an academical term for taking a degree.

<sup>10</sup> *Sneaping*, i. e. *nipping*. In the *Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 1, we have *sneaping* winds. To *sneap* is also to *check*, to *rebuke*. See Note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act ii. Sc. 1.

*Biron.* Well, say I am ; why should proud summer  
boast.

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?  
Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?  
At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows<sup>11</sup>  
But like of each thing that in season grows.  
So you, to study now it is too late.  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate<sup>12</sup>.

*King.* Well, sit<sup>13</sup> you out : go home, Birón ; adieu :

*Biron.* No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay  
with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,  
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,  
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,  
And bide the penance of each three years' day.  
Give me the paper, let me read the same ;  
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.  
*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from  
shame !

*Biron.* [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman shall come  
within a mile of my court.*—Hath this been proclaim'd ?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] *On pain of  
losing her tongue.*—Who devis'd this penalty ?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why ?

<sup>11</sup> By these *shows* the poet means *May-games*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphrasis for *May*.

<sup>12</sup> The old copies spoil this line, by printing

"*That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate.*"

<sup>13</sup> Mr. Boswell and Mr. Collier say that the first folio reads "*fit you out.*" In a copy before me the word, when magnified, appears to be *sit*, which is distinctly the reading of the second folio, and unquestionably the true one. To *sit out*, as Steevens observes, is a term of the card-table ; he adduces an instance of its use by Bishop Sarderson.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears :  
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear .

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eye ?

But who is here ?—Lysander ! on the ground !

Dead ? or asleep ?—I see no blood, no wound :—

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

*Lys.* [*Waking.*] And run through fire I will, for  
thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena ; Nature shows her art<sup>10</sup>,

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius ? O, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword !

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so :

What though he love your Hermia ? Lord, what  
though ?

Yet Hermia still loves you : then be content.

*Lys.* Content with Hermia ? No : I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love :

Who will not change a raven for a dove ?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd ;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season .

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason<sup>11</sup> ;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes ; where I o'erlook

<sup>10</sup> The quartos have only—"Nature shows art." The first folio—"Nature *her* shows art." The second folio changes *her* to *here*. Malone thought we should read, "Nature shows her art." I have adopted his emendation.

<sup>11</sup> *Ripe not to reason*, i. e. *do not ripen to it*.

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Obe.* How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy-love to Theseus?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night  
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?  
And make him with fair *Æglé*<sup>3</sup> break his faith,  
With Ariadne, and Antiopa<sup>4</sup>?

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
And never, since the middle summer's spring<sup>5</sup>,  
Met we on hill, 'in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,  
Have every pelting<sup>6</sup> river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents<sup>7</sup>:  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;  
The nine men's morris<sup>8</sup> is fill'd up with mud;

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have *Eagles*. It is probable that Shakespeare wrote *Ægles*, as the name is written in North's Plutarch.

<sup>4</sup> See the life of Theseus in North's Translation of Plutarch. *Æglé*, *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa* were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. The name of *Perigone* is translated by North *Perigouna*.

<sup>5</sup> *Spring*, i. e. the period of the midsummer shoot; vegetation springs, or takes a new start, about that time.

<sup>6</sup> *Pelting*, a very common epithet with our old writers, to signify *paltry*, *palting* appears to have been its original orthography.

<sup>7</sup> *Overborne their continents*, i. e. borne down the banks which contain them.

<sup>8</sup> *The nine men's morris*, i. e. a rural game, played by making holes

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To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;—  
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now :  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?  
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody ?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.  
I from my mistress come to you in post ;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed ;  
For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock<sup>5</sup>,  
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of  
season ;  
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir ! why you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your fool-  
ishness,  
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the  
mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner ;  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;  
Or I shall break that merry sconce<sup>6</sup> of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads *cook*. The emendation is Pope's.

<sup>6</sup> *Sconce* is *head*. So in *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1, "Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the *sconce*." A *sconce* signified a blockhouse, or strong fortification, "for the most part round, in fashion of a head," says *Blount*. I suppose that it was anciently used for a *lantern* also, on account of the round form of that implement.

*which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon : it is ycleped<sup>29</sup> thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden<sup>30</sup> : There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth<sup>31</sup>,*

*Cost. Me.*

*King.—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,*

*Cost. Me.*

*King.—that shallow vassal<sup>32</sup>,*

*Cost. Still me.*

*King.—which, as I remember, hight Costard,*

*Cost. O ! me.*

*King.—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with<sup>33</sup>—with,—O ! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,*

*Cost. With a wench.*

*King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull ; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

*Dull. Me, an't shall please you ; I am Antony Dull.*

*King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called)*

<sup>29</sup> *Ycleped*, i. e. called, the past tense of the verb *to clepe*.

<sup>30</sup> Ancient gardens abounded with *knots* or figures, of which the lines intersected each other. In the old books of gardening are devices for them.

<sup>31</sup> i. e. the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. So in *Coriolanus* :—

“ This Triton of the minnows.”

<sup>32</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *vessel*.

<sup>33</sup> The old copies misprint *which*

things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snug.* You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom.

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake<sup>s</sup>; and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,  
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

<sup>s</sup> A *brake* here means a *thicket of thorns*; it also signified a kind of engine or trap.

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb<sup>3</sup> to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones<sup>4</sup>.

*Tita.* Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay<sup>5</sup>: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways<sup>6</sup> away. So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle, Gently entwist; the female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm<sup>7</sup>.  
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

<sup>3</sup> "Cobweb." Grey suggests that we should read "Peas-blossom," as Cobweb had just been despatched upon a perilous adventure.

<sup>4</sup> The old rough rustic music of *the tongs*. The folio has this stage direction: "Musicke Tongs, Rurall Music."

<sup>5</sup> A *bottle* of hay, i. e. a *bundle* or *truss*, from the O. Fr. *boteau*. It is still current in some of the northern counties. The proverb will be recollected, "To seek a needle in a bottle of hay."

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Collier's corrected folio alters *all ways* to *a while*, but Titania only means to tell the attendant fairies to disperse themselves, and watch that no danger may approach.

<sup>7</sup> Steevens says, what Shakespeare seems to mean is this—So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honeysuckle doth gently entwist the barky fingers of the elm, and so doth the female ivy enrings the

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers:  
Thou heat'st my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary, crosses<sup>3</sup>  
love not him.

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how

<sup>3</sup> By *crosses* he means *money*. So in *As You Like It*: the Clown says to Celia, "If I *should bear you*, I should bear no *cross*." Many coins were anciently marked with a *Cross* on one side.

When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us,—O ! is all forgot ?  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial<sup>17</sup> gods,  
 Have with our needles created both one flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted ;  
 But yet a union in partition ;  
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :  
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;  
 Two of the first<sup>18</sup>, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words :  
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?  
 And made your other love. Demetrius

burst from the heart and speak the pangs of injured and lost friendship. Shakespeare had never read the poems of Gregory ; he was ignorant of the Greek language ; but his mother-tongue, the language of nature, is the same in Cappadocia as in Britain." *Gibbon's Hist.* vol. v. p. 17, 8vo. ed.

<sup>17</sup> *Artificial* is here used in the sense of the Latin *artificiosus*, i. e. *ingenious, artful*.

<sup>18</sup> Mr. Douce thus explains this passage : Helen says, " we had two seeming bodies, but only one heart." She then exemplifies the position by a simile—" we had *two of the first*, i. e. *bodies*, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as *one person*, but which like our *single heart*, have but *one crest*." The old copies have *life*, by error, for *like*.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Mot.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Mot.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers<sup>5</sup>: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Mot.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate<sup>6</sup> thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red.

Her faults will ne'er be known;  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,  
And fears by pale-white shown:  
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know;  
For still her cheeks possess the same,  
Which native she doth owe<sup>7</sup>.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar<sup>8</sup>?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad

<sup>5</sup> The allusion probably is to the *willow*, the supposed ornament of unsuccessful lovers.

<sup>6</sup> The folios, erroneously, *immaculate*.

<sup>7</sup> *Which native she doth owe*, i. e. of which she is *naturally possessed*.

<sup>8</sup> For the ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar maid, see Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, fourth edit. vol. i. p. 198.

<sup>s</sup> There to remain.

*Lys.*

Helen, it is not so.

*C.* *Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
<sup>sien</sup> it, to thy peril, thou aby it dear<sup>15</sup>.—  
 the fi<sup>k</sup>, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.  
 but ti

*Tit*

*Enter HERMIA.*

*Bot.* 7 Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
 us have ar more quick of apprehension makes;

*Tita.* ein it doth impair the seeing sense,

*Bot.* rs the hearing double recompense:—

your go<sup>r</sup> art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
 to a bot ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
 fellow. why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

*Tita.* s. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?  
 The sq<sup>r</sup>. What love could press Lysander from my side?

*Bot.* s. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide.  
 peas. Helena, who more engilds the night  
 me; I j all yon fiery o's and eyes of light.

*Tita.* seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
 Fairies, hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?  
 So doth<sup>er</sup>. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.  
 Gently 2/. Lo! she is one of this confederacy!  
 Enrings I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,  
 O, how<sup>ashion</sup> this false sport in spite of me.

rious Hermin! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
 To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd<sup>16</sup>,  
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

<sup>15</sup> "Thou shall *aby* it dear," i. e. *rue* it, *pay dearly* for it. Some of the old copies read "*abide* it."

<sup>16</sup> *Is all the counsel that we two have shared, &c.*

Gibbon has remarked, in his account of the friendship between St. Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, that "Gregory's poem on his own life contains some beautiful lines (resembling these) which

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby<sup>12</sup>.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are !

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face<sup>13</sup> ?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you !

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a perfect stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I'm more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain ; shut him up.

*Moth.* C<sup>d</sup> you transgressing slave ; away !

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see ?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they

<sup>12</sup> Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross-purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the common people of some counties), in the sense of *as it may happen*. He takes it in the sense of *just by*.

<sup>13</sup> *With that face*. This odd phrase was still in use in Fielding's time, who, putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding that it was taken verbatim from very polite conversation.

look upon. It is not for prisoners to be [too]<sup>14</sup> silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and CÖSTARD.

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood), if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar: love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted: and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft<sup>15</sup> is too hard for Hercules' club, <sup>1</sup> therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier.<sup>ETT</sup>e first and second cause will not serve my turn<sup>16</sup>. ymc pasado he respects not, the duello he regarncnot: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager<sup>17</sup> is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, fol, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer.<sup>18</sup> Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

<sup>14</sup> *Too* is not in the folio.

<sup>15</sup> *Butt-shaft*, a kind of arrow used for shooting at butts with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed.

<sup>16</sup> This is explained in Touchstone's exposition of the causes of quarrel. See Notes on the last Act of *As You Like It*.

<sup>17</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *Armiger* for *manager*.

<sup>18</sup> The old reading is, "I shall turn *sonnet*."

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same. A Pavilion  
and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA.  
KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Boyet.*

**N**OW, madam, summon up your dearest<sup>1</sup> spirits:  
Consider who the king your father sends;  
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;  
To parley with the sole inheritōr  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Goodlord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues;  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,

*Dearest*, Shakespeare uses in other places for *best*, as in *Othello*,

"Their *dearest* action in the tented field."

Mr Collier's folio corrector would ineptly substitute *clearest*.

No woman may approach his silent court :  
 Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course,  
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,  
 Bold<sup>2</sup> of your worthiness, we single you  
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.  
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,  
 On serious business, craving quick despatch;  
 Impórtunes personal conference with his grace.  
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,  
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boy.* Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so,—  
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man ?

*Mar.* I know him, madam : at a marriage feast,  
 Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnized.  
 In Normandy saw I this Longaville :  
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;  
 Well fitted<sup>3</sup> in arts, glorious in arms :  
 Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.  
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss  
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),  
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;  
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
 It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his humours know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.  
 Who are the rest ?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd  
 youth,

<sup>2</sup> *Bold*, i. e. *confident of it.*      <sup>3</sup> *Well fitted* is *well qualified.*

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd ;  
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;  
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace though he<sup>a</sup> had no wit.  
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;  
And much too little of that good I saw,  
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,  
Birón they call him ; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.  
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor),  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished :  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord ?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;  
And he, and his competitors<sup>4</sup> in oath,  
Were all address'd<sup>5</sup> to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,  
He rather means to lodge you in the field

<sup>a</sup> Thus the 4to 1598. The folio has *she*, and a few lines lower *us* instead of *if*.

<sup>4</sup> *Competitors*, i. e. *confederates*.

<sup>5</sup> *Address'd*, i. e. *prepared*. See the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. Sc. 6.

(Like one that comes here to besiege his court),  
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
 Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*]

*Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON,  
 and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* Fair, I give you back again : and welcome I have not yet : the roof of this court is too high to be yours ; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then ; conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady ; I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our lady help my lord ! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
 Where<sup>7</sup> now his knowledge must prove ignorance.  
 I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping :  
 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
 And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold ;  
 To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.  
 Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,  
 And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*]

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away ;  
 For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

<sup>7</sup> *Where* is here used for *whereas*. So in *Pericles*, Act i. Sc. 1

“ *Where* now you're both a father and a son.”

See also *K. Henry VI. Part II. passim.*

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then  
To ask the question!

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you<sup>8</sup> that spur me with such questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but the one half of an entire sum,  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say, that he, or we (as neither have),  
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,  
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

<sup>8</sup> 'Tis 'long of you, at full, along of you, an old idiom for 'Tis owing to you—or your fault.

To have his title live in Aquitain ;  
 Which we much rather had depart<sup>9</sup> withal,  
 And have the money by our father lent,  
 Than Aquitain so gelded<sup>10</sup> as it is.  
 Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
 A yielding 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
 And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,  
 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 In so unseeming to confess receipt  
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it ;  
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
 Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word :—  
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances,  
 For such a sum, from special officers  
 Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come,  
 Where that and other specialties are bound ;  
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me : at which interview,  
 All liberal reason I will yield<sup>11</sup> unto.  
 Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,  
 As honour, without breach of honour, may  
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness :

<sup>9</sup> *To depart* and *to part* were anciently synonymous.

<sup>10</sup> This phrase was a common metaphorical expression then much used. It was not peculiar to Shakespeare. In the *Return from Parnassus*, Act iii. Sc. 1, we find :

“ He hath a proper *gelded* parsonage.”  
 And Bishop Hall in the second Satire of Book iv.  
 “ plod it at a patron's tail,

To get some *gelded* chapel's cheaper sale.”  
 It appears to have been synonymous with *curtailed*.  
 “ Thus the 4to 1598. The folio has “ *would I yield.*”



MERCHANT OF VENICE.



*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Katharine<sup>16</sup> her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*

*Long.* I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit LONG.*

*Biron.* What's her name, in the cap?

*Boyet.* Rosaline,<sup>17</sup> by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*

*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;  
Not a word with him but a jest.

<sup>16</sup> The old copy has *Rosaline*. Steevens remarks, "It is odd that Dumain should inquire after *Rosaline*, who was the mistress of Biron, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. Biron behaves in the same manner." Steevens did not perceive a remedy for this incongruity, which has been shown to have arisen from the transposition of the names of Katharine and Rosaline, contrary to the author's intention. I owe this judicious correction to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, Vol. iii. p. 163.

<sup>17</sup> The old copy here has, by error, *Katharine*. See the foregoing note.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common, though several<sup>18</sup> they be

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

*Boyet.* If my observation (which very seldom lies),  
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes<sup>19</sup>,  
Deceive me not now. Navarre is infected.

<sup>18</sup> So in the poet's Sonnet, 137:

"Why should my heart think that a *several* plot,

Which my heart knows the wide world's *common* place."

"*Severals*, or *several lands*," says Mr. Hunter, "are portions of common assigned for a term to a particular proprietor, the other commoners waiving for the time their right of common over them." Maria says, "My lips are no *common*, though *several* they be," i. e. "*several* as" *parted*. Boyet catches at the other meaning of "*several*," in its relation to "*common*." The following passage from Lord Bacon illustrates the word:—"There was a lord that was leane of visage, but immediately after his marriage he grew fat. One said to him, 'Your Lordship doth contrary to other married men; for they first wax lean, and you wax fat.' Sir Walter Raleigh stood by, and said, 'Why there is no beast, that if you take him from the *common*, and put him into the *several*, but he will wax fat.'"—*Bacon's Apophthegms*, 1625, p. 296.

<sup>19</sup> So in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1594:

"Sweet *silent rhetorick* of persuading eyes  
*Dumb eloquence*."

*Prin.* With what?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

*Prin.* Your reason?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire.  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed<sup>20</sup>,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see<sup>21</sup>,  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair ;  
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;  
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence<sup>a</sup> they  
were glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
His face's own margent<sup>22</sup> did quote such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes ;  
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd<sup>23</sup>.

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye  
hath disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

<sup>20</sup> Agates were much in use, sculptured with figures like the modern cameos. We have other allusions to it in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, &c.

<sup>21</sup> *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see*, i. e. *his tongue impatient of speaking and not seeing*, (*impatiens loquendi*): dissatisfied with its function of speaking, preferring that of seeing." I owe this solution of a perplexed passage to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, Vol. ii. p. 490. The writer justly observes, that the speech is a remarkable specimen of the affected style of compliment prevalent in the time of Elizabeth.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the folio. The 4to 1598 reads *where* for *whence*, and in the next line has *you* instead of *out*.

<sup>22</sup> *Margent.* In Shakespeare's time, notes, quotations, &c. were usually printed in the exterior *margin* of books.

<sup>23</sup> *Dispos'd*, i. e. *inclined to wanton mirth, wantonly merry*. See Mr. Dyce's note on the word in Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. iv. p. 193. It is from the old French *despos*.

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then, do you see?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.<sup>1</sup>*

*Armado.*

**W**ARBLE, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* *Concolinel<sup>2</sup>*—— [*Singing*

*Arm.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinatel<sup>3</sup> hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl<sup>4</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> The quarto and first folio have, *Enter "Braggart and his Boy."* Elsewhere Armado is called *Brag*.

<sup>2</sup> A song is apparently lost here. In old comedies the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is "*Song*," but generally, *Here they sing*—or *Cantant*.

<sup>3</sup> *Festinatel*, i. e. *hastily*. So in *Lear*: "Advise the Duke where you are going to, a most *festinate* preparation."

<sup>4</sup> *A French brawl*, a kind of *dunce*; spelt *bransle* by some authors: being the French name for the same dance. There is the

*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary<sup>5</sup> to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids;<sup>6</sup> sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements<sup>7</sup>, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men<sup>8</sup>?) that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation<sup>9</sup>.

*Arm.* But O,—but O,—

*Moth.* —the hobby-horse is forgot<sup>10</sup>.

figure of it set down in Marston's *Malcontent*. It appears that several persons united hands in a circle, and gave each other continual shakes, the steps changing with the tune. It usually consisted of three *pas*, and a *pied-joint* to the time of four strokes of the bow; which being repeated, was termed a double brawl. Kissing was sometimes introduced, and hence the vituperation of it by the puritans. *Master* is omitted in the folios.

<sup>5</sup> *Canary* was the name of a sprightly dance, sometimes accompanied by the castanets. The folios have *the* feet.

<sup>6</sup> The folios have only "eye."

<sup>7</sup> *Complements*, i. e. *accomplishments*.

<sup>8</sup> One of the modern editors, with great plausibility, proposes to read "do you note *me*?"

<sup>9</sup> The allusion is probably to the old popular pamphlet, "A Pennyworth of Wit." The old copies print it *penne*.

<sup>10</sup> The *Hobby-horse* was a personage belonging to the ancient Morris dance, when complete. It was the figure of a horse fastened round the waist of a man, his own legs going through the body of the horse, and enabling him to walk, but concealed by a long footcloth; while false legs appeared where those of the man

*Arm.* Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A messenger well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* *Minim*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

should be at the sides of the horse. Latterly the Hobby-horse was frequently omitted, which appears to have occasioned a popular ballad, in which was this line, or burden. It had become a proverbial expression, and occurs again in *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so :  
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun ?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetorick !  
He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—  
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee.  
[*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal : voluble and free of  
grace !  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face :  
Most rude<sup>11</sup> melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master ; here's a Costard<sup>12</sup> broken  
in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle ;—come,—thy  
*l'envoy*<sup>13</sup> ;—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* : no salve in  
them all<sup>14</sup>, sir : O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain ; no  
*l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain !

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly  
thought, my spleen ; the heaving of my lungs pro-  
vokes me to ridiculous smiling ; O, pardon me, my  
stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*,  
and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve ?

<sup>11</sup> Mr. Cellier's folio substitutes *moist-eyed*, and *fair* for *free* in the first line of this speech.

<sup>12</sup> *Costard*, i. e. *a head* ; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head : hence the "wonder."

<sup>13</sup> An old French term for concluding verses, which served either to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some person.

<sup>14</sup> The quarto and the folio read : "no salve in *thee male*, sir." Malone and Steevens takes *male* in the sense of *budget* or *wallet*. Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed the reading I have adopted, but perhaps we should read "no salves of them all, sir." Costard takes the outlandish words for names of salves, and repudiates them for a simpler remedy. He will have no salve but a plantain leaf.

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve<sup>a</sup>?

*Arm.* No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.  
I will example it<sup>15</sup>:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by making four<sup>16</sup>.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by making four.

A good *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* Ending in the goose:

Would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose;  
that's flat:—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—  
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:  
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

<sup>a</sup> The equivoque is evident: the Latin *SALVE*! is a salutation like the *l'envoy*, which is often a greeting addressed to the reader.

<sup>15</sup> *I will example it.* These words and eight lines following are wanting in the folios.

<sup>16</sup> The old copy has "by *adding* four." This is palpably wrong, and had not escaped the corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio, who also rightly assigns the words "A good *l'envoy*" to Armado.

*Moth.* By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin. Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain ; Thus came your argument in ;  
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought ;  
And he ended the market<sup>17</sup>.

*Arm.* But tell me ; how was there a *Costard*<sup>18</sup> broken in a shin ?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* ; I will speak that *l'envoy* :

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah *Costard*, marry,<sup>19</sup> I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one *Frances* :—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person ; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, free<sup>a</sup> thee from durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant<sup>20</sup> to the country maid *Jaquenetta* : there is remuneration ; [*Giving him money.*] for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependents. *Moth*, follow. [*Exit*

<sup>17</sup> Alluding to the proverb, "Three women and a *goose* make a market."

<sup>18</sup> See p. 220, note 12.

<sup>19</sup> The word *marry*, which the reply of the clown seems to indicate, was added by the corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies misprint *set* for *free*.

<sup>20</sup> *Armado* sustains his character well ; he will not give any thing its vulgar name, he calls the *letter* he would send to *Jaquenetta* a *significant*.

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony<sup>21</sup>

Jew!—

[*Exit MOTH.*]

Now I will look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings; three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle<sup>22</sup>?* a penny:—*No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter BIRON.*

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

*Biron.* O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

<sup>21</sup> *Incony.* The meaning and etymology of this phrase are not clearly defined, though numerous instances of its use are adduced. *Sweet, pretty, delicate* seem to be some of its acceptations; and the best derivation seems to be from the northern word *canny* or *conny*, meaning *pretty*, the *in* will be intensive and equivalent to *very*.

<sup>22</sup> *Inkle* was a kind of *tape*. It is mentioned again in the *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 3, and in *Pericles*, Act v. Sc. 1.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this ;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady ;  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,  
And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;  
And to her white hand see thou do commend  
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon<sup>23</sup> ; go.  
[*Gives him money.*]

*Cost.* Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon ! better than remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing better : Most sweet guerdon !—I will do it, sir, in print<sup>24</sup>.—Guerdon—remuneration. [Exit.]

*Biron.* O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been love's whip ;  
A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;  
A critick ; nay, a night-watch constable ;  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
Than whom no mortal so magnificent !  
This wimpled<sup>25</sup>, whining, purblind, wayward boy ;  
This senior-junior<sup>26</sup>, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;  
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
Dread prince of plackets<sup>27</sup>, king of codpieces,

<sup>23</sup> *Guerdon*, Fr. is *reward*. Steevens prints a joke of similar import from an old tract entitled "A Health to the gentlemanly Profession of Serving-man ; or, The Serving-man's Comfort," 1598 ; the year in which this play was first printed.

<sup>24</sup> *In print*, i. e. with the utmost nicety.

<sup>25</sup> To *wimple* is to *veil*, from *guimpe*, Fr. which Cotgrave explains, "The crepine of a French hood," i. e. the cloth going from the hood round the neck. Kersey explains it, "The muffler or plaited linen cloth which nuns wear about their neck." Shakespeare means no more than that Cupid was *hood-winked*.

<sup>26</sup> The old copies have "Signior Junios ;" the correction was made by Johnson.

<sup>27</sup> *Plackets* were *stomachers*. See Note on Winter's Tale, Act iv. Sc. 3.

Sole imperator, and great general  
 Of trotting paritors<sup>28</sup>—O my little heart!—  
 And I to be a corporal of his field<sup>29</sup>,  
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!  
 What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
 A woman that is like a German clock<sup>30</sup>,  
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame;  
 And never going aright, being a watch,  
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?  
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;  
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard  
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan<sup>31</sup>;  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*]

<sup>28</sup> *Paritors* or *apparitors*, i. e. the officers of the spiritual courts who serve citations.

<sup>29</sup> It appears from Lord Stafford's Letters, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed, as an aide-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other higher officers of the field." It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours. So, in *Cynthia's Revels* by Jonson, "dispatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what her colours are for the day." A tumbler's hoop was usually ornamented with coloured ribands, and is so still at Astley's.

<sup>30</sup> *Clocks*, which were usually imported from Germany at this time, were intricate and clumsy pieces of mechanism, soon deranged, and frequently "out of frame."

<sup>31</sup> *and*, which is necessary to the rhythm of the line, was added in the folio, 1632.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.**Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.**Princess.***W**AS that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

*For.* Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;A stand<sup>1</sup>, where you may make the fairest shoot.*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, then again<sup>a</sup>  
say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[*Giving him money.*]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.<sup>1</sup> Buildings with flat roofs, called *stands*, were formerly erected in many parks, expressly for the amusement of shooting at the deer with the cross bow.<sup>a</sup> Thus the second folio. The first has "and then again," which spoils the metre; Mr. Collier omits *then*.

tunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are, as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean<sup>1</sup> happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs<sup>2</sup>, but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion<sup>3</sup> to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father: Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee over-name them; and as thou

<sup>1</sup> The folio has "no *small* happiness."

<sup>2</sup> i. e. superfluity sooner *acquires white hairs*; *becomes old*. We still say, how did he *come by it*?

<sup>3</sup> The folio reads, "but this *reason* is not in fashion."

One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.  
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest  
here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost* 'I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one  
lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend  
of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon<sup>4</sup>.

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is  
most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth  
itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beau-  
tiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have com-  
miseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous  
and most illustrious king Cophetua<sup>5</sup> set eye upon the  
pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he  
it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to  
anatomize<sup>6</sup> in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!)  
videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one;  
saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king;  
Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to over-*

<sup>4</sup> *Break up this capon*, i. e. *open this letter*. The poet uses this metaphor as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. To *break up* was a phrase for to *carve*.

<sup>5</sup> See note on Act i. Sc. 2, note 8. Shakespeare alludes to the ballad again in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV. Part II.* and in *Richard III.*

<sup>6</sup> The 4to. and the first folio *annothanize*, corrected to *anatomize* in the second folio. Mr. Knight retains this evident corruption! The word being spelt *anathomize* wherever it occurs in the first folio.

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him ; for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian<sup>7</sup> ; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's<sup>8</sup> picture ; But, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish<sup>9</sup> lord, his neighbour ?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able : I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German<sup>10</sup>, the Duke of Saxony's nephew ?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast : an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee,

<sup>7</sup> A satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>8</sup> A *proper man*, is a *handsome man*.

<sup>9</sup> For *Scottish* the word *other* was substituted in the folio, as it would have been unpalatable to King James. The quartos were printed before his accession.

<sup>10</sup> The Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word :  
Who gave thee this letter ?

*Cost.* I told you ; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it ?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady ?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,  
away.

Here, sweet, put up this ; 'twill be thine another day.  
[*Exit Princess and Train.*]

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor<sup>9</sup> ?

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know ?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou  
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer ?

*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself : come not  
near.

Finely put on, indeed !

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she  
strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower : Have I hit  
her now ?

praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." He is called an *Italian* by Nashe, and Churchyard has written some lines which he calls his "Epitaphe." By another writer it appears that he was a "Bergamasco."

<sup>9</sup> An equivoque was here intended ; it would appear that the words *shooter* and *suitor* were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's time. It is printed *shooter* in the old copies.

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros.* *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [Singing.

*Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

*Boyet.* *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*

*An I cannot, another can*<sup>10</sup>.

[*Exeunt Ros. and KATH.*

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o'the bow hand<sup>11</sup>! I'faith your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

<sup>10</sup> The same song seems to be referred to in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"To give my wench a kiss,

And then dance, *canst thou not hit it.*"

<sup>11</sup> This is a term in archery still in use, signifying *a good deal to the left of the mark*. Of the other expressions the *clout* was the white mark at which archers took aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail in the centre of it.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing<sup>12</sup>; Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit! When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armatho a' th' one side<sup>13</sup>,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page a' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological<sup>14</sup> nit!

Sola, sola! [*Shouting within. Exit COST. running.*]

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Nath.* Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as a pomewater<sup>1</sup>, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>12</sup> To *rub* is a term at *bowls*.

<sup>13</sup> The 4to. has "ath' to then side." The first folio, "ath' to the side." The second folio, "ath' to side." The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio interpolates a line after "a' will swear," to rhyme to it thus:

"Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare."

<sup>14</sup> *Pathetical* sometimes meant *passionate*, and sometimes *passion-moving*, in our old writers; but is here used by Costard as an idle expletive, as Rosalind's "*pathetical* break-promise," in *As You Like It*.

<sup>1</sup> *Pomewater*, a species of *apple*.

<sup>2</sup> Warburton's conjecture, that Florio, the author of the Italian Dictionary, was ridiculed under the name of Holofernes, would derive some strength from the following definition: "*cielo*, heaven,

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least ; But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head<sup>3</sup>.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *haud credo* ; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus* !—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look !

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ; he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink : his intellect is not replenished ;

the *skie*, firmament or *welkin*. *Terra*, the element called *earth*, anie ground, earth, countrie, *land*, *soile*. Florio's Dictionary, however, was not published until 1598 ; and this play appears to have been written in 1594, though not printed until 1598. It has not been remarked that Lord Southampton was one of Florio's chief patrons, as well as Shakespeare's. Warburton's conjecture gains confirmation, as Shakespeare probably knew him personally.

<sup>3</sup> In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, is the following account of the different appellations of deer at their different ages. "*Amoretto*. I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head*. Now, sir, a *buck* is, the *first* year, a *fawn* ; the *second* year, a *pricket* ; the *third* year, a *sorrel* ; the *fourth* year, a *soare* ; the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head* ; the *sixth* year, a *complete buck*. Likewise your *hart*, is the *first* year, a *calfe* ; the *second* year, a *brocket* ; the *third* year, a *spade* ; the *fourth* year, a *stag* ; the *sixth* year, a *hart*. A *roe-buck* is the *first* year, a *kid* ; the *second* year, a *gird* ; the *third* year, a *hemuse* ; and these are your special beasts for chase." There is a chapter in Manwood's *Forest Lawes*, 1598 : "Of the apt and meet tearmes of Hunting apperteyning both to beastes of Venerie and the Chase," in which many of the same terms occur.

he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts<sup>4</sup>;  
And such barren plants are set before us, that we  
thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts  
that do fructify in us more than he<sup>5</sup>.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,  
or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to set him in  
a school<sup>6</sup>:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,  
*Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men: Can you tell by  
your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five  
weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good  
man Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old, when Adam was  
no more;

And raught<sup>7</sup> not to five weeks, when he came to five-  
score.

The allusion holds in the exchange<sup>8</sup>.

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the  
exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion  
holds in the exchange.

<sup>4</sup> The corrector of Mr Collier's folio, by some unwarrantable interpolations, makes an absurd attempt to throw the whole of this speech of Sir Nathaniel into rhyme.

<sup>5</sup> The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The Moralities afford whole scenes of the like measure.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has "to see him in a school." The equivocal evidently shows the correction to be necessary. "To set him in a school would be to set a patch (i. e. a fool) on learning."

<sup>7</sup> *Raught not*, i. e. *reached not*, *attained not*.

<sup>8</sup> *The allusion*, i. e. *the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when I use the name of Cain.*

*Dull.* And I say the pollution holds in the exchange ; for the moon is never but a month old : and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to humour the ignorant, I will call<sup>9</sup> the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge* ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter<sup>10</sup> ; for it argues facility.

*The preñful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket ;*

*Some say, a sore ; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.*

*The dogs did yell ! put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;*

*Or pricket, sore, or else sorel<sup>11</sup> ; the people fall a hooting.*

<sup>9</sup> The old copies print this defectively, "the ignorant call'd the deer," &c. It has been hitherto corrected by inserting "*I have*," but the next speech of Holofernes shows that we should read "*I will call*." The pedant had surely not *written* his "extemporal epitaph" ?

<sup>10</sup> *Affect the letter*, i. e. *I will use or practise alliteration*. To *affect* is thus used by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries* : "Spenser, in *affecting* the ancients, writ no language ; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius." In Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573, we have "much *affected*, farre sette," for *Dictum accersitum*. &c. The ridicule in this passage is directed against the very prevalent piece of folly, of which the following is an apt illustration from Ulpian Fulwell's poem in Commemoration of Queene Anne Boleyn, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, 1575 :

"Whose princely praise has pearst the pricke  
And price of endless fame," &c.

<sup>11</sup> For the explanation of the terms *pricket*, *sore* or *soar*, and *sorell* in this quibbling rhyme the reader is referred to the extract from *The Return from Parnassus*, in a note at the beginning of the scene.

*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!  
Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent<sup>12</sup>.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*; and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.

*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Mar ry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

<sup>12</sup> *Talon* was often written *talent* in Shakespeare's time. One of the senses of to *claw* is to *flatter*. Honest Dull Quibbles. See *Much Ado*, Act i. Sc. 3

*Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

*Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan<sup>13</sup> !  
I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice :

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Chi non ti vede, non ti pregia*<sup>14</sup>.

Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, [loves thee not.]—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*<sup>15</sup>.—

Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What ? my soul ! verses ?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse : *Lege, domine.*

*Nath.* If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed !  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;  
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes ;  
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend :

<sup>13</sup> The Eclogues of Mantuanus were translated before the time of Shakespeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page for the use of schools. In 1567 they were also versified by Turberville. La Monnoye, in a note on *Les Contes de Des Periers*, observes that Farnaby had pleasantly remarked in his Preface to Martial, that *pedants* made no difficulty of preferring the Eclogues of Mantuanus to the *Æneid* of Virgil. The first Eclogue of Mantuanus begins *Fauste, precor gelida*, &c.

<sup>14</sup> This proverb occurs in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, where it stands thus :

“ Venetia, chi non ti vede non ti pretia  
Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.”

Mr. Collier is not quite correct when he says it is given as it stands in his text. The Latin and the Italian are most barbarously printed in the first folio, and but little better in the second.

<sup>15</sup> He hums the notes of the gamut as Edmund does in *King Lear*, Act i. Sc. 2. The words “ loves thee not,” are from the 4to. The folio omits them.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend :

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder ;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire ;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,  
That I sing<sup>16</sup> heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue<sup>17</sup> !

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent ; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified<sup>18</sup> ; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso ; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? *Imitari*, is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse<sup>19</sup> his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you ?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne<sup>20</sup>, one of the strange queen's lords.

<sup>16</sup> The old copies have " That sings heaven's praise." The correction is made in my second folio. and is necessary both for sense and metre.

<sup>17</sup> These verses are printed, with some variations, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

<sup>18</sup> What follows is given to *Sir Nathaniel* in the old copies, where there is much confusion in the appropriation of the speeches.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. *the horse adorned with ribands* ; Bankes's horse is here probably alluded to. Lyly, in his *Mother Bomby*, brings in a hackneyman and Mr. Halfpenny at cross-purposes with this word : " Why didst thou bore the horse through the ears ? " — " It was for tiring, " — " He would never tire, " replies the other.

<sup>20</sup> Shakespeare forgot that Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron.

*Hol*<sup>21</sup>. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: *Your ladyship's in all desired employment,* BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours<sup>22</sup>. But to return to the verses; Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before<sup>23</sup> repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society

and had said just before that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Costard."

<sup>21</sup> *Sir Nat.* is again here made the speaker. There is strange confusion of persons in this scene.

<sup>22</sup> That is, *specious or fair seeming appearances.*

<sup>23</sup> Thus the 4to. The folios have (*being repast*) conceiving that grace after meat was intended.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for society, (saith the text), is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To DULL.*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter BIRON, with a Paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch<sup>1</sup>; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! by the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me<sup>2</sup>, I a sheep: Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a Tree.*]

*Enter the King, with a Paper.*

*King.* Ah me!

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to Rosaline's complexion, who is represented as a black beauty.

<sup>2</sup> This is given as a proverb in Fuller's *Gnomologia*.

Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond  
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me  
I'll rather dwell<sup>16</sup> in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are  
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :  
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;  
See to my house, left in the fearful<sup>17</sup> guard  
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently  
I will be with you. [Exit.

<sup>16</sup> *Dwell*, i. e. *continue* ; to *dwell* has both the senses of *habitation* and *continuance*.

<sup>17</sup> *Fearful guard* is a guard that is not to be *trusted*, but gives cause of *fear*. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors. So in *K. Henry IV. Part 1* :

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are."

The adjective is still used in this sense, when we speak of "*fearful odds*."

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name.

[*Aside.*

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so ?

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort ; not  
by two, that I know :

Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,  
The shape of love's Tyburn<sup>5</sup> that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move ;  
O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton  
Cupid's hose :

Disfigure not his slop<sup>6</sup>.

*Long.*

This same shall go.—

[*He reads the Sonnet.*

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye*

*( 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument ),*

*Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?*

*Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.*

*A woman I forswore ; but, I will prove,*

*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :*

*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;*

*Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*

*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :*

*Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,*

*Exhal'st this vapour-vow ; in thee it is :*

*If broken then, it is no fault of mine.*

*If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,*

*To lose an oath to win a paradise<sup>7</sup> ?*

<sup>5</sup> By triumviry and the shape of love's Tyburn Shakespeare alludes to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally triangular.

<sup>6</sup> Slops were wide-kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in Shakespeare's time. The old copy has *shop*. Guards are *facings, trimmings*.

<sup>7</sup> This sonnet is given also in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, with some variations.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein<sup>8</sup>, which makes  
flesh a deity;  
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.  
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the  
way.

*Enter DUMAIN, with a Paper.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.  
[*Stepping aside.*]

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant  
play:  
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
More sacks to the mill<sup>9</sup>! O heavens, I have my wish;  
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks<sup>10</sup> in a dish!  
*Dum.* O most divine Kate!  
*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O most profane coxcomb!  
*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!  
*Biron.* By earth she is but corporal<sup>11</sup>; there you  
lie. [*Aside.*]  
*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted<sup>12</sup>.  
*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.  
[*Aside.*]  
*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

<sup>8</sup> It has been already remarked that the *liver* was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*:  
"If ever *love* had interest in his *liver*."

<sup>9</sup> *More sacks to the mill*, a well known boyish sport, as "all hid" above, for *hide and seek*.

<sup>10</sup> A *woodcock* means a foolish fellow; that bird being supposed to have *no brains*.

<sup>11</sup> The 4to. and the folios have "By earth she is *not* corporal." *Corporal* for *corporeal*.

<sup>12</sup> *Coted* signifies *marked* or *noted*. The word is from the *coter* to *quote*. The construction of this passage will therefore be, "her amber hairs have marked or shown that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves."

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Stoop, I say<sup>13</sup>;  
Her shoulder is with child.

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* Ay, as some days; but then no sun must  
shine. [*Aside.*]

*Dum.* O that I had my wish!

*Long.* [*Aside.*] And I had mine!

*King.* [*Aside.*] And I mine too, good Lord!

*Biron.* Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good  
word? [*Aside.*]

*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] A fever in your blood, why, then  
incision

Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision!

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Biron.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.  
[*Aside.*]

*Dum.* *On a day, (alack the day!)  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom, passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But alack, my hand is sworn,  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet;  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee;—*

<sup>13</sup> i. e. she has a stoop, I say.

*Thee, for whom Jove would swear<sup>14</sup>  
 Juno but an Ethiop were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.—*

This will I send : and something else more plain,  
 That shall express my true love's lasting<sup>15</sup> pain.  
 O, would the King, Birón, and Longaville,  
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note ;  
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long.* Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from  
 charity,  
 That in love's grief desir'st society :  
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*King.* Come, sir, [*advancing.*] you blush ; as his  
 your case is such ;  
 You chide at him, offending twice as much :  
 You do not love Maria ; Longaville  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;  
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.

<sup>14</sup> The old copy reads :—

" *Thou, for whom Jove would swear.*"

Pope altered it to—

" *Thou for whom ev'n Jove would swear.*"

This sonnet is printed in England's Helicon, 1614, and in Jagard's Collection, 1599, where the couplet preceding—

" *Do not call it sin in me*

*That I am forsworn by thee,*"

is omitted. Pope's emendation is not necessary, for the second line of the couplet has six syllables only, and it was common to intersperse such lines in similar verses, as Mr. Boswell has shown in his Essay on the Metre of Shakespeare. The reduplication of *Thee* instead of *Thou*, which was evidently a press error, gives the line its proper cadence.

<sup>15</sup> The old copy has *fasting*. The error is corrected with a pen in my copy of the second folio as well as in that of Mr. Collier

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;  
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:  
 Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;  
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:  
 You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[*To LONG.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAIN.*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear  
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?  
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?  
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?  
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
 I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

[*Descends from the Tree.*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me;  
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
 Your eyes do make no coaches<sup>16</sup>; in your tears,  
 There is no certain princess that appears:  
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;  
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.  
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,  
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?  
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.  
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!  
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a gnat<sup>17</sup>!

<sup>16</sup> Alluding to a passage in the King's Sonnet:

"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee."

The old copies have *couches*.

<sup>17</sup> *Gnat* is the reading of the old copy, and there seems no ne-

To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,  
 And profound Solomon tuning<sup>18</sup> a jigg,  
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And critick<sup>19</sup> Timon laugh at idle toys !  
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain ?  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?  
 And where my liege's ? all about the breast :—  
 A caudle, ho !

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.  
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd by<sup>20</sup> you ;  
 I, that am honest : I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in ;  
 I am betray'd, by keeping company  
 With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.<sup>21</sup>  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?  
 Or groan for Joan ?<sup>22</sup> or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning<sup>23</sup> me ? When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

cessity for changing it to *knot* or any other word, as some of the editors have been desirous of doing. Neither do I think there is any allusion to the *singing* of the gnat, as others have supposed ; but it is merely put as an insignificant insect, just as he calls the others *worms* above.

<sup>18</sup> Thus the folio: *to tune* has been substituted in recent editions, certainly without necessity.

<sup>19</sup> *Critic*, i.e. *cynic*. Iago says, "I am nothing if not *critical*."

<sup>20</sup> The old copy reads erroneously "betray'd to you."

<sup>21</sup> The 4to. and first folio have

"With *men* like men of inconstancy."

The second folio adds the word *strange*. Malone made the judicious correction to "*moon-like* men."

<sup>22</sup> Mr. Collier injudiciously altered this to "*groan for love*," on the authority of a 4to. copy in the Duke of Devonshire's library. But it is most probable that *Love* was a press error, and not *Joane*, which is the reading of the folios.

<sup>23</sup> A bird is said to be *pruning* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers. So in K. Henry IV. Part 1:

"Which makes him *prune* himself, and bristle up  
 The crest of youth."

A leg, a limb?—

*King.* Soft; Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.* What presentment<sup>24</sup> hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here<sup>25</sup>?

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,  
The treason, and you, go in peace away together..

*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;  
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]  
Where hadst thou it?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou  
tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs  
not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore  
let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*]

<sup>24</sup> The old copies have *What present*. Mr. Collier's corrected folio substitutes *peasant* for *present*; but the king would hardly so address Costard, "the minnow of his mirth," his court fool! The king, seeing the letter Costard has in his hand, takes it for some memorial or petition. The poet, in *Timon of Athens*, calls his book a *presentment*.

<sup>25</sup> That is—"what *does* treason here?" What *makest* thou there? or, what hast thou there to do? *Quid istic tibi negotii est?* —*Baret*. Shakespeare plays on this phrase in the same manner in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1, and in *King Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3.

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*To COSTARD,*] you were born to do me shame.—  
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make  
up the mess:

He, he, and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.  
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four:—  
Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs; away.

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors  
stay. [*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!  
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show<sup>26</sup> his face;  
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  
Therefore, of all hards<sup>27</sup> must we be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love  
of thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the hea-  
venly Rosaline,  
That like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east<sup>28</sup>,  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

<sup>26</sup> The folio has "will show," and in the next line but one "we are born."

<sup>27</sup> Of all hands, i. e. at any rate, at all events.

<sup>28</sup> Milton has transplanted this into the third line of the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

"Or where the gorgeous east."

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee ne  
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;  
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron<sup>29</sup>  
O, but for my love, day would turn to night !  
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;  
Where several worthies make one dignity ;  
Where nothing wants ; that want itself doth  
seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fye, painted rhetorick ! O, she needs it not :  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;  
She passes praise ; then praise too short doth  
blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine !

*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

*King.* O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl<sup>30</sup> of night ;

<sup>29</sup> Here, and indeed throughout the play, the name of Birón is accented on the second syllable. In the first folio and quarto copies it is spelled *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears that it was pronounced *Biroon*. Mr. Boswell has remarked that this was the mode in which all French words of this termination were pronounced in English. Mr. Fox always said *Toulon* when speaking of *Toulon* in the House of Commons.

<sup>30</sup> The old copies have "school of night." Theobald made the

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well<sup>31</sup>.

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,  
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair<sup>32</sup>,  
Should ravish doters with a false aspect :

And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;

For native blood is counted painting now ;  
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

*Long.* And since her time, are colliers counted bright.

*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

correction. Capell prints "*stole of night*," and Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *shade*.

<sup>31</sup> *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the King, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces heaven is the *crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful : *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. *Crest*, is the very *top*, the *height* of beauty or utmost degree of fairness. So in K. John :

"this is the very *top*,

The *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*  
Of murder's arms."

<sup>32</sup> This alludes to the fashion prevalent among ladies in Shakespeare's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were then called, before that covering for the head had been adopted by men. See *Much Ado*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love : my foot and her face  
see. [*Shewing his Shoe.*]

*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine  
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

*Dum.* O vile ! then as she goes, what upward lies  
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

*King.* But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?

*Biron.* O, nothing so sure ; and thereby all for-  
sworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron, now  
prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there ;—some flattery for this  
evil.

*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed ;  
Some tricks, some quilllets<sup>33</sup>, how to cheat the devil.

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.* O, 'tis more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :

Consider what you first did swear unto ;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book :

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face ?

<sup>33</sup> A *quillet* is a sly trick or turn in argument, or excuse. N.  
Bailey derives it, with much probability, from *quibblet*, as a di-  
minutive of *quibble*.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive<sup>34</sup>  
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
 Why, universal plodding prisons up  
 The nimble spirits in the arteries;  
 As motion, and long-during action, tires  
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;  
 And study too, the causer of your vow:  
 For where is any author in the world,  
 Teaches such beauty<sup>35</sup> as a woman's eye?  
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes<sup>36</sup>,  
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords:  
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books<sup>37</sup>;  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden<sup>38</sup> contemplation, have found out  
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
 Of beautys' tutors have enrich'd you with?

<sup>34</sup> "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive."  
 This and the two succeeding lines are repeated with a little variation toward the end of Biron's speech. They seem to me out of place here, and, if not an oversight of the poet, at least show that the thought pleased him. I must confess I think the repetition accidental, and that they were first inserted here, afterwards transposed with variation, but forgotten to be erased.

<sup>35</sup> Mr. Collier's corrected folio would substitute "*such learning*" for "*such beauty*."

<sup>36</sup> In the first quarto and first folio, a hemistich "*with ourselves*" is strangely inserted here. It is tautologous, and omitted in the second folio.

<sup>37</sup> i. e. our true *books*, from which we derive most information; the *eyes* of women.

<sup>38</sup> So in Milton's *Il Penseroso*:

"With a sad *lead*en, downward cast."

And in Gray's Hymn to Adversity:

"With *lead*en eye that loves the ground."

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;  
 And therefore finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil ;  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured in the brain ;  
 But, with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power ;  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;  
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :  
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,  
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides<sup>39</sup> ?  
 Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;  
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony<sup>40</sup>.  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;  
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

<sup>39</sup> *In the Hesperides,*

That is, "in the garden of the Hesperides."

So Robert Green, in his *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1598 :

"Shew the tree, leav'd with refined gold,  
 Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat

That watch'd the garden call'd *Hesperides*."

Gabriel Harvey uses *Hesperides* for the garden in like manner.  
 Such modes of elliptical expression are not uncommon.

<sup>40</sup> Few passages have been more discussed than this. The most plausible interpretation of it is, "When love speaks, as though it were the blended voice of all the gods, so harmonious is it that it makes heaven drowsy." The power of harmonious sounds to make the hearers drowsy has been alluded to by poets in all ages. The folio reads *make*.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive<sup>41</sup> :  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :  
 Then fools you were these women to forswear ;  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;  
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men<sup>42</sup> ;  
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;  
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,  
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :  
 It is religion to be thus forsworn  
 For charity itself fulfils the law,  
 And who can sever love from charity ?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them,  
 lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,  
 In conflict that you get the sun of them<sup>43</sup>.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by ;  
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

*King.* And win them too : therefore let us devise  
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them  
 thither ;

<sup>41</sup> "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive."

See above, p. 273. In the line above, the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *humanity* for *humility*.

<sup>42</sup> *That loves all men*, i. e. *that is pleasing to all men*. So in the language of the time :—*it likes me well*, for *it pleases me*. Shakespeare uses the word for the sake of the antithesis.

<sup>43</sup> In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to our Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt. Shakespeare had, perhaps, an equivocal in his thoughts.

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
 Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon  
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;  
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
 Fore-run fair Love<sup>44</sup>, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,  
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle reaped no  
 corn ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure :  
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;  
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES<sup>1</sup>, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

*Holofernes.*

 *ATIS quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir : your rea-  
 sons<sup>2</sup> at dinner have been sharp and sen-  
 tentious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without

<sup>44</sup> *Fair Love* is *Venus*. So in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ Now for the love of *Love*, and *her* soft hours.”

<sup>1</sup> The old copies call *Holofernes*, *Pedant*, throughout this scene.

<sup>2</sup> “ I know not,” says Johnson, “ what degree of respect Shake-  
 speare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his  
 mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is  
 very difficult to add any thing to his character of the school-  
 master's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will  
 scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly  
 delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.”

*Reason*, here signifies *discourse* : *audacious* is used in a good  
 sense for *spirited, animated, confident* ; *affection* is *affectation* ; *opi-  
 nion* is *obstinacy, opiniâtreté*.

affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

*Hol.* *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked<sup>3</sup>, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his Table-book.]

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fantastical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise<sup>4</sup> companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, vocatur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of *insanire*<sup>5</sup>; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

*Nath.* *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

<sup>3</sup> *Picked, piked, or picket, neat, spruce, over nice*; that is, *too nice in his dress*. The substantive is used by Ben Jonson in his Discoveries: *Pickedness for nicety in dress*.

<sup>4</sup> *Point-devise*. A common expression for *exact, precise, or finical*. So in Twelfth Night, Malvolio says—

“I will be *point-devise* the very man.”

<sup>5</sup> The old copies misprint this *infamie*. Theobald made considerable improvements in the readings here, by correcting the Latin; he saw that *infamie* was wrong, and substituted *insanie*, a reading which has been since followed. I have no doubt, however, that it was a mistake for the Latin word *insanire*, which Holofernes afterwards *explains*, after his manner, *to make frantick, lunatick*.

*Hol.* Bone?—bone, for *benè*: *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

*Nath.* *Videsne quis venit?*

*Hol.* *Video, et gaudeo.*

*Arm.* Chirra! [*To* *MO*TH.]

*Hol.* *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encounter'd.

*Hol.* Most military sir, salutation.

*Moth.* They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To* *COSTARD* *aside*.]

*Cost.* O, they have lived long on the alms-basket<sup>6</sup> of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*<sup>7</sup>: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon<sup>8</sup>.

*Moth.* Peace; the peal begins.

*Arm.* Monsieur, [*To* *HOL.*] are you not lettered?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third<sup>9</sup> of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

<sup>6</sup> *The alms basket of words*, i. e. *the refuse of words*. The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket*, and given to the poor, in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>7</sup> This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known.

<sup>8</sup> A *flap-dragon* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth.

<sup>9</sup> The old copies erroneously "the last."

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sonties<sup>8</sup>, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master Launcelot? — Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters: — Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Roberts has *conclusions*, but it may be doubted whether Launcelot Gobbo is not intended to use the word *confusions*.

<sup>8</sup> God's *sonties* was probably a corruption of God's *saints*, in old language *saunctes*: *santé* and *sanctity* have been proposed but apparently with less probability. Oaths of this kind are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. To avoid the crime of profane swearing, they sought to disguise the words by abbreviations, which ultimately lost even their similarity to the original phrase.

the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, my <sup>12</sup> very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy<sup>13</sup>;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and among other importunate<sup>14</sup> and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement<sup>15</sup>, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this

<sup>12</sup> *My* is omitted in the old copies.

<sup>13</sup> By *remember thy courtesy*, Armado probably means “remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off.” “The putting off the hat at table is a kind of *courtesie* or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwise.”—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

<sup>14</sup> The 4to. 1598 has *important*, but Shakespeare uses the words synonymously.

<sup>15</sup> The *beard* is called *valour's excrement* in the *Merchant of Venice*.

day, to be rendered by our assistance, at<sup>16</sup> the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess ; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself ; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus ; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass<sup>17</sup> Pompey the great ; the page, Hercules<sup>18</sup>.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir, error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb : he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience ? He shall present Hercules in minority : his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device ! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry : *well done, Hercules ! now thou crushest the snake !* that is the way to make an offence gracious<sup>19</sup> ; though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies ?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice worthy gentleman !

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing ?

*Hol.* We attend.

<sup>16</sup> *At*, which is necessary to the sense, is wanting in the earlier copies, but was supplied in the folio 1632. They have all *assistants* instead of *assistance*.

<sup>17</sup> Perhaps, *shall march*, or *walk* in the procession for Pompey. But I incline, with Malone, to think that the word *for* has been omitted by the printers.

<sup>18</sup> In my corrected copy of the second folio, this speech is thus given : “ *Alexander* yourself ; myself Judas Maccabeus ; and this gallant gentleman *Hector* ; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass *for* Pompey the great ;” &c.

<sup>19</sup> That is, *convert our offence against yourselves into a dramatic propriety*.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd ;  
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock ; we have two hours  
To furnish us :—

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a Letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up<sup>1</sup> this, it  
shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on,  
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou ?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew  
to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,  
I will not fail her ;—speak it privately ; go.—  
Gentlemen, [*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]  
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?  
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*]

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all : She hath directed,

<sup>1</sup> To *break up* was a term in carving. The term is used again metaphorically for breaking the seal of a letter or opening it, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Boyet, you can carve ;  
Break up this capon.”

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;  
 And so she died : had she been light, like you,  
 Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
 She might have been a grandam ere she died :  
 And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse<sup>2</sup>, of this  
 light word ?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff<sup>3</sup> ;  
 'Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark

*Kath.* So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not  
 for me.

*Ros.* Great reason ; for, Past care is still past cure.

*Prin.* Well bandied both ; a set<sup>4</sup> of wit well play'd.  
 But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :  
 Who sent it ? and what is it ?

*Ros.* I would, you knew :  
 And if my face were but as fair as yours,  
 My favour were as great : be witness this.  
 Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón :  
 The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,  
 I were the fairest goddess on the ground :  
 I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.  
 O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

*Prin.* Any thing like ?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters ; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

<sup>2</sup> *Mouse.* This was a term of endearment formerly. So in Hamlet :

“ Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his *mouse*.”

<sup>3</sup> *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff* of a candle. See King Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 3.

<sup>4</sup> A *set* is a term at tennis for a game.

Look to my house :—I am right loath to go ;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master  
doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together.—I will  
not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then  
it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding  
on Black-Monday<sup>3</sup> last, at six o'clock i'the morning,  
falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year  
in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What ! are there masques ? Hear you me  
Jessica :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squealing<sup>4</sup> of the wry-neck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night ;  
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;  
Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir.—

solve (that he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Christians),  
for the prosecution of his revenge.

<sup>3</sup> *Black-Monday*, i. e. *Easter-Monday*. It was called Black-Monday from the severity of that day, April 4, 1360, which was so extraordinary that, of Edward the Third's soldiers, then before Paris, many died of the cold. Anciently a superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose*.

<sup>4</sup> The folio 1623, and the 4to. by Heyes, have *squealing* ; the other quarto, and the folio 1632, *squeaking*. The *fife* here is a *fifer*. Mr. Boswell cites the following passage from Barnabe Rich's *Aphorisms*, 1618, which illustrates the epithet *wry-necked* : "A fife is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument."

So potent-like<sup>10</sup> would I o'ersway his state,  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are  
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool<sup>11</sup>.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness<sup>12</sup>.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd<sup>13</sup> with laughter ! Where's  
her grace ?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet ?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare !—  
Arm, wenches, arm ! encounters mounted are  
Against your peace : Love doth approach disguis'd,  
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpris'd :  
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to saint Cupid ! What are they,  
order to find himself a source of pride in jesting for my amuse-  
ment."

<sup>10</sup> The old copies read *pertaunt-like*. The modern editions read with Sir T. Hanmer, *portent-like*. The reading I adopted as long since as 1826, may be explained *tyrant-like*. *Potents* is used for *potentates* in K. John, Act ii. Sc. 2, 1825. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *potently*.

<sup>11</sup> Johnson remarks that "these are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention."

<sup>12</sup> *Wantonness*. This is also the emendation of the second folio ; the 4to. and first folio have *wantons be*.

<sup>13</sup> *Stabb'd with laughter*. Mr. Collier calls this "an awkward and unusual expression." It is, as Mr. Field observes, "a happy phrase to express the stitch or stick in the side sometimes brought on by laughter."

That charge their breath<sup>14</sup> against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour  
When lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear;  
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:  
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;  
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;*  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Presence majestical would put him out;  
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;*  
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*  
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*  
*I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoke before:  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cry'd, *Via*<sup>15</sup>! *we will do't, come what will come*  
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this scene ridiculous<sup>16</sup> appears,

<sup>14</sup> *Encounters to encounterers* above, and here Mr. Collier's corrected folio substitutes "charge the breach," an inadmissible alteration, for it was to be a wit-combat, an encounter of words. Mr. C. says, "*To charge their breath* is nonsense"!! Yes!—It is such acute nonsense that Barrow tells us is one species of wit.

<sup>15</sup> *Via!* See Vol. i. p. 225.

<sup>16</sup> The old copies have "*spleen ridiculous*" and "*solemn teares.*" I have not hesitated to read *scene ridiculous*, and "*sudden tears,*"

To check their folly, passion's sudden tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—  
Like Muscovites, or Russians<sup>17</sup>: as I guess,  
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:  
And every one his love-suit will advance  
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know  
By favours several, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:  
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;  
And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;  
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—  
And change you favours too; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

*Koth.* But, in this changing, what is your intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:  
They do it but in mocking<sup>18</sup> merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.

which I find substituted in my corrected copy of the second folio. The last correction occurs in Mr. Collier's copy, which also reads as I have done, *love-suit*, in a line below, instead of *love-fiat*, an emendation, as Mr. Collier says, "self-evident."

<sup>17</sup> In the first year of K. Henry VIII. at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the parliament chamber at Westminster, "came the Lorde Henry Earle of Wiltshire and the Lorde Fitzwater, in two long gownes of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimosen sattin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up."—*Hall, Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may serve to show that a mask of Muscovites was a court recreation, and at the same time convey an idea of the dress used on the present occasion.

<sup>18</sup> The 4to. has *mockery*.

Their several counsels they unbecom shall  
 To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal.  
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
 With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

*Prin.* No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :  
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;  
 But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's<sup>19</sup>  
 heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,  
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
 There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;  
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :  
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;  
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers  
 come.

[*The Ladies mask.*

<sup>20</sup> *Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,  
 in Russian habits, and masked ; MOTH, Musicians,  
 and Attendants.*

*Moth.* All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !

*Biron.* Beauties no richer than rich taffata<sup>21</sup>.

*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

*That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views !*

*Biron.* Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

<sup>19</sup> *Speakers.* This is the reading of the 4to. The folios have the misprint *keepers*.

<sup>20</sup> The old stage direction is, "Enter Black-moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disguised."

<sup>21</sup> *Beauties no richer than rich taffata*, i. e. *the tuffata masks they wore*.

*Moth.* That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !

*Out—*

*Boyct.* True ; out, indeed.

*Moth.* Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe  
Not to behold—

*Biron.* Once to behold, rogue.

*Moth.* Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,  
—with your sun-beamed eyes—

*Boyct.* They will not answer to that epithet ;  
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue.

*Ros.* What would these strangers ? know their  
minds, Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes :  
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess ?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they ?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her we have measur'd many miles,  
To tread a measure<sup>22</sup> with her on the grass.

*Boyet.* They say that they have measur'd many a mile,  
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so : ask them, how many inches  
Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,

<sup>22</sup> *Tread a measure.* A grave solemn dance, with slow and measured steps, like the minuet. As it was of so solemn a nature, it was performed at public entertainments in the Inns of Court ; and it was not unusual, nor thought inconsistent, for the first characters in the law to bear a part in *treading a measure*. Sir Christopher Hatton was famous for it. The 4to. has *her*, the folio *you*.

And many miles ; the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you ;  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to  
shine<sup>23</sup>

(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure vouchsafe<sup>24</sup> but one  
change :

Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, musick, then : nay, you must do it  
soon. [*Musick plays.*

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance ? How come you thus  
estranged ?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full ; but now she's  
changed.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The musick plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it<sup>25</sup>.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

<sup>23</sup> When Queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies?—"It is hard," said he, "to judge of stars in the presence of the sun."

<sup>24</sup> The 4to. reads "*do but vouchsafe.*"

<sup>25</sup> In the old copies this line is erroneously given to *Rosaline*. There is again some confusion in the appropriation of the speeches.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice. Take hands ;—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take we hands then ?<sup>a</sup>

*Ros.* Only to part friends :—

Court'sy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize you yourselves ; What buys your company ?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought : and so adieu ;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice), Metheglin, wort, and malmsey ;—Well run, dice !

There's half a dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog<sup>26</sup>, I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall ? bitter.

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

<sup>a</sup> The folio has "Why take *you* hands then:" and in the King's Speech below omits *you* and reads "Prize yourselves."

<sup>26</sup> To *cog* dice was to *load* them for the purpose of cheating at play, hence *cog* here means to *deceive*.

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord.—

Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Kath*<sup>27</sup>. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Kath.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless visor half.

*Kath.* Veal<sup>28</sup>, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal  
a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp  
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Kath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

<sup>27</sup> The speeches here given to *Katherine* are by error given to *Maria* in the folios.

<sup>28</sup> The same joke occurs in Dr. Dodypoll. "*Doct.* Hans, my very special friend; fait and trot, me be right glad for see you *veale*. *Hans.* What, do you make a *calfe* of me, M. Doctor?"

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids ; break off, break off.

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches ; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, MORN, Musick, and Attendants.*]

*Prim.* 'Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—  
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at ?

*Boyct.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

*Ros.* Well-liking<sup>29</sup> wits they have ; gross, gross ; fat, fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit, stung by poor flout<sup>30</sup> !  
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces ?

This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O !<sup>a</sup> they were all in lamentable cases  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword :  
No point<sup>31</sup>, quoth I ; my servant straight was mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;  
And trow you, what he call'd me ?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness, as thou art !

<sup>29</sup> *Well-liking* is the same as *well-conditioned*, *fat*. So, in Job, xxxix. 4. Their young ones are in *good-liking*.

<sup>30</sup> The old copy has *Kingly-poor flout*. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio has unsuccessfully attempted to amend it by reading *kill'd by pure flout*, which the succeeding line shows cannot be right. *Kingly* is a probable misprint for *stung* by.

<sup>a</sup> *O !* was added in the second folio.

<sup>31</sup> *No point*. A quibble on the French adverb of negation as before, Act ii. Sc. 1, p. 213.

Mistress, look out at window for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye<sup>5</sup>. [*Exit* LAUN.

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewell, mistress ; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch<sup>6</sup> is kind enough ; but a huge feeder. Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild cat : drones hive not with me ;

Therefore I part with him ; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;

Perhaps, I will return immediately ;

Do, as I bid you,

Shut doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell : and if my fortune be not crost, I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter* GRATIANO and SALARINO, *masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons<sup>1</sup> fly

<sup>5</sup> "Will be worth a Jewess' eye."

The proverbial expression "worth a Jew's eye," is supposed to have arisen from the sums extorted from the Jews, to ransom themselves from threatened mutilation.

<sup>6</sup> *Patch*, i. e. *fool* or *simpleton*. See *Midsummer-Night's Dream* Act iii. Sc. 2, note 2.

<sup>1</sup> *Venus' pigeons*. The allusion seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus's chariot is drawn:—"Venus drawn by *doves* is much more prompt to seal new bonds," &c.

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,  
I will survey the inscriptions back again :

What says this leaden casket ?

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*

Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?

This casket threatens : Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*

As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco

And weigh thy value with an even hand :

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady ;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?—

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*

Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her.

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,

For princes to come view fair Portia :

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,

As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :  
 He can carve too, and lisp : Why, this is he,  
 That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;  
 This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
 In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing  
 A mean<sup>39</sup> most meanly ; and, in ushering,  
 Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;  
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :  
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
 To show his teeth as white as whalës bone<sup>40</sup> :  
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
 Pay him the due<sup>41</sup> of honey-tongued Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,  
 That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET ; ROSALINE,  
 MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

*Biron.* See where it comes !—Behaviour, what wert  
 thou,

Till this man show'd thee<sup>42</sup> ? and what art thou now ?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you ; and purpose now

To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me ; and so hold your vow :

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;

<sup>39</sup> *A mean*, i. e. an intermediate part, as *the tenor in music*.

<sup>40</sup> *Whalës bone* : the Saxon genitive case. It is a common comparison in the old poets. This bone was the tooth of the *Horse-whale*, morse, or walrus, now superseded by ivory. *Whalës* is to be pronounced as a dissyllable.

<sup>41</sup> The folio 1623 has *duty*.

<sup>42</sup> The old copies have, "Till this *mad* man," evidently an error of the printer.

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue : vice you should have spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O ! you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam ? Russians ?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true :—It is not so, my lord ;

My lady, (to the manner of the days<sup>43</sup>),

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me.—Fair<sup>44</sup>, gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light : Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich ; for in my eye,—

<sup>43</sup> After the fashion of the times.

<sup>44</sup> *Fair* was added in the second folio, to complete the measure of the verse.

Mistr

SC. IX. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Shy* Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

*Jes* Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight ;

*S* The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
*N* And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets.*

*Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd<sup>1</sup> me. Fortune now  
To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.  
What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire.—That many may be meant

<sup>1</sup> Address'd, i. e. prepared.

Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies  
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :  
 I do forswear them, and I here protest,  
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God  
 knows !)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :  
 And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la !—  
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* Sans SANS, I pray you<sup>47</sup>.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick  
 Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;  
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see ;—  
 Write, *Lord, have mercy on us*<sup>48</sup>, on those three ;  
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies,  
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :  
 These lords are visited ; you are not free,  
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free, that gave these tokens  
 to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so ; For how can this be true,  
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue<sup>49</sup> ?

*Biron.* Peace ! for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves : my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-  
 gression

Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

<sup>47</sup> *Sans SANS*, i. e. *without French words, I pray you.*

<sup>48</sup> This was the inscription put upon the doors of houses *infected* with the plague. The *tokens* of the plague were the first spots or discolorations of the skin.

<sup>49</sup> That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process ? The quibble lies in the ambiguity of the word *sue*, which signifies *to proceed to law*, and *to petition*.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect  
her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will re-  
ject her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace! peace! forbear;  
Your oath once broke, you force<sup>50</sup> not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight; and did value me  
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my  
troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give;  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—  
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

<sup>50</sup> *Force not*, i. e. you *care not*, or do not *regard* forswearing.  
Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*,

"For me *I force not* argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law."

*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain.—  
 I see the trick on't:—Here was a consent<sup>51</sup>,  
 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy:  
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,  
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some

Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in jeers<sup>52</sup>; and knows the trick  
 To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—  
 Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,  
 The ladies did change favours; and then we,  
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.  
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
 We are again forsworn; in will and error<sup>53</sup>.  
 Much upon this it is:—And might not you,

[To Boyet.

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire<sup>54</sup>,  
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
 You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd<sup>55</sup>;  
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.  
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,  
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.*

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage,<sup>a</sup> this career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

<sup>51</sup> *Consent*, i. e. an agreement, a conspiracy. See *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>52</sup> The old copies read *yeeres*, the emendation is Theobald's.

<sup>53</sup> *In will and error*, i. e. first in *will*, and afterwards in *error*.

<sup>54</sup> From *esquierre*, Fr. *rule*, or *square*. The sense is similar to the proverbial saying—he has got the length of her foot.

<sup>55</sup> *Allow'd*, that is, you are an *allowed* or a *licensed* fool or jester.

<sup>a</sup> The folio misprints *manager*; Theobald corrected it. The 4to has *manage*.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know,  
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fi  
For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is ni

*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope  
is not so:

You cannot beg us<sup>56</sup>, sir, I can assure you, sir;  
know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereun  
it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for ni

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get y  
living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the acto  
sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mi  
own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,  
e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them, to think me worthy of Po  
pey the great: for mine own part, I know not t  
degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

<sup>56</sup> In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, un  
which if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lan  
and the custody of his person might be granted by the king  
any subject. Such a person, when this grant was asked, was s  
*to be begged for a fool*. See Blackstone, b. 1, c. 8, § 18. One  
the legal tests appears to have been to try whether the par  
could answer a simple arithmetical question.

*C. st.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit* COSTARD.]

*King.* Birón, they will shame us, let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now; That sport best pleases, that doth least know how: Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Lie in the fail of that which it presents<sup>57</sup>:

<sup>57</sup> The old copies have:

"Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents: Their form," &c.

Johnson proposed to read:

"Die in the zeal of *him* which *them* presents."

Monck Mason: *content,*

"Lies in the zeal of *those* which it *present*."

The accepted reading is by Malone:

"Die in the zeal of *them* which it presents."

But all endeavours to extract a meaning have failed. I venture to change *Dies* into *Lie*, and *zeal* into *fail*. The meaning will then be, "That sport best pleases where, though the actors are unskillful, they are zealous to give pleasure." The contents (i. e. contentments) received *lie* in the *failure* of that which it (zeal) presents. The confusion of forms, when great things are laboriously attempted and prove abortive, makes mirth in its highest form or degree.

As Theseus says, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, on a similar occasion:

"Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it."

Mason asserted that "the word *content*, when signifying an affection of the mind, has no plural." Our poet thought otherwise, for in *K. Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 2, he uses it plurally, as here:

"To whose high will we bound our calm *contents*."  
He also uses *fail* for *failure* in the *Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 3, "for the *fail* of any point in it shall be only—Death."

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth ;  
When great things labouring<sup>58</sup> perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God ?

*Biron.* Why ask you ?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch : for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too too vain ; too too vain : But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement<sup>59</sup>. [*Exit ARMADO.*]

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies : He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Machabeus. And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy :—

Abate throw at Novem<sup>60</sup> ; and the whole world again,

<sup>58</sup> *Labouring* here means in the act of parturition. So Roscommon :

“ The mountains *labour'd*, and a mouse was born.”

<sup>59</sup> *Couplement*. This word is used again by Shakespear in his 21st Sonnet :

“ Making a *couplement* of proud compare.”

<sup>60</sup> *Abate throw at Novem*, i. e. a game at dice, properly called *Novem quinque*, from the principal throws being five and nine.

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes  
again.

[*Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.*

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*

*Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,——*

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,——*

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee<sup>61</sup>

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker; I must needs be  
friends with thee.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am, Pompey, surnam'd the big,——*

*Dum.* The great.

*Cost.* It is great, sir;—*Pompèy surnam'd the great;*  
*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe*  
*to sweat :*

*And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;*  
*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.*

*If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done*

*Prin'. Great thanks, great Pompey.*

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was  
perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the  
best worthy.

*Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.*

*Nath.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's*  
*commander ;*

The second folio reads "A bare throw." The meaning is obvious.  
"Abate a throw—that is, leave out the nine [worthies], and the  
world cannot pick out five such."

<sup>61</sup> This alludes to the old heroic habits, which, on the knees  
and shoulders, had sometimes by way of ornament the resem-  
blance of a leopard's or lion's head. See Cotgrave's Dictionary  
in v. *Masquine.*

*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :*

*My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.*

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right<sup>62</sup>.

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight<sup>63</sup>.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;—*

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,——

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costárd.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* O, sir, [*To NATH.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-ax, sitting on a close-stool<sup>64</sup>, will be given to A-jax : he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alisander. [*NATH. retires.*] There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd ! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth ;

<sup>62</sup> It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders.

<sup>63</sup> "His (Alexander's) body had so sweet a smell of itselfe that all the apparell he wore next unto his body, tooke thereof a passing delightful savour, as if it had been perfumed." *North's Plutarch.*

<sup>64</sup> This alludes to the arms given, in the old history of the Nine Worthies, to Alexander, "the which did bear geules a lion or, seiante in a chayr, holding a battle-axe argent." Mr. Douce has given a figure of this device. There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*, by no means uncommon at the time ; when Sir John Harington published his witty performance, "A new Discourse of a Stale Subject, called The Metamorphosis of Ajax," 1596, giving a humorous account of his invention of a water-closet.

and a very good bowler : but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis ;—a little o'erparted :—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.*

*Hol.* Great Hercules is presented by this imp,  
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus,  
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus :

*Quoniam, he seemeth in minority ;*

*Ergo, I come with this apology.—*

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Exit MOTH.*

*Hol.* Judas I am,—

*Dum.* A Judas !

*Hol.* Not Iscariot, sir.—

*Judas I am, ycleped Machabeus.*

*Dum.* Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain Judas<sup>a</sup>.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd Judas ?

*Hol.* Judas I am,—

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, sir ?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

*Biron.* Well follow'd : Judas was hang'd on an elder.

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this ?

*Boyet.* A cittern head<sup>65</sup>.

This was the common tradition, which is alluded to by Ben Jonson also.

<sup>65</sup> The *cittern*, a musical instrument like a guitar, had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board : hence these jests.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

*Dum.* The carv'd-bone face on a flask<sup>66</sup>.

*Biron.* St. George's half-cheek in a brooch<sup>67</sup>.

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer :  
And now, forward ; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False ; we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—  
Jud-as, away.

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas : it grows dark,  
he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas, poor Machabeus, how hath he been  
baited !

*Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles ; here comes Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will  
now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan<sup>68</sup> in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this Hector ?

<sup>66</sup> i. e. a soldier's powder-horn.

<sup>67</sup> A brooch was an ornamental clasp for fastening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c. a brooch of lead, because of his pale and wan complexion, his leaden hue.

<sup>68</sup> Trojan is supposed to have been a cant term for a thief. It was, however, a familiar name for any equal or inferior.

*Dum.* I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is best indued in the small.

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*  
*Gave Hector a gift,—*

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace.

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*

*Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;*

*A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye<sup>69</sup>*

*From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*

*I am that flower,—*

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein; for it runs  
against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet  
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: [when he  
breath'd, he was a man]<sup>70</sup>—But I will forward with  
my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the Princess.*] bestow  
on me the sense of hearing. [*BIRON whispers COSTARD.*]

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

<sup>69</sup> The old copy  
Theobald. I find

<sup>70</sup> These words  
jection *Peace!* giv

11.

fight: yea." The emendation is by  
1 in my corrected second folio.  
ed in the folios, as well as the inter-  
mado above.

U

*Arm.* *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou ?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the child brags in her belly already ; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him ; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey !

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey !

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey ! Pompey the huge !

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved :—More Ates<sup>71</sup>, more Ates ; stir them on ! stir them on !

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man<sup>72</sup> ; I'll slash ; I'll do it by the sword :—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey !

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt.

<sup>71</sup> i. e. *more instigation*. Até was the goddess of discord.

<sup>72</sup> The reference is to the particular use of the quarter staff in the northern counties.

you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SALAN. SALAR. and Servant.*]

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's<sup>2</sup> spent in the search: Why, thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no re-

<sup>2</sup> The folio reads "I know not *how much*."

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
 In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,  
 The liberal<sup>75</sup> opposition of our spirits :  
 If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
 In the converse of breath, your gentleness  
 Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord !  
 A heavy heart bears not a nimble<sup>76</sup> tongue :  
 Excuse me so, coming too<sup>a</sup> short of thanks  
 For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme haste<sup>77</sup> of time extremely forms  
 All causes to the purpose of his speed ;  
 And often, at his very loose<sup>78</sup>, decides  
 That which long process could not arbitrate :  
 And though the mourning brow of progeny  
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,  
 The holy suit which fain it would convince<sup>79</sup> ;  
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
 From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,  
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,  
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not ; my griefs are dull.<sup>80</sup>

<sup>75</sup> *Liberal*, i.e. *free to excess*.

<sup>76</sup> The folio has "*an humble tongue*." Theobald made the correction. <sup>a</sup> Thus the 4to, the folio reads *so*.

<sup>77</sup> The old copy misprints *parts* for *haste*, which the context evidently requires. It has *formes* at the end of the line, and not *form*, as it is given in all late editions. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would give the line thus :—

"The extreme *parting* time *expressly* forms."

<sup>78</sup> "The loose of time," is the moment of his departure. The speedy flight of time, often at the very extremity of his flight, makes us decide or determine that which long process could not arbitrate. A truth (says Mr. Field) well known to every man of business.

<sup>79</sup> i. e. which it fain would succeed in obtaining ; to *convince* is to *conquer*.

<sup>80</sup> The folios have "my griefs are double." I adopt the reading of Mr. Collier's folio, *dull* instead of *double*.

By<sup>2</sup> the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach  
 Which pries not to the interior<sup>3</sup>, but, like the n  
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
 Even in the force<sup>4</sup> and road of casualty.  
 I will not choose what many men desire,  
 Because I will not jump<sup>5</sup> with common spirits,  
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;  
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;*  
 And well said too : For who shall go about  
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
 Without the stamp of merit ! Let none presume  
 To wear an undeserved dignity.  
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
 Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour  
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !  
 How many then should cover, that stand bare ;  
 How many be commanded, that command :  
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour ; and how much honour  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times<sup>6</sup>,  
 To be new varnish'd. Well, but to my choice :  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves :*  
 I will assume desert :—Give me a key for this,  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

<sup>2</sup> *By* and *of* being synonymous, were used by our ancestors indifferently ; Malone has adduced numerous instances of the use of *by*, in all of which, by substituting *of*, the sense is rendered clear to the modern reader.

<sup>3</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio takes some unwarrantable liberties here, substituting "Which prize not th' interior." The old text is unquestionably right.

<sup>4</sup> *Force*, i. e. *power*.

<sup>5</sup> To *jump with*, is to *agree with*.

<sup>6</sup> The meaning is, how much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean.

But more devout than this, in our respects<sup>85</sup>,  
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves  
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than  
 jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
 Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short  
 To make a world-without-end bargain in.  
 No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,  
 Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore this,—  
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)  
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me :  
 Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed  
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;  
 There stay, until the twelve celestial signs  
 Have brought about their annual reckoning :  
 If this austere insociable life  
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;  
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,  
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
 But that it bear this trial, and last love ;  
 Then, at the expiration of the year,  
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,

*bombast* out a new play with the old *linings* of jests."

*Bombast* was the stuffing or *wadding* of doublets. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, speaks of their being "stuffed with four, five, or six pounds of *bombast* at least." The word originally signified cotton, from the Lat. *bombax*, this material being principally used for wadding or stuffing. The metaphorical sense is *tumid*, *inflated*. The Princess says that this courtship was considered as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure.

<sup>85</sup> *In* our respects. The quarto omits *in*. The folios have "*are* our respects." The emendation is Hanmer's.



*Mar.* The liker you ; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady ? mistress, look on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there :  
Impose some service on me for thy love<sup>a</sup>.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,  
Before I saw you : and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ;  
Which you on all estates will execute<sup>88</sup>,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit :  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain ;  
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please  
(Without the which I am not to be won),  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?  
It cannot be ; it is impossible :  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :  
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear<sup>89</sup> groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them<sup>90</sup>,  
And I will have you, and that fault withal ;

<sup>a</sup> So the 4to : the folio reads "*my love*."

<sup>88</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio would unnecessarily substitute *exercise*.

<sup>89</sup> *Dear*. See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>90</sup> The folios misprint *then* for *them*.

You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord : Bellario greets your  
grace. [*Presents a Letter.*]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul<sup>15</sup>, harsh Jew  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy<sup>16</sup>. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable<sup>17</sup> dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit,

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd<sup>18</sup>, and ravenous.

*Shy.* I'll instantly unlock the seal from off my bond,

And to speak so loud :

<sup>2</sup> *By and of being*  
indifferently; Malon'soul was so hard that it might serve  
of by, in all of which K. Henry IV. Part II.  
clear to the moderns and daggers in thy thoughts;

<sup>3</sup> The corrector omitted on thy stony heart,  
rantable liberties hour of my life."

<sup>4</sup> Force, i. e. power until the folio of 1664, read *inexorable*,  
<sup>5</sup> To jump with, and defended by supposing that in is

<sup>6</sup> The meaning is that most execrable may be meant!  
the great, and how folios, and rightly. The word signifies

## SONG.

## I.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
 And cuckoo-buds<sup>91</sup> of yellow hue,  
 Do paint the meadows with delight,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
 Cuckoo ;  
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !*

## II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
 The cuckoo, then, on every tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
 Cuckoo ;  
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !*

## III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who ;*

<sup>91</sup> Gerarde in his Herbal, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in English cuckoo flowers, in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks*." In Lyte's Herbal, 1578, it is remarked, that cowslips are, in French, of some called *coquu* prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. *Herbe a coqu* was one of the old French names for the cowslip, which it seems probable is the flower here meant. See Lear, Act i. Sc. 4.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court ;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal ?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it !  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew ;  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct, or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant : and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou mayst have leave to hang thy-  
self :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our  
spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;



*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;  
For who love I so much ? And now who knows,  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that  
thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange ;  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery<sup>4</sup>, love ;  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once ;  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*]

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile<sup>5</sup>, and no Jew.

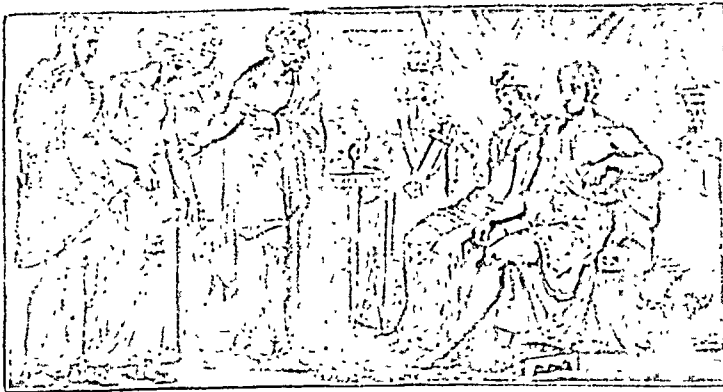
*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily :  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;  
And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Hunter has shown that *discovery* is a military term. But I do not think such a sense was thought of here. Jessica says, to hold the light is an office of helping to discover, and I at the present time should rather be hidden by my disguise in obscurity.

<sup>5</sup> A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both one of *non-Jewish blood*, and *one well born*.



## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.



*Egeus.* My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.

ACT I. SC. 1.

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## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

WE may presume the plot of this play to have been the invention of Shakespeare, as the diligence of his commentators has failed to trace the sources from whence it is derived. Steevens says that the hint for it was probably received from Chaucer's Knight's Tale. Arthur Golding's translation of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, from Ovid, may have suggested the subject of the Interlude by Bottom and Quince; and the deeds of Robin Goodfellow, the Puck of the *First* Folio, have been the most popular of Household books. His "Mad Pranks and Merry Jests" have come into print in 1628, but the compilation is of an earlier date. The popular ballad is universal, and its place in Percy's Reliques, and from two *13* *Songs* in his Diary of Money paid to Henry Chettle in 1599, may be seen that he was writing under the title of Robin Goodfellow. There is no doubt that he had previously played the part of Puck. In the "Handefull of Pleasant Delities," printed by Iohn Robinson in 1584, we have "A New Sonnet of Thisbe," which may have had its effect in suggesting the story of the Interlude; but it is equally probable that the old Dramas of Cambyzes, Damon and Pythias, &c. may have given occasion to the burlesque.

"In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*," says Schlegel, "there flows a luxuriant vein of the boldest and most fantastical invention; the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have arisen without effort by some ingenious and lucky accident, and the colours are of such clear transparency that we think that the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath. The fairy world here described resembles those elegant pieces of Arabesque, where little Genii, with butterfly wings, rise half embodied above the flower cups. Twilight, moonshine, dew, and spring-perfumes are the element of these tender spirits; they assist nature in embroidering her carpet with green leaves, many coloured flowers, and dazzling insects; in the human world they merely sport in a childish and

wayward manner with their beneficent or noxious influences. Their most violent rage dissolves in good-natured raillery; their passions, stripped of all earthly matter, are merely an ideal dream. To correspond with this, the loves of mortals are painted as a poetical enchantment, which, by a contrary enchantment, may be immediately suspended, and then renewed again. The different parts of the plot; the wedding of Theseus, the disagreement of Oberon and Titania, the flight of the two pair of lovers, and the theatrical operations of the mechanics, are so lightly and happily interwoven, that they seem necessary to each other for the formation of a whole. Oberon is desirous of relieving the lovers from their perplexities, and greatly adds to them through the misapprehension of his servant, till he at last comes to the aid of their fruitless amorous pain, their inconstancy and jealousy, and restores fidelity to its old rights. The extremes of fanciful and vulgar are united when the enchanted Titania awakes and falls in love with a coarse mechanic with an ass's head, who represents, or rather disfigures the part of a tragical lover. The droll wonder of the transmutation of Bottom is merely the translation of a metaphor in its literal sense; but, in his behaviour during the tender homage of the Fairy Queen, we have an amusing proof how much the consciousness of heightens the effect of his usual folly. These are, as it were, a splendid frame for the picture part in the action, but appear with a state of course of the hero and his Amazon, as they ne forest with their noisy hunting train, works i tion like the fresh breath of morning, before, y es of night disappear."<sup>3</sup>

This is a production of the youthful and v nation of the poet. Malone places the date of its co an 1594. We know at least that it was in existence in en Meres mentions it in his "Palladis Tarnia;" and it is t that the description of the state of the weather and the co ion of the country in 1593 and 1594, w nen the seasons were liarily ungenial, suggested Titania's d escription in the se scene of Act ii. Warton thought th at Spenser was allude to, and his "Tears of the Muses," fir st published in 1591, in the lines in Act v.—

The thrice three muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceased in beggary;  
but as Spenser did not die until 1599 the suggestion is improbable, and as Mr. Knight conjectures, Robert Greene, who died in 1592, may have been in the poet's mind. There are two quarto editions, both in 1600: one by Thomas Fisher, the other by James F

Something too liberal<sup>13</sup>;—pray thee, take pain  
 To allay with some cold drops of modesty<sup>14</sup>  
 Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour  
 I be misconster'd in the place I go to,  
 And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me :  
 If I do not put on a sober habit,  
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
 Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;  
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
 Thus with my hat<sup>15</sup>, and sigh, and say, amen ;  
 Use all the observance of civility,  
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent<sup>16</sup>  
 To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me  
 By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity ;  
 I would entreat you rather to put on  
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
 That purpose merriment: But fare you well,  
 I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest ;  
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>13</sup> *Liberal*, i. e. *gross*, *licentious*.

<sup>14</sup> So in *Hamlet*:

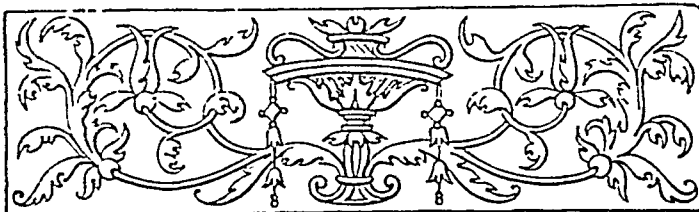
“Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
 Sprinkle cool patience.”

<sup>15</sup> It was anciently the custom to wear the hat during the time  
 of dinner, as may be seen in many old prints.

<sup>16</sup> *Ostent*, i. e. *grave appearance*; *show of staid and serious beha-  
 viour*. *Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among old  
 dramatic writers. So in the 8th Scene of this Act:

“Be merry and employ your chiefest thoughts,  
 To courtships and such fair *ostents* of love.”





## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,  
and Attendants.*

*Theseus.*

**N**OW, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon: but, oh, methinks how  
slow

This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in  
nights;  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New<sup>1</sup> bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have "*Now*." Rowe made <sup>1</sup>he substitution.  
Mr. Collier retains the *Now*. Mr. Hunter says: 'However grace-  
ful is the opening of this play, and however pleasing these lines  
may be, they exhibit proof that Shakespeare, like Homer, may  
sometimes slumber: for, as the old moon had still four nights to  
run, it is quite clear that at the time Hippolyta speaks of, there  
would be no moon either full orb'd or 'like to a silver bow''

*The.* Go, Philostrate,  
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
 And won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
 But I will wed thee in another key,  
 With pomp, with triumph<sup>2</sup>, and with revelling.

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and  
 DEMETRIUS.*

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke<sup>3</sup>

*The.* Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee.

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—  
 Stand forth, Demetrius:—My noble lord,  
 This man hath my consent to marry her:—  
 Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,  
 This man hath bewitch'd<sup>4</sup> the bosom of my child:  
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:  
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;  
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy

<sup>2</sup> A *triumph* was a *public show*, such as a *mash*, *pageant*, *procession*, &c. In The Duke of Anjou's Entertainment at Antwerp, 1581: "Notwithstanding, their triumphes [i. e. those of the Romans] have so borne the bell above all the rest, that the word *triumphing*, which cometh thereof, hath beene applied to all high, great, and statelike dooings."

<sup>3</sup> *Duke*, in our old language, was used for a *leader* or *chief*, as the Latin *Dux*.

<sup>4</sup> The second folio omits *man* for the sake of the metre; but a redundant syllable at the commencement of a verse perpetually occurs in our old dramas.

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds<sup>5</sup>, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats ; messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,  
Be it so, she will not here before your grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens ;  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her :  
Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
Or to her death ; according to our law,  
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair maid  
To you your father should be as a god ;  
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is :  
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold ;  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :  
But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires ;

<sup>5</sup> *Gawds*, i. e. *baubles*, *toys*, *trifles*.

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
 You can endure the livery of a nun ;  
 For aye<sup>6</sup> to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
 To live a barren sister all your life,  
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,  
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :  
 But earthly happier<sup>7</sup> is the rose distill'd,  
 Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
 Unto his lordship<sup>8</sup>, whose unwished yoke  
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause : and, by the next new moon,  
 The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,  
 For everlasting bond of fellowship,  
 Upon that day either prepare to die,  
 For disobedience to your father's will ;  
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would :  
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,  
 For aye, austerity and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia ;—And, Lysander,  
 yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius ;  
 Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

<sup>6</sup> *Ever.*

The old copies have *earthlier happy* for *earthly happier*, which  
 is the *cession*,  
 370, 150 commendation of Capel. The old orthography *earthlie happier*  
 is the *misplacing* of the *r*.

<sup>7</sup> *Lordship* was used in our older language for *rule, government*  
 led to the *him*,  
 370, 150 editor of the second folio inserted to before  
 dominion. Thept the passage to the language of his own time  
 "whose," to ad<sup>h</sup> has frequent instances of ellipsis in regard to  
 but Shakespeare insertion spoils the metre and euphony of the  
 prepositions. Th  
 line. met.

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love,  
And what is mine my love shall render him ;  
And she is mine ; and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius' ;  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia :  
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted<sup>9</sup> and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come ;  
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.—  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.—  
Come, my Hippolyta : What cheer, my love ?—  
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along :  
I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial ; and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

<sup>9</sup> As *spotless* is *innocent*, so *spotted* is *wicked*. Thus in Caven-  
dish's *Metrical Visions* :

" The *spotted* queen causer of all this strife."  
and again :

" *Spotted* with pride, viciousness, and cruelty "

*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS,  
DEMETRIUS, and Train.]

*Lys.* How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike, for want of rain; which I could well Beteem<sup>10</sup> them from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me<sup>11</sup>! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth:

But, either it was different in blood,—

*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low<sup>a</sup>!

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—

*Her.* O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends<sup>12</sup>;—

*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;  
Making it momentary<sup>13</sup> as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied<sup>14</sup> night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth;  
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

<sup>10</sup> *Beteem*, i. e. *bestow*, *give*, *afford*, or *deign to allow*. The word is used by Spenser:

“So would I, said the Enchanter, glad and fain  
*Beteem* to you his sword, you to defend.”

Thus also in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 2:

“That he might not *beteeme* the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly.”

<sup>a</sup> All the old copies misprint *love* for *low*. Theobald corrected it.

<sup>11</sup> The first folio omits *Ah me!* which is in the 4to. The second folio reads “*Hermia!*” &c.

<sup>12</sup> The folios have *merit* instead of *friends*.

<sup>13</sup> *Momentary*, i. e. *momentary*: the reading of the folio.

<sup>14</sup> *Collied* is *blackened*, as with *smut*, *coal*, &c.; *figuratively*, *darkened*. See *Othello*, Act ii. Sc. 3. *Spleen* in the next line is used for *fitful violence*, as in *King John*, Act ii. Sc. 2.:

“With swifter *spleen* than powder can enforce.”

The jaws of darkness do devour it up ;  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny :  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross ;  
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,  
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's<sup>15</sup> followers.

*Lys.* A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, Hermia.  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :  
From Athens is her house remote<sup>16</sup> seven leagues ;  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May ;  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander  
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow ;  
By his best arrow with the golden head ;  
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves<sup>a</sup> ;  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen<sup>17</sup>  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;

<sup>15</sup> *Fancy is love.* So afterwards in this play :

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me."

And again in the celebrated passage applied to Q. Elizabeth :

"In maiden meditation *fancy-free*."

<sup>16</sup> The folios have *remov'd*.

<sup>a</sup> I have ventured to transpose this line, which had been misplaced after the next. The allusion is to the golden arrow of Cupid that *knitted souls*, as opposed to the leaden one that makes love unprosperous. See Ovid *Metam.* I. 470.

<sup>17</sup> Shakespeare forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido.

shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit LEONARDO.*]

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they show

i. e. a table which doth *not only* promise *but* offers to swear upon a book that I shall have good fortune." He omits the conclusion of the sentence. The expression is highly ludicrous, and was so intended in the mouth of Launce.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

*Hel.* O, that your frowns would teach my smiles  
such skill!

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

*Hel.* O, that my prayers could such affection move!

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault<sup>22</sup> of mine.

*Hel.* None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault  
were mine!

*Her.* Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;  
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,

So 'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O the, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold  
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass  
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal),  
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:  
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes.  
To seek new friends and stranger companies<sup>23</sup>.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

<sup>22</sup> *No fault*, so the 4to. by Fisher. The folio and Roberts's 4to. erroneously "*none of mine*."

<sup>23</sup> The old copies read "*strange companions*," and in the third line of this speech "*counsel swell'd*." Theobald made the judicious correction which is called for by the rhyme as well as the sense. Mr. Collier here adheres to the old evident errors: The whole dialogue being in rhyme.

Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food, till morrow 'deep midnight.

[*Exit* HERM.]

*Lys.* I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :  
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you !

[*Exit* LYSANDER.]

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some can be !  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things base and vile<sup>24</sup>, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;  
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind ;  
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :  
And therefore is love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy love is perjur'd every where :  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine :  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight ;  
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,  
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense<sup>25</sup> :  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

<sup>24</sup> The old form of this word is *vild*, but it is scarcely worth while to continue the archaism, as the old orthography has been in other instances abandoned.

<sup>25</sup> Mr. Collier's corrected folio substitutes "it is dear *recom-  
pense*."

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in a Cottage*

*Enter* SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE,  
and STARVELING<sup>1</sup>.

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby<sup>2</sup>.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

In this scene Shakespeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first appears upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring-room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play Pyramus, Thisbe, and the Lion, at the same time.

<sup>2</sup> Probably a burlesque upon the titles of some of our Dramas: thus—"A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of ple<sup>y</sup> mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, king of Percia," Thomas Preston. bl. l. no date. "So, Skelton's Magnify called "a goodly interlude and a mery."

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split<sup>a</sup>.

“The raging rocks,  
And shivering shocks,  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates:  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far,  
And make and mar  
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> In Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1592, a player says, “The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage.”

<sup>3</sup> This passage shows how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. Frynne, in his *Histrionastix*, exclaims indignantly at great length on the impropriety of a woman acting a part in a play at Blackfryars, in 1628. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was at that time a part of a lady's dress, and so much in use that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene; and he that could modulate his voice to a female tone might play the woman very successfully. Downes.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too : I'll speak in a monstrous little voice ;—*Thisne*, *Thisne*—*Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear ; thy Thisby dear ! and lady dear !*

*Quin.* No, no ; you must play Pyramus ; and, Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father ; myself, Thisby's father ;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part :—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written ? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too : I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us : but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an<sup>d</sup> 'twere any nightingale.

in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, celebrates Kynaston's excellence in female characters. Some of the catastrophes of the old Comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability.

<sup>d</sup> *An 'twere*, i. e. *as if it were*.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus : for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely, gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow<sup>5</sup>.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light ; there we will rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties<sup>6</sup>, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously.

*Quin.* Take pains ; be perfect, adieu.—At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough ; Hold, or cut bow-strings<sup>7</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> It seems to have been a custom to stain or dye the beard. So in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611 :

“What coloured beard comes next by the window ?

A black man's, I think ;

I think, a red : for that is most in fashion.”

Again, in *The Silent Woman* : “I have fitted my divine and canonist, dyed their beards and all.” And, in *The Alchemist* : “he has dy'd his beard and all.”

<sup>6</sup> *Properties*, i. e. *articles required in performing a play.*

<sup>7</sup> *Hold, or cut bowstrings.* Capell says this is a *Toxopholite* expression, and that “When a party was made at butts, assurance of a meeting was given in those words.” The words “Take pains : be perfect, adieu,” form part of *Bottom's* speech in the old copies, but evidently belong to *Quince*.

having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both;—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit: Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speakest it well: Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out:—Give him a livery.

[To his Followers.

More guarded<sup>11</sup> than his fellows': See it done.

*Laun.* Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well;—[*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table<sup>12</sup>, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I

<sup>11</sup> *Guarded*, i. e. *ornamented*. *Guards* were trimmings, facings, or other ornaments, such as gold and silver lace, applied upon a dress; properly the *border* or *guard* of the *edge*.

<sup>12</sup> Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of this passage seems the most plausible: "Launcelot applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table*, breaks out into the following reflection:—'Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune'—"

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear<sup>6</sup>.

Farewell, thou lob<sup>7</sup> of spirits, I'll be gone ;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;  
Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;

She never had so sweet a changeling<sup>8</sup> :

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forest wild :

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,

But they do square<sup>9</sup> ; that all their elves, for fear,

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,  
Call'd Robin Good-fellow : are you not he,  
That frights<sup>10</sup> the maidens of the villagery :

rector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *all* for *tall*, and *cups* for *coats*. This would be injurious meddling with a fine imaginative passage.

<sup>6</sup> In the old comedy of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600; an enchanter says,  
" 'Twas I that led you through the painted meads  
Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,  
*Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*"

<sup>7</sup> *Lubber* or clown. *Lob*, *lobcock*, *looby*, and *lubber*, all denote inactivity of body and dulness of mind. The reader will remember Milton in *L'Allegro* :

"Then lays him down the *lubber* fiend."

<sup>8</sup> *A changeling* was a child changed by a fairy.

<sup>9</sup> *Square*, i. e. *quarrel*. For the probable cause of the use of *square* for *quarrel*, see Mr. Douce's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 182.

<sup>10</sup> *That frights the maidens*. This word is properly thus given in the old copies, but the succeeding actions of Robin Goodfellow are printed *skim*, *labour*, *make*, and *mislead*. Singular terminations have been given to these words without necessity. The mind readily supplies "*Do not you skim*," &c. and thus the harsh continuance of the oblique case is avoided.

Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern<sup>11</sup>,  
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;  
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm<sup>12</sup> ;  
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck<sup>13</sup>,  
 You do their work ; and they shall have good luck :  
 Are not you he ?

*Puck.*                   Thou speak'st aright ;  
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :  
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
 In very likeness of a roasted crab<sup>14</sup> ;  
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.  
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;  
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
 And *tailor* cries<sup>15</sup>, and falls into a cough ;

<sup>11</sup> A *quern* was a *handmill*.

<sup>12</sup> " And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or an housle-egg were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid, —then ware of bull-beggars, spirits," &c. Harsnet's Declaration, &c. ch. xx. p. 134. So also, Reginald Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, 4to. p. 66. "Your grandames" maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight ;—this white bread and milk was his standing fee." *Barm* is *yeast*.

<sup>13</sup> Shakespeare has followed the popular traditions about Puck. Milton refers to these traditions in *L'Allegro*. And Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*, gives a like account of Puck. Drayton followed Shakespeare ; the *Nymphidia* was one of his latest poems, and was published for the first time in 1619.

<sup>14</sup> *Wild apple*.

<sup>15</sup> Dr. Johnson thought he remembered to have heard this

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;  
And yexen<sup>16</sup> in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—

But room, Faëry, here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress :—'Would that he were  
gone !

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, from one side, with his Train, and  
TITANIA, from the other, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence<sup>1</sup>;  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton : Am not I thy lord ?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady : But I know  
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn<sup>2</sup> ; and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India ?  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded ? and you come

ludicrous exclamation upon a person's seat slipping from under him. He that slips from his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board.

<sup>16</sup> The old copies have *waxen in their mirth*, which might signify *increase their mirth*. Dr. Farmer proposed *yexen*, which is undoubtedly the true reading. To *yex* is to hiccup, and is so explained in all the old dictionaries. The meaning of the passage will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggyery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or hiccup, and a sneeze. Puck is speaking with an affectation of ancient phraseology.

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have, *Fairy, skip hence*. The Rev. Mr. Harness proposed, "Fairies, keep hence." From what Oberon says, it is evident that Titania and her train are retreating. The mistake is one very probable to occur in correcting the press from a reader. Titania says presently after, "Fairies, away!"

<sup>2</sup> The shepherd boys of Chaucer's time had  
Many a floite and litling horne  
nd *pipés made of grené corne*."

The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too : I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :  
But, if my father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself  
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,  
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
As any comer I have looked on yet,  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you ;  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,  
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—  
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !  
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
So' is Alcides beaten by his page<sup>4</sup> :  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance ;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have *rage*. Theobald corrected it.

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :  
 The human mortals<sup>9</sup> want their winter cheer<sup>10</sup> ;  
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest :  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :  
 And thorough this distemperature, we see  
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown<sup>11</sup>,  
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
 Is, as in mockery, set : The spring, the summer,

in the ground in the angles and sides of a square, and placing stones or other things upon them, according to certain rules. These figures are called *nine men's morris*, or *merrils*, because each party playing has nine men ; they were generally cut upon turf, and were consequently choked up with mud in rainy seasons.

<sup>9</sup> *Human mortals*, unless a mere pleonasm, is put in opposition to mortals that are not human, the brute creation. Certainly not to fairy mortals, nor to *human immortals*, as Steevens and Ritson would interpret it. It is simply the language of a fairy speaking of man.

<sup>10</sup> The old copy reads, "want their winter *here*." I do not hesitate to adopt Theobald's very happy emendation, the word was not unfrequently written *chere*. No explanation yet offered of the old reading is satisfactory.

<sup>11</sup> This singular image was probably suggested to the poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, B. ii.

"And lastly quaking for the colde, stoode *Winter* all forlorne,  
 With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-torne,  
 Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe,  
 Upon his gray and *hoarie beard*, and *snowie frozen crowne*."  
 Or, by Virgil's fourth *Æneid*, through Surrey's Translation :

"——— tum flumina mento

Precipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba."

Unless we suppose the passage corrupt, and that we should read *thin*, i. e. *thin-hair'd*. So Cordelia, speaking of Lear.

"—— to watch roor perdu !

With this *thin* helm."

And again, in Richard II.

"White beards have arm'd their *thin* and hairless scalps."

The chiding autumn<sup>12</sup>, smartly from his bow,  
 Their wonted liveries; adred thousand hearts :  
 By their increase<sup>14</sup> noCupid's fiery shaft is which.  
 And this same progeny or evils comes  
 From our debate, from our dissension ;  
 We are their parents and original.

*Obe.* Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :  
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
 To be my henchman<sup>15</sup>.

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest,  
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order :  
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;  
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;  
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind ;  
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
 Following (her womb, then rich with my young'squire),

<sup>12</sup> Autumn producing flowers unseasonably upon those of Summer.

<sup>13</sup> The confusion of seasons here described is no more than a poetical account of the weather which happened in England about the time when the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was written. The date of the piece may be determined by Churchyard's description of the same kind of weather in his "*Charitie*," 1595. Shakespeare fancifully ascribes this distemperature of seasons to a quarrel between the playful rulers of the fairy world; Churchyard, broken down by age and misfortunes, is seriously disposed to represent it as a judgment from the Almighty on the offences of mankind.

<sup>14</sup> *Increase*, i. e. *produce*. So in Shakespeare's 97th Sonnet :  
 "The teeming *Autumn*, big with rich *increase*,  
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime."

<sup>15</sup> *Henchman* quasi *haunchman*, *page of honour*. Thus Chaucer :  
 "And every knight had after him riding  
 Three *henchmen*, on him awaiting."

There have been other etymologies proposed, as from *Hine* and *man*, a *servant*; and *Hengst*, Germ. a *groom*.

And the quaint mazes in the land,  
 For lack of tread, are undiscover'd again,  
 As from a mortal's want of merchandise.  
 But she, being mortal, of that boy will die ;  
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy :  
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend you stay ?

*Tita.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
 If you will patiently dance in our round,  
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us ;  
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Tita.* Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away !  
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA, and her Train.*]

*Obe.* Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this  
 grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither : Thou remember'st  
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;  
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
 To hear the sea-maid's musick.

*Puck.*

I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),  
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
 Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took  
 At a fair vestal<sup>16</sup>, throned by the west ;

<sup>16</sup> It is well known that a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in this very beautiful passage. Warburton, with his accustomed acute ingenuity, saw in the *mermaid* of the allegory in the preceding lines, that Mary Queen of Scots was alluded to, and that the stars which shot madly from their spheres meant such persons as the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. This explanation has been combated by Ritson, Boaden, and Mr. Halpin, but ably supported and

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift<sup>4</sup>,  
 Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,  
 If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store;  
 And, by the near guess of my memory,  
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
 Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?  
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
 Will furnish me: But soft; How many months  
 Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;  
[To ANTONIO.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
 By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,  
 I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd<sup>5</sup>,  
 How much you would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.

have us *at the advantage, on the hip*, as we say, it is no great matter then to get service at our hands." And in Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, B. xlv. St. 117:

"In fine, he doth applie one special drift,  
 Which was to get the Pagan *on the hippe*:  
 And having caught him right, he doth him lift,  
 By nimble sleight, and in such wise doth trippe,  
 That downe he threw him," &c.

I owe these passages to Mr. Arrowsmith. Mr. Dyce has furnished several other examples of the use of the phrase, but has adopted Johnson's notion that the phrase was derived from hunting.

<sup>4</sup> So the quartos. The folios misprint this *well-worn* thrift.

<sup>5</sup> *Possess'd*, i. e. *inform'd*. The quarto by Roberts reads:

"Are you *resolv'd*  
 How much *he* would *have*."

I'll make her render up her page to me.  
 But who comes here? I am invisible<sup>20</sup>;  
 And I will overhear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not  
 Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?  
 The one I'll slay<sup>21</sup>, the other slayeth me.  
 Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,  
 And here am I, and wood<sup>22</sup> within this wood,  
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant<sup>23</sup>;  
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
 Is true as steel; Leave you your power to draw,  
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
 Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.  
 I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
 Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
 Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
 Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
 What worser place can I beg in your love,  
 (And yet a place of high respect with me),

<sup>20</sup> Among the *properties* named in Henslowe's Diary, is "a robe for to go invisible!" Oberon may be supposed to be so invested, by which it was understood he was not to be seen.

<sup>21</sup> The old copies read *stay* and *stayeth*. In a subsequent scene Hermia suspects that Demetrius has slain Lysander.

<sup>22</sup> *Wood*, i. e. *mad, raving*.

<sup>23</sup> "There is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any part of him." *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, by Edward Fenton 1569

Than to be used as you use your dog?

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;  
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick, when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach<sup>24</sup> your modesty too much  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege for that.  
It is not night, when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night:  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;  
For you, in my respect, are all the world:  
Then how can it be said, I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!  
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions; let me go:  
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,

<sup>24</sup> *Impeach* i. e. *bring it into question.*

To die upon<sup>25</sup> the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt* DEM. and HEL.

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this  
grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

*Re-enter* PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips<sup>26</sup> and the nodding violet grows ;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :  
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers<sup>27</sup> with dances and delight ;  
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :  
A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;  
But do it, when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on<sup>28</sup>.

<sup>25</sup> To *die upon*, &c. appears to have been used for "to *die by* the hand." So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

"I'll die *on him* that says so, but yourself."

<sup>26</sup> *Oxlips*, i. e. *the greater cowslip*.

<sup>27</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *bowers* for flowers, and *lush* for luscious above, but neither of these innovations are necessary or desirable.

<sup>28</sup> Steevens thinks this rhyme of *man* and *on* a sufficient proof that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England. But our ancient poets were not particular in making their rhymes correspond in sound, and I very much doubt a conclusion made upon such slender grounds.

Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
 More fond on her, than she upon her love :  
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.  
 [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the Wood.*

*Enter TITANIA, with her train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel<sup>1</sup>, and a fairy song ;  
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;  
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;  
 Some, war with rear-mice<sup>2</sup> for their leathern wings,  
 To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back  
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;  
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*  
           *Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;*  
*Newts, and blindworms, do no wrong ;*  
           *Come not near our fairy queen :*

*Chorus.*   *Philomel, with melody,*  
           *Sing in our sweet lullaby ;*  
           *Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :*  
           *Never harm, nor spell nor charm,*  
           *Come our lovely lady nigh ;*  
           *So, good night, with lullaby.*

<sup>1</sup> The *roundel*, or round, as its name implies, was a dance of a circular kind. Ben Jonson, in the Tale of a Tub, seems to call the *rings* which such fairy dances are supposed to make in the grass, *rondels* :

“ I’ll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen’s paths.”

<sup>2</sup> *Rearmice*, i. e. bats.

## II.

2 *Fai.* *Weaving spiders, come not here ;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :  
Beetles black, approach not near ;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

*Chorus.* *Philomel, with melody, &c.*

1 *Fai.* Hence, away ; now all is well :  
One, aloof, stand sentinel.  
[*Exeunt* Fairies. *TITANIA* sleeps.

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eyelids.*  
Do it for thy true love take ;  
Love, and languish for his sake :  
Be it ounce<sup>3</sup>, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;  
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Fairlove, you faint with wandering in the wood ;  
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way ;  
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so, *Lysander* : find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay, good *Lysander* ; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet : do not lie so near.

<sup>3</sup> Ounce, i. e. the small tiger, or tiger-cat.

*Lys.* O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence<sup>4</sup>;  
 Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.  
 I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;  
 So that but one heart we can make of it:  
 Two bosoms interchained<sup>5</sup> with an oath;  
 So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.  
 Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;  
 For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily:—  
 Now much beshrew<sup>6</sup> my manners and my pride,  
 If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.  
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
 Lie further off; in human modesty  
 Such separation, as, may well be said,  
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:  
 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:  
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;  
 And then end life, when I end loyalty!  
 Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be  
 press'd! [They sleep.]

*O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence, i. e.* "understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind." In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness, not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*. Mr. Coillier's folio correctors would unnecessarily change *conference* into *confidence*.

<sup>4</sup> The folio has *interchanged*.

<sup>6</sup> This word implies a sinister wish, and here means the same as if she had said, "now *ill befall* my manners," &c. Chaucer uses *To shrew* for to curse; a *shrew'd* woman and a *curst* woman were the same. Tooke thinks it is the Saxon imperative of *Bē-rýneþian*, Be thou rýneþe, or vexed. Florio gives the following old erroneous origin of this expression: "*Museragno*. A kinde of mouse called a *shrew*, which is deadly to other beasts if he but bite them, and laming all if he but touch them, of whome came that ordinary curse, *I beshrew you*, as much as to say, I wish you death." The first and last syllables of the previous line continue Lysander's pun on *lie*. See the next line.

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,  
 But Athenian found<sup>7</sup> I none,  
 On whose eyes I might approve  
 This flower's force in stirring love.  
 Night and silence! who is here?  
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
 This is he, my master said,  
 Despised the Athenian maid;  
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
 On the dank and dirty ground.  
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy  
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
 All the power this charm doth owe<sup>8</sup>:  
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid<sup>9</sup>.  
 So awake, when I am gone;  
 For I must now to Oberon. *[Exit.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

*Hel.* O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

*[Exit DEMETRIUS]*

*Hel.* O! I am out of breath in this fond chase!  
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;  
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

<sup>7</sup> Thus Fisher's 4to. The folios, and the 4to. by Roberts, have *finde* I none."

<sup>8</sup> *Owe*, i. e. *possess*.

<sup>9</sup> So in Macbeth:

"Sleep shall neither night nor day  
 Hang upon his pent-house lid."

Upon the fortune of this present year :  
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

*Salan*<sup>4</sup>. Why then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fye, fye !

*Salan.* Not in love neither ? Then let's say, you  
are sad,

Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy  
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble  
kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo : Fare you well ;  
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?  
Say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : Must it be so ?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.*]

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found An-  
tonio,

<sup>4</sup> This and the succeeding speech of Salanio are given to Salario by Mr. Knight, but there seems no good reason for departing from the appropriation of them in the old copies.

Love's stories written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*]

*Lys.* She sees not *Hermia*! — *Hermia*, sleep thou  
there;

And never mayst thou come *Lysander* near!  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive;  
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,  
Of all be hated; but the most of me!  
And all my powers, address your love and might,  
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*]

*Her.* [*starting.*] Help me, *Lysander*, help me! do  
thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!  
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!  
*Lysander*, look, how I do quake with fear:  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—  
*Lysander*! what, remov'd? *Lysander*! lord!  
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?  
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;  
Speak, of all loves<sup>12</sup>; I swoon almost with fear.

<sup>12</sup> *Of all loves*, i. e. *by all that is dear*. See vol. i. p. 224, note 12

*The.* She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

*Enter THISBE.*

*Hip.* Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us! she for a woman, God bless us<sup>30</sup>!

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans<sup>31</sup>, *videlicet*.——

*This.* "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lily brows<sup>32</sup>,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have shore

"With shears his thread of silk.

usand ducats.

ou told me so.

it is no great mat-  
in Harington's Or-

rife,

e hippe:

th·him lift,

se doth trippe,

fr. Dyce has furnished  
arase, but has adopted  
ved from hunting.

<sup>30</sup> *He for a man, God warrant us; she for a w.* his well-worn thrift.  
*us.* These words are from the 4tos. The folio by Roberts reads:  
account of the statute 1 Jac. ch. 21, against priv'd  
sacred name.

<sup>31</sup> The old copies read *means*, which was prob  
the press for *moans*. Theobald made the altera

<sup>32</sup> The old copies read *lips* instead of *brows*.  
was made for the sake of the rhyme by Theobal

Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver : This will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue ; and it shall be written in eight and six<sup>3</sup>.

*Bot.* No, make it two more ; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion ?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves : to bring in, God shield us ! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing ; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living ; and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck ; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble : my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life : No, I am no such thing ; I am a man as other men are :—and there, indeed, let him name his name ; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner<sup>4</sup>.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard

<sup>3</sup> That is, in alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

<sup>4</sup> Shakespeare may here allude to an incident said to have occurred in his time, which is recorded in a collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MS. Harl. 6395 : "There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's back ; but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham ; which blunt discoverie pleased the queen better than if he had gone through in the right way :—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.

*Wall.* " In this same interlude, it doth befall,  
 " That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :  
 " And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
 " That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,  
 " Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
 " Did whisper often very secretly.  
 " This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show  
 " That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :  
 " And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
 " Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr.* " O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so black ;

" O night, which ever art, when day is not !

" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

" I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !—

" And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

" That stand'st between her father's ground and mine ;

" Thou wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall,

" Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [Wall holds up his Fingers.

" Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this !

" But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

" O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss :

" Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !"

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;  
An actor, too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

*Pyr.* *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

*Quin.* Odours! odours!

*Pyr.* ——— *odours savours sweet:*

*So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—*

*But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,*

*And by and by I will to thee appear.* [Exit.

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!  
[Aside.—Exit.

*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This.* *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,*

*Most brisky Juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,*

*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,*

*I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

*Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues<sup>6</sup> and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.*

*This.* O!—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

*Pyr.* *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.—*

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.  
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [Exeunt Clowns.

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.  
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

<sup>6</sup> The cues are the last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a hint to him who is to speak next; and generally written out with that which was to be learnt by rote.

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

*Re-enter SNOUT*

*Snout.* O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; Do you?

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[*Exit.*]

*Bot.* I see their knavery! this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*]

*The ousel-cock<sup>7</sup>, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawney bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill.*

*Tita.* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[*Waking.*]

<sup>7</sup> By the *ousel-cock* Shakespeare evidently, like his contemporaries, means the *black-bird*. Thus Drayton in the *Polyolbion*, Song xiii.—

"The *woosel* near at hand, that hath a golden bill,  
As nature him had mark'd of purpose t'let us see,  
That from all other birds his tunes should different be;  
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;  
Upon his dulcet pipe the *merle* doth only play."

A note adds: "Of all birds the black-bird only whisteth."

*Bot.* The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
 The plain-song cuckoo<sup>8</sup> gray,  
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
 And dares not answer, nay ;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ?  
 who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*,  
 never so ?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again ;  
 Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;  
 And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,  
 On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee<sup>9</sup>.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little  
 reason for that : And yet, to say the truth, reason  
 and love keep little company together now-a-days :  
 The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will  
 not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek<sup>10</sup> upon  
 occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither : but if I had wit enough to  
 get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine  
 own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go ;  
 Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
 I am a spirit of no common rate ;  
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
 And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;  
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;  
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep :  
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :

<sup>8</sup> The cuckoo, having no variety of note, sings in *plain song* (*plano cantu*), by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently distinguished in opposition to *prick-song*, or variated music sung by note.

<sup>9</sup> These lines are strangely transposed in one of the 4tos. and in the folios.

<sup>10</sup> *Gleek*, i. e. *jest* or *scoff*, from *głiz*, Saxon.

bachelör : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true : Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,  
I lose your company ; therefore, forbear a while :  
There's something tells me, (but it is not love),  
I would not lose you : and you know yourself,  
Hate counsels not in such a quality :  
But lest you should not understand me well  
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought),  
I would detain you here some month or two,  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you,  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;  
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'er-look'd<sup>1</sup> me, and divided me ;  
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,——

monitory or preservative to the wearer. Thomas Nicols, in his translation of Anselm de Boot's Lapidary, says, this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife." This quality may have moved Leah to present it to Shylock. It is evident that he valued it more for its imaginary virtues, or as a memorial of his wife, than for its pecuniary worth.

<sup>1</sup> To be o'erlook'd, forelooked, or eye-bitten, was a term for being

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash<sup>13</sup>, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience<sup>14</sup> well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my lover's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *Another part of the Wood.*

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter PUCK.*

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?  
What night-rule<sup>1</sup> now about this haunted grove?

<sup>13</sup> A *squash* is an immature *peascod*. So in *Twelfth Night*, Act i Sc. 5:

“As a *squash* is before 'tis a *peascod*.”

<sup>1</sup> Mason proposed to read, “I know you passing well,” which would be plausible if change were necessary; but the words are spoken ironically, as it was the prevailing opinion in Shakespeare's time, that mustard excited choler.

<sup>1</sup> *Night-rule*, i. e. *travesty*.

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.  
 Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
 A crew of patches<sup>2</sup>, rude mechanicals,  
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
 Were met together to rehearse a play,  
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort<sup>3</sup>,  
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
 Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake :  
 When I did him at this advantage take,  
 An ass's nowl<sup>4</sup> I fixed on his head ;  
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,  
 And forth my mimick comes : When they him spy  
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
 Or russet-pated choughs<sup>5</sup>, many in sort,  
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;  
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :  
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;  
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus  
                   strong,  
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :  
 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch ;

<sup>2</sup> A *patch* sometimes means a *fool*, or *simpleton*, but it was a common contemptuous term, and may be either a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, or derived from the *patch'd* clothes sometimes worn by persons of low condition. Tooke gives a different origin from the Saxon verb *precan*, to deceive by false appearances.

<sup>3</sup> *Barren* is *dull*, *unpregnant*. *Sort* is *company*.

<sup>4</sup> *Nowl*, a *head*. The metamorphosis of Bottom might have been suggested by a similar trick played by Dr. Faustus. See his History, c. xliii. The receipt for the process occurs in Albertus Magnus de Secretis: "Si vis quod caput hominis assimiletur capiti asini, sume de segimine aselli, et unge hominem in capite, et sic apparebit." The book was translated in Shakespeare's time

<sup>5</sup> The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind.

Some, sleeves ; some, hats ; from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there :  
When in that moment (so it came to pass),  
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*Obe.* This falls out better than I could devise.  
But hast thou yet latch'd<sup>6</sup> the Athenian's eyes  
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,  
And the Athenian woman by his side ;  
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.*

*Obe.* Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?  
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse ;  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,  
As he to me. Would he have stolen away  
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,  
This whole earth may be bor'd ; and that the moon  
May through the centre creep, and so displease  
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.  
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him ;  
So should a murderer look ; so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look ; and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty :  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,

<sup>6</sup> *Latch'd* or *letch'd*, *licked* or *smeared over*. *Lecher*, Fr. Steevens says that, in the North, it signifies to *infect*.

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the  
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch<sup>7</sup>!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd<sup>8</sup> mood:  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no<sup>9</sup>. [*Exit.*]

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein:  
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*]

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken  
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

<sup>7</sup> A *touch* anciently signified a *trick*. Ascham has "the shrewd touches of many curst boys." And in the old story of Howleglas, "for at all times he did some mad touch."

<sup>8</sup> "On a mispris'd mood," i. e. in a mistaken manner. *On* was sometimes used for *in*.

<sup>9</sup> So was added by Pope. A few lines lower *sleep* is misprinted *idp* in the old copies.

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue  
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules ; that, one man holding  
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look thou find :  
All fancy-sick<sup>9</sup> she is, and pale of cheer<sup>10</sup>  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear<sup>11</sup>  
By some illusion see thou bring her here ;  
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go ; look, how I go :  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

*Obe.* Flower of this purple die,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye !  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.—  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand ;  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee.  
Shall we their fond pageant see ?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be !

<sup>9</sup> *Fancy-sick*, i. e. *love-sick*.

<sup>10</sup> *Cheer* here signifies *countenance*, from the old Fr. *chère*, or *céra* ITAL. signifying "the face, visage, sight, or *countenance*, *look*, or *cheere* of a man or woman."

<sup>11</sup> So in K. Henry VI. we have "blood-consuming," "blood-drinking," and "blood-sucking sighs." All alluding to the ancient supposition, that every sigh was indulged at the expense of a drop of blood.

*Obe.* Stand aside : the noise they make,  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one ;  
That must needs be sport alone<sup>12</sup> ;  
And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should woo in  
scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :  
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born  
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more.  
When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray !  
These vows are Herminia's ; Will you give her o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :  
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect  
divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine cyne ?  
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !  
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,  
When thou hold'st up thy hand : O let me kiss

<sup>12</sup> *Sport alone*, that is, *so good that none other will compare with it*. This expression for *most excellent sport*, is put into the mouth of Robin Goodfellow in the old play of Willy Beguiled.

This princess of pure white, this seal<sup>13</sup> of bliss!

*Hel.* O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me, for your merriment.  
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.  
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,  
With your derision! none of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin; and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;  
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd<sup>14</sup>;  
And now to Helen is it home return'd,

<sup>13</sup> "This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss." Thus all the old copies. Mr. Collier suggests that *impress* may have been Shakespeare's word, but we have a similar thought in Antony and Cleopatra:

"My playfellow, your *hand*; this *kingly seal*,  
And plighter of high hearts."

<sup>14</sup> The old copy reads, "My heart *to* her but as guest-wise so journey'd." Malone made the necessary correction.

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard seed

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go ?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman :  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries<sup>11</sup>.  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;  
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.  
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes .  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail !

3 *Fai.* Hail .

4 *Fai.* Hail !

*Bot.* I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name ?

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance<sup>12</sup>;  
good master Cobweb : If I cut my finger, I shall make  
bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman ?

<sup>11</sup> *Dewberries*, the fruit of a bramble called *Rubus cæsius* : sometimes called also the *blue-berry*.

<sup>12</sup> "I shall desire *you of* more acquaintance." This kind of phraseology was not uncommon. In *Lusty Juventus*, a morality, we have : "I shall desire *you of* better acquaintance." And in *A Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599 : "I do desire *you of* more acquaintance."

No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh :  
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

*Bottom.*

**A**RE we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here's 'a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our 'tiring house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

*Snout.* By'r'lakin<sup>1</sup>, a parlous<sup>2</sup> fear.

*Star.* I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not

<sup>1</sup> *By'r'lakin*, i. e. *by our ladykin* or *little lady*, as *ifakins*, is a corruption of *by my faith*.

<sup>2</sup> *Parlous*, corrupted from *perilous*; but used for *alarming*, *amazing*.

(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),  
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,  
 Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
 Let her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander  
 Loo<sup>n</sup>y your love, so rich within his soul,  
 I tender me, forsooth, affection;

by your setting on, by your consent?  
 He<sup>n</sup>at though I be not so in grace as you,  
 The eang upon with love, so fortunate;  
 Whermiserable most, to love unlov'd?  
 It pay you should pity, rather than despise.  
 Thou'er. I understand not what you mean by this.  
 Mine<sup>er</sup>. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,  
 But ve mouthis upon me when I turn my back;  
 Lylk at each other; hold the sweet jest up:  
 He sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.

Lyou have any pity, grace, or manners,  
 Fair would not make me such an argument<sup>19</sup>.  
 Thar, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;  
 Whych death, or absence, soon shall remedy.  
 The ys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;  
 Hlove. my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!  
 Now'er. Sweet, do not scorn her so.  
 To Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.  
 Iniuys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;  
 Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak  
 prayers<sup>20</sup>.—

Helen, I love thee; by my life I do:  
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
 To prove him false, that says I love thee not.  
 Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.  
 Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.  
 Dem. Quick, come,—

<sup>19</sup> *Argument*, i. e. such a *subject* of light merriment.

<sup>20</sup> The old copies read *praise*, an evident error.

*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!

*Dem.* No, no, Sir,—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow<sup>21</sup>;  
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let  
loose;

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change is  
this,

Sweet love?

*Lys.* Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!  
Out, loathed medicine! O hated potion, hence!

*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hcl.* Yes, 'sooth: and so do you.

*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,  
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her  
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm than hate?  
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what means<sup>22</sup> my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.* Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

<sup>21</sup> This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read:

"No, no, he'll

Seem to break loose," &c.

<sup>22</sup> The old copy has *newes*, an evident press error for *meanes*.  
as indicated in Mr. Collier's second folio.

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

*Her.* O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom<sup>23</sup>!  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine, i'faith  
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

*Her.* Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.  
Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—  
And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;  
How low am I? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst<sup>24</sup>;  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice;  
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,  
Because she's something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower! hark, again.

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:  
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.

<sup>23</sup> The *canker* is a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So before in this play:  
Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds."

<sup>24</sup> *Curst*, i. e. *froward*, *cross*, *ill-conditioned*, or *ill-spoken*.

But he hath chid me hence : and threaten'd me  
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :  
 And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
 To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
 And follow you no further : Let me go :  
 You see how simple and how fond<sup>25</sup> I am.

*Hcr.* Why, get you gone : Who is't that hinders you ?

*Hel.* A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What ! with Lysander ?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid ; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Dem.* No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd :  
 She was a vixen, when she went to school ;  
 And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again ? nothing but low and little ?—  
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?  
 Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf ;  
 You minimus of hind'ring knot-grass<sup>26</sup> made ;  
 You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious,  
 In her behalf that scorns your services :  
 Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;  
 Take not her part : for if thou dost intend<sup>27</sup>  
 Never so little show of love to her,  
 Thou shalt aby it<sup>28</sup>.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not ;  
 Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right  
 Or<sup>29</sup> thine or mine, is most in Helena.

<sup>25</sup> *Fond*, i. e. *foolish*.

<sup>26</sup> Anciently knot-grass was believed to prevent the growth of children. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>27</sup> *Intend*, i. e. *pretend*.

<sup>28</sup> *Aby it*, for *abide it*, i. e. *pay dearly for it, rue it*, as at p. 353.

<sup>29</sup> The old copies have "*Of* thine or mine."

*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jole

[*Exeunt* *LYS.* and *DEM*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you :  
Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I ;  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;  
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit*]

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say<sup>30</sup>.

[*Exit, pursuing* *HELENA.*]

*Obe.* This is thy negligence : still thou mistak'st,  
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on<sup>a</sup> ?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes :  
And so far am I glad it so did sort<sup>31</sup>,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight :  
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius :  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye :  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

<sup>30</sup> This line is not in the folios. In the next line but one the folios have *willingly* instead of *wilfully*.

<sup>a</sup> The folio and Roberts's 4to read *hath*.

<sup>31</sup> *Sort*, i. e. *chance, fall out*, from *sort*, French.

To take from thence all error with his might,  
 And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.  
 When they next wake, all this derision  
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;  
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend  
 With league whose date till death shall never end.  
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ<sup>32</sup>,  
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;  
 And then I will her charmed eye release  
 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste ;  
 For night's swift dragons<sup>33</sup> cut the clouds full fast,  
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;  
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
 Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,  
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial<sup>34</sup>,  
 Already to their wormy beds<sup>35</sup> are gone ;  
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
 They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort :  
 I with the Morning's love<sup>36</sup> have oft made sport ;  
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

<sup>32</sup> This is the reading of Fisher's 4to. That by Roberts has *apply* ; and the folios *imply*.

<sup>33</sup> Night's chariot was represented as drawn by dragons, on account of their extreme watchfulness. So in *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 11 :

"Swift, swift, ye dragons of the night."

See note on that passage.

<sup>34</sup> The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads ; and of those who, being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. Compare the fine passage in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 1, beginning, "I have heard the cock, that is the trumpet of the morn."

<sup>35</sup> "Or that thy beauties lie in *wormy bed*."—Milton's *Ode on the Death of a fair Infant*.

<sup>36</sup> It has been thought that Tithonus, the husband, or the hunter Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora, may have been meant ; but I incline to read with Johnson "the morning's *light*," which seems to me indicated by what follows.

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,  
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams<sup>27</sup>.  
 But, notwithstanding, haste! make no delay:  
 We may effect this business yet ere day.

[*Exit* OBERON.

*Puck*. Up and down, up and down,  
 I will lead them up and down:  
 I am fear'd in field and town;  
 Goblin, lead them up and down.  
 Here comes one.

*Enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys*. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak  
 thou now.

*Puck*. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art  
 thou?

*Lys*. I will be with thee straight.

*Puck*. Follow me then  
 To plainer ground. [*Exit* Lys. *as following the voice*.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Dem*. Lysander! speak again.  
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
 Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?  
*Puck*. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
 And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child,  
 I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,  
 That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem*. Yea; art thou there?

*Puck*. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.  
 [*Exeunt*.

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys*. He goes before me, and still dares me on;  
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

<sup>27</sup> Oberon here boasts that he was not compelled, like meznier spirits, to vanish at the first dawn.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :  
 I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ; [*Shifting places.*  
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
 And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day !  
[*Lies down.*
 For if but once thou show me thy gray light,  
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.*

*Puck.* Ho, ho ! ho<sup>38</sup> ! Coward, why com'st thou not ?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot,  
 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;  
 And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
 Where art thou now<sup>39</sup> ?

*Puck.* Come hither ; I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt  
 'by this dear<sup>40</sup>.

If ever I thy face by day-light see :  
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.—  
 By day's approach look to be visited.  
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
 Abate thy hours : shine, comforts from the east ;  
 That I may back to Athens by day-light,

<sup>38</sup> This exclamation would have been uttered with more propriety by Puck, if he were not now playing an assumed character, which he seems to forget. In the old song printed by Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every stanza with ho ! ho ! ho ! It was also the established dramatic exclamation given to the devil whenever he appeared on the stage, and attributed to him whenever he appeared in reality.

<sup>39</sup> *Now* is omitted in all the old editions but the quarto by Fisher.

<sup>40</sup> Thou shalt 'by this dear, i. e. *aby it*. See note p. 358.

From these that my poor company detest :—  
 And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
 Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

*Puck.* Yet but three? Come one more;  
 Two of both kinds makes up four.  
 Here she comes, curst and sad :—  
 Cupid is a knavish lad,  
 Thus to make poor females mad.

*Enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe,  
 Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;  
 I can no further crawl, no further go;  
 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
 Here will I rest me, till the break of day,  
 Heaven shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!  
 [*Lies down.*

*Puck.* On the ground sleep sound :  
 I'll apply to your eye<sup>41</sup>,  
 Gentle lover, remedy.  
 [*Squeezing the juice on* *LYSANDER'S eye.*  
 When thou wak'st, thou tak'st  
 True delight in the sight  
 Of thy former lady's eye :  
 And the country proverb known,  
 That every man should take his own,  
 In your waking shall be shown :  
 Jack shall have Jill ;  
 Nought shall go ill ;  
 The man shall have his mare again,  
 And all shall be well<sup>42</sup>.  
 [*Exit PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. sleep*


<sup>41</sup> All the old copies omit *to*, which is necessary to the sense

<sup>42</sup> These three last lines are to be found in Heywood's *Epigrams*, or *Three Hundred Proverbs*.

<sup>43</sup> The old stage-direction is, "They sleep all the act."

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA  
*sleeping, as before.**Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending;  
OBERON behind unseen.**Titania.*

OME, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy<sup>1</sup>,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peas-blossom?*Peas.* Ready.*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's  
monsieur Cobweb?*Cob.* Ready.*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your  
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped  
humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mon-  
sieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself  
too much in the action, monsieur; and, good mon-  
sieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would  
be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag,  
signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?*Must.* Ready.*Bot.* Give me your neif<sup>2</sup>, monsieur Mustard-seed.  
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.*Must.* What's your will?

<sup>1</sup> To *coy*, is to *stroke* or *sooth with the hand*. The behaviour of Titania on this occasion seems copied from that of the lady in Apuleius, lib. viii.

<sup>2</sup> *Neif*, that is *fist*. So in K. Henry IV. Part II. Pistol says: "Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*." It is a north-country word.

And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension ;  
We are their parents and original.

*Obe.* Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman<sup>15</sup>.

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest,  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votress of my order :  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;  
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind ;  
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
Following (her womb, then rich with my young'squire),

<sup>12</sup> Autumn producing flowers unseasonably upon those of Summer.

<sup>13</sup> The confusion of seasons here described is no more than a poetical account of the weather which happened in England about the time when the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was written. The date of the piece may be determined by Churchyard's description of the same kind of weather in his "*Charitie*," 1595. Shakespeare fancifully ascribes this distemperature of seasons to a quarrel between the playful rulers of the fairy world ; Churchyard, broken down by age and misfortunes, is seriously disposed to represent it as a judgment from the Almighty on the offences of mankind.

<sup>14</sup> *Increase*, i. e. *produce*. So in Shakespeare's 97th Sonnet :  
"The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime."

<sup>15</sup> *Henchman* quasi *haunchman*, *page of honour*. Thus Chaucer :  
"And every knight had after him riding  
Three *henchmen*, on him awaiting."

There have been other etymologies proposed, as from *Hine* and *man*, a *servant* ; and *Hengst*, Germ. a *groom*.

*Enter PUCK.*

*Obe. [Advancing.]* Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
 For meeting her of late behind the wood,  
 Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,  
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her :  
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;  
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,  
 Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,  
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.  
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,  
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,  
 I then did ask of her her changeling child ;  
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
 And now I have the boy, I will undo  
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
 From off the head of this Athenian swain ;  
 That he awaking when the other<sup>8</sup> do,  
 May all to Athens back again repair,  
 And think no more of this night's accidents,  
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be. [*Touching her eyes*

See, as thou wast wont to see : *with an herb.*

same fingers. The *woodbine* and the *honeysuckle* are identical, and Shakespeare elsewhere uses woodbine for what is commonly known as honeysuckle. In Heresbach's *Husbandry* by Googe, 1601, p. 180. "The other, the *hony socle* or the *woodbine*, beginneth to flowre in June, and continueth with a passing sweete savour, till the very latter end of sommer." Mr. Gifford asserted that the woodbine of Shakespeare is the blue bind-weed or great convolvulus.

<sup>8</sup> This was the phraseology of the time. So in *K. Henry IV. Part I.*—"and unbound the rest, and then came in the *other*."

Dian's bud<sup>9</sup> o'er Cupid's flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

*Obe.* Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—  
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Musick, ho! musick! such as charmeth sleep.

*Puck.* Now<sup>a</sup>, when thou wak'st, with thine own  
fool's eyes peep.

*Obe.* Sound, musick! [*Still musick.*] Come, my  
queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair prosperity<sup>10</sup>:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad<sup>11</sup>,

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

<sup>9</sup> *Dian's bud* is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*.  
"The virtue of this hearbe is, that he will kepe man and woman  
*chaste*." Macer's Herbal, by Lynacre, b. l. no date. Cupid's flower  
is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness*. See A. ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>a</sup> The word *Now* is only found in Fisher's 4to. but it seems  
necessary to the rhythm of the line.

<sup>10</sup> Thus the 4to. by Fisher. The folio and 4to. by Roberts  
have *posterity*. Fisher's 4to. omits *the* in the succeeding line.

<sup>11</sup> *Sad* here signifies only *grave*, *serious*.

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

*Tita.* Come, my lord ; and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found  
With these mortals on the ground<sup>12</sup>. [*Exeunt.*  
[*Horns sound within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester ;—  
For now our observation is perform'd<sup>13</sup> :  
And since we have the vaward of the day<sup>14</sup>,  
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.—  
Uncouple in the western valley ; let them go !  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding<sup>15</sup> ; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd<sup>16</sup> all one mutual cry : I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd<sup>17</sup>, so sanded ; and their heads are hung

<sup>12</sup> The stage-direction in the folio is "Sleepers lie still."

<sup>13</sup> i. e. the honours due to the morning of *May*. So in a former scene—"to do observance to a morn of May."

<sup>14</sup> *Vaward*, i. e. the early part of the day.

<sup>15</sup> *Chiding* means here the cry of hounds. To *chide* is used sometimes for to sound, or make a noise without any reference to scolding. So in *K. Henry VIII.*

"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood."  
And in the 22nd Book of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :  
"drums and trumpets *chide*."

<sup>16</sup> *Seem'd*. This is the reading of the second folio.

<sup>17</sup> The *flews* are the large *chaps* of a deep-mouthed hound. *Sanded* means of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound.

With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;  
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ;  
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :  
 Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ! what nymphs are  
 these ?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep :  
 And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;  
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :  
 I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe  
 The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,  
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
 But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day  
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their  
 horns.

*Horns, and shout within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,  
 HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

*The.* Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past :  
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*

*The.*

I pray you all, stand up.

I know you are two rival enemies ;  
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
 That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
 Half 'sleep, half waking : But as yet, I swear,  
 I cannot truly say how I came here :  
 But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is);  
 I came with Hermia hither: our intent  
 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might<sup>18</sup>  
 Without the peril of the Athenian law—

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:  
 I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—  
 They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,  
 Thereby to have defeated you and me:  
 You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;  
 Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
 Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;  
 And I in fury hither followed them;  
 Fair Helena in fancy<sup>19</sup> following me.  
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power  
 (But by some power it is), my love to Hermia.  
 Melted as the snow, seems to me now  
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd<sup>20</sup>,  
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon:  
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
 The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,  
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia<sup>21</sup>:  
 But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food:  
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,

<sup>18</sup> Thus the 4to. by Fisher, Roberts's 4to. and the folio read, "where we might *be*," completing the sense at Athenian law, to the injury of the metre. The interruption of Egeus leaves the sentence incomplete, which was most probably intended.

<sup>19</sup> *Fancy* is here *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*. So in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*:

"A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave."  
 Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*.

<sup>20</sup> *Gawd*, i. e. *toy*.

<sup>21</sup> The old copies have "ere I *see*," and in the next line "*a* sickness."

And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon<sup>22</sup>

Egeus, I will overbear your will ;

For in the temple, by and by with us,

These couples shall eternally be knit.

And, for the morning now is something worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—

Away, with us, to Athens : Three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THE. HIP. EGE. and train.*

*Dem.* These things seem small and undistinguish-  
able,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,  
When every thing seems double.

*Hel.* So methinks :

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own<sup>23</sup>.

*Dem.* Are you sure

That we are awake<sup>24</sup> ? It seems to me,

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,

The duke was here, and bid us follow him ?

*Her.* Yea ; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

*Lys.* And he did<sup>25</sup> bid us follow to the temple.

*Dem.* Why then, we are awake : let's follow him ;  
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>22</sup> Thus Fisher's 4to.

<sup>23</sup> Helena means to say, that having found Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has found by accident, which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*.

<sup>24</sup> "Are you sure that we are awake?" These words are not in the folios.

<sup>25</sup> So Fisher's 4to. the other copies omit *did*.

*As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death<sup>26</sup>. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.*

*Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

*Star*<sup>1</sup>. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

<sup>26</sup> Bottom refers to the play they are about to perform, and means *the death of Thisbe*, which his head was then full of.

<sup>1</sup> There is some confusion of persons in the old copies in this scene.

*Quin.* It is not possible : you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

*Flu.* No ; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too : and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

*Flu.* You must say, paragon : a paramour is, God bless us ! a thing of nought.

*Enter SNUG.*

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married : if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom ! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life ; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day : an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd ; he would have deserved it : sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter BOTTOM.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads ? where are these hearts ?

*Quin.* Bottom !—O most courageous day ! O most happy hour !

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders : but ask me not what ; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined : Get your apparel to-

<sup>2</sup> Steevens says that Preston, the actor and author of *Cambyzes*, was meant to be ridiculed here : the queen having bestowed a pension on him of twenty pounds a year for the pleasure she received from his acting in the play of *Dido*, at Cambridge, in 1564.

gether; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away! go, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,  
Lords, and Attendants.*

*Hippolyta.*

**H**IS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true. I never may believe

These antick fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains<sup>1</sup>,

So in the Tempest:

“thy brains,

Now useless, boiling in thy skull.”

And in *The Winter's Tale*: “Would any but these *boil'd brains* of three and twenty hunt this weather?” Drayton, in his *Epistle to Reynolds* on poets and poetry, seems to have had this in his mind, when, speaking of Marlowe, he says:

“That *fine madness* still he did retain,

Which rightly should possess a *poet's* brain.”

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
 The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,  
 Are of imagination all compact<sup>2</sup> :  
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;  
 That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantick,  
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :  
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
     heaven :

And, as imagination bodies forth  
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation, and a name.  
 Such tricks hath strong imagination ;  
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;  
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,  
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
 And grows to something of great constancy<sup>3</sup> ;  
 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

*Enter* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and  
     HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,  
 Accompany your hearts !

*Lys.* More than to us  
 Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

*The.* Come now ; what masks, what dances shall  
     we have,

<sup>2</sup> *Compact*, i. e. are made or composed of mere imagination.

<sup>3</sup> *Constancy*, i. e. consistency, stability, certainty.

To wear away this long age of three hours,  
 Between our after-supper, and bed time?  
 Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
 What revels are in hand? Is there no play,  
 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
 Call Philostrate<sup>4</sup>.

*Philost.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgment<sup>5</sup> have you for this evening?

What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile  
 The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Philost.* There is a brief<sup>6</sup>, how many sports are ripe;  
 Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*]

*The.* [*Reads.*] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung*

*By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,*

*Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device; and it was play'd  
 When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*

*Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary<sup>7</sup>.*

That is some satire, keen, and critical,  
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

<sup>4</sup> Most of the speeches assigned to Philostrate in the quartos, are given to Egeus in the folio.

<sup>5</sup> Steevens thought, that by *abridgment* was meant a dramatic performance which crowds the events of years into a few hours. Surely the context seems to require a different explanation; an *abridgment* appears to mean some *pastime* to *shorten* the tedious evening.

<sup>6</sup> *Brief*, i. e. *short account*. The folio and 4to. by Roberts have *rife* instead of *ripe*.

<sup>7</sup> This has been thought to be an allusion to Spenser's poem: "The Tears of the Muses on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning;" first printed in 1591.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
And his love Thisbe : very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical ! Tedious and brief !

That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow<sup>8</sup>.

How shall we find the concord of this discord :

*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words  
long ;

Which is as brief as I have known a play ;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long ;

Which makes it tedious : for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they that do play it ?

*Philost.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens  
here<sup>9</sup>,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd<sup>10</sup> memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Philost.* No, my noble lord,

It is not for you : I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world : ·

Unless you can find sport in their intents<sup>11</sup>,

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,

<sup>8</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes "wond'rous scething snow."

<sup>9</sup> It is thought that Shakespeare alludes here to "certain good hearted men of Coventry," who petitioned "that they might renew their old storial shew" before the Queen at Kenilworth : where the poet himself may have been present, as he was then twelve years old.

<sup>10</sup> *Unbreath'd*, i. e. *unexercised, unpractised*.

<sup>11</sup> *Intents* is used both for *endeavours*, and the *subject* of the *endeavours*—the play,—which are respectively *stretched* to the utmost, and painfully *conned* to do the Duke service.

To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play ;  
For never any thing can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*]

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He says they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :  
And what poor duty cannot do,  
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit<sup>12</sup>  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale.  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*Philost.* So please your grace, the prologue is address<sup>13</sup>.

<sup>12</sup> The sense of this passage appears to be :—"What dutifulness tries to perform without ability, regardful generosity receives with complacency ; estimating it, not by the actual *merit*, but according to the power or *might* of the humble but zealous performers."

<sup>13</sup> *Address*, i. e. *ready, prepared.*

*The.* Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets* <sup>14</sup>].

*Enter Prologue.*

*Prol.* *If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think we come not to offend.  
But with good-will. To shew our simple skill  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despite.*

*We do not come as minding to content you.  
Our true intent is. All for your delight,*

*We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon point

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt,  
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It  
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on this prologue like  
a child on a recorder<sup>15</sup>; a sound, but not in govern-  
ment<sup>16</sup>.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing  
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

<sup>14</sup> Anciently the prologue entered after the third sounding of the trumpets, or, as we should now say, after the third music.

<sup>15</sup> A kind of flageolet. To *record* anciently signified to *modulate*; perhaps the name arose from birds being taught to *record* by it. In modern cant the *recorders* of corporations are called *flutes*: an ancient jest, the meaning of which is perhaps unknown to those who use it.

<sup>16</sup> Not in government, i. e. not *regularly*, according to the time. So Hamlet, speaking of a *recorder*—"govern these ventages with your finger and thumb; give it breath with your mouth; and it will discourse most eloquent music."

*Enter, preceded by a trumpet, PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show*<sup>17</sup>.

*Prol.* "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder :

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

"To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moon-shine ; for, if you will know

"By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright :

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;

"And, Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

"Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,

"At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prol. THISBE, Lion, and Moonshine.*

*The.* I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

<sup>17</sup> In the folio the stage-direction has : "*Tawyer*, with a trumpet before them." And it appears that by *Tawyer* we must understand the *Trumpeter*, who enters with all the characters of the *drar a*.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Wood near Athens.**Enter a Fairy and PUCK<sup>1</sup> from opposite sides.**Puck.***H**OW now, spirit! whither wander you?*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar<sup>2</sup>,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire.I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs<sup>3</sup> upon the green:  
The cowslips tall her pensioners<sup>4</sup> be;  
In their gold coats spots you see  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours<sup>5</sup>:

I must go seek some dewdrops here,

<sup>1</sup> *Puck* is called *Robin-goodfellow* until after the entrance of Oberon.<sup>2</sup> So Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*, or *Court of Fairy*:"Thorough brake, thorough briar,  
Thorough muck, thorough mire,  
Thorough water, thorough fire."<sup>3</sup> The *orbs* here mentioned are those circles in the herbage commonly called *fairy-rings*, the cause of which is not yet certainly known. Thus, also, Drayton:"They in courses make that *round*,  
In meadows and in marshes found,  
Of them so called *fairy ground*."

Olaus Magnus says that these dancers parched up the grass; and therefore it is properly made the office of the fairy to refresh it.

<sup>4</sup> The allusion is to Elizabeth's band of gentlemen *pensioners*, who were chosen from among the handsomest and tallest young men of family and fortune; they were dressed in habits richly garnished with *gold lace*. See vol. i. p. 223, note 10.<sup>5</sup> Coleridge (in his *Literary Remains*) speaks with enthusiasm of the delightful effect upon the ear of these verses. The cor-

*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thisby's* cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

*Enter THISBE.*

*This.* "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,  
" For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me:  
" My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones:

" Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

*Pyr.* " I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

" To spy an I can hear my *Thisby's* face.

" *Thisby!*"

*This.* " My love! thou art my love, I think.

*Pyr.* " Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's  
grace;

" And like *Limander*<sup>18</sup> am I trusty still."

*This.* " And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill."

*Pyr.* " Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true."

*This.* " As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you."

*Pyr.* " O, kiss me through the hole of this vile  
wall."

*This.* " I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

*Pyr.* " Wilt thou at *Ninny's* tomb meet me straight-  
way?"

*This.* " Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

*Wall.* " Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;

" And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBE.*

*The.* Now is the mural<sup>19</sup> down between the two  
neighbours.

<sup>18</sup> *Limander* and *Helen*, blunderingly for *Leander* and *Hero*, as *Shafalus* and *Procrus* for *Cephalus* and *Procris*.

<sup>19</sup> The folio misreads *moral*, the quartos *moon* used. Theobald made the correction. But he seems subsequently to have read, "Now is the *mure* all down." We have *mure* for wall in the second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 4. Can an equivocal between *mural* and *moral* be intended?

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning<sup>20</sup>.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon<sup>21</sup> and a lion.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine.*

*Lion.* "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
 "The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
 "May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,  
 "When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
 "Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
 "A lion-fell<sup>22</sup>; nor else no lion's dam:  
 "For if I should as lion come in strife  
 "Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:

<sup>20</sup> This alludes to the proverb, "Walls have ears." A wall between almost any two neighbours would soon be down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning.

<sup>21</sup> The old copies read, a man, &c. The emendation is by Theobald.

<sup>22</sup> A lion-fell, i. e. a lion-skin, as we say an ox-hide. The hyphen is wanting in the old copies. The emendation was suggested by the late Mr. Field.

leave it to his discretion, and let us listen<sup>23</sup> to the moon.

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon present: "Myself the man i'the moon do seem to be."

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i'the moon?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff<sup>24</sup>.

*Hip.* I am a weary of this moon: Would he would change!

*The.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn bush, my thorn bush; and this dog my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these<sup>a</sup> are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

*Enter THISBE*

*This.* "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

*Lion.* "Oh—"

[*The Lion roars.—THISBE runs off.*]

<sup>23</sup> The folio and the quarto, by Roberts, have *hearken* instead of *listen*.

<sup>24</sup> An equivocate. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle and hasty anger.

<sup>a</sup> Thus Fisher's 4to. The folio and the 4to. by Roberts have *they* are in the moon.

*Dem.* Well roared, lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

*The.* Well moused<sup>25</sup>, lion.

[*The Lion tears THISBE's Mantle, and exit*

*Dem.* And then came Pyramus.

*Lys.* And so the lion vanished.

1  
*Enter PYRAMUS*

*Pyr.* " Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams :

" I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright.

" For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams<sup>26</sup>,

" I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

" But stay ;—O spite !

" But mark ;—Poor knight,

" What dreadful dole is here ?

" Eyes, do you see ?

" How can it be ?

" O dainty duck ! O dear !

" Thy mantle good,

" What, stain'd with blood ?

" Approach, ye furies fell !

" O fates ! come, come ;

" Cut thread and thrum<sup>27</sup> ;

" Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !"

<sup>25</sup> To *mouse* signified to *mammoth*, to *tear in pieces*, as a cat tears a mouse.

<sup>26</sup> The quartos and first folio have *beams*, which is evidently an error, the second folio substituted *streams* ; but *gleams* is obviously the word, as Mr. Knight suggests. In the next line the quartos read *taste* instead of *take*.

<sup>27</sup> Dr. Farmer thought this was written in ridicule of a passage in Damon and Pythias, by Richard Edwards, 1582 :

" Ye *furies*, all at once  
On me your torments tire.  
Gripe me, you greedy griefs  
And present pangues of death ;

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :

" Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer<sup>28</sup>.

" Come, tears, <sup>Count</sup> Countound :

" Out, sword, <sup>is</sup> is, and wound

" The pap of Pyramus :

" Ay, that left pap,

" Where heart doth hop :

" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

" Now am I dead,

" Now am I fled ;

" My soul is in the sky :

" Tongue, lose thy light !

" Moon, take thy flight !

" Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.*—*Exit* Moonshine.

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass<sup>29</sup>.

*Hip.* How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

*You sisters three, with cruel hands,  
With speed come stop my breath."*

*Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp. It is used for any collection or tuft of short thread.

<sup>28</sup> *Countenance.*

<sup>29</sup> The character of Theseus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity than in its greatness. Though some sensible observations on life and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, "You shall taste him more as a soldier than as a wit;" which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success ; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*.

By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke;  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.  
Demetrius loves your fair<sup>18</sup>: O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lode-stars<sup>19</sup>; and your tongue's sweet  
air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!  
Yours would I catch<sup>20</sup>, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
Were the world mine, Der lay'us being bated,  
The rest I'd give to be to you translated<sup>21</sup>.  
O, teach me how you look; and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

<sup>18</sup> *Fair* for *fairness, beauty*. Very common in writers of Shakespeare's age.

<sup>19</sup> The *lode-star* is the *leading* or *guiding star*, that is, the *polar star*. The magnet is for the same reason called the *lode-stone*. The reader will remember Milton's beauty:

"The *cynosure* of neighb'ring eyes."

<sup>20</sup> The reading of the old editions is "Your *words* I catch," out of which it is difficult to extract a meaning, yet Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight have restored this reading. Hammer made the correction, which seems to me absolutely necessary from the context:

"Sickness is catching; O, were *favour* so!"

*Favour* is *general appearance*, and not beauty as Mr. Collier explains it. Helen says she would catch Hermin's, and what follows is quite conclusive.

<sup>21</sup> *Translated*, i. e. *changed, transformed*. The old copies have *Ile*, a misprint for *I'd*, i. e. *I would*. The same error seems to have occurred in a future passage, p. 329.

“ Tongue, not a word :—

"Come, trusty sword ;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

“ And farewell, friends ;—

“ Thus Thisby ends :

"Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[Dies.

*The.* Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* ΑΥ, and wall too.

Bot<sup>33</sup>. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Burgomask dance<sup>34</sup>, between two of our company?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you: for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he <sup>1</sup> that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine charged <sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup> <sup>11</sup> <sup>12</sup> <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup> <sup>21</sup> <sup>22</sup> <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> <sup>30</sup> <sup>31</sup> <sup>32</sup> <sup>33</sup> <sup>34</sup> <sup>35</sup> <sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> <sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> <sup>40</sup> <sup>41</sup> <sup>42</sup> <sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup> <sup>51</sup> <sup>52</sup> <sup>53</sup> <sup>54</sup> <sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> <sup>57</sup> <sup>58</sup> <sup>59</sup> <sup>60</sup> <sup>61</sup> <sup>62</sup> <sup>63</sup> 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[Here a dance.

Lovers,    n tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—

I fear we -to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

As much  $L_2$  shall outsleep the coming morn.

This palp as we this night have overwatch'd.

The heavy <sup>W</sup>able-gross play hath well beguil'd

A fortnight's gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

In nightly rest hold we this solemnity

revels, and new jollity.

Exeunt.

33 This spee

34 A rustic c

34 A rustic (massa) (a provi- ch is given to the Lion in the quarto.

masco (a proverb is given to the monk in the quarto, being more cloven, whence is framed in imitation of the people of Bergamo in the state of Venice), who are ridiculed as people of Italy, and are more foolish in their manners and dialect than any other Italian comedie. The living motion of the buffoons in the old

The *lingua rustica* of the buffoons, in the old  
s, is an imitation of their jargon.

## SCENE II.

*Enter PUCK*<sup>1</sup>.

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
 And the wolf howls<sup>2</sup> the moon ;  
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
 All with weary task fordone.  
 Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,  
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
 In remembrance of a shroud.  
 Now it is the time of night,  
 That the graves all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his sprite,  
 In the church-way paths to glide :  
 And we fairies, that do run,  
 By the triple Hecat's team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream,  
 Now are frolic ; not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house :  
 I am sent, with broom, before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> On the title-page of Robin Goodfellow his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests, 4to. 1628, Puck is represented with a broom on his shoulder.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies misprint this *beholds*. Warburton corrected it.

Coleridge is very enthusiastic in his admiration of Puck's lyrical effusion : " Very Anacreon in perfectness, proportion, grace, and spontaneity ! So far it is Greek ;—but then add, O ! what wealth, what wild ranging, and yet what compression and condensation of English fancy ! In truth there is nothing in Anacreon more perfect than these lines, or half so rich and imaginative. They form a speckless diamond." *Literary Remains*.

<sup>3</sup> Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence or favour of the Fairies. So Drayton in his *Nymphidia* :

" These make our girls their sluttish rue,  
 By pinching them both black and blue,

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.*

*Obe.* Through this house give glimmering light<sup>4</sup>,

By the dead and drowsy fire :

Every elf, and fairy sprite,

Hop as light as bird from brier ;

And this ditty after me,

Sing and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First, rehearse your song by rote<sup>a</sup> :

To each word a warbling note,

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

#### THE SONG.

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,

Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blessed be<sup>6</sup> ;

And put a penny in their shoe

The house for cleanly sweeping."

*To sweep the dust behind the door* is a common expression, for to sweep the dust *from* behind the door, a necessary monition in large old houses, where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward and seldom shut.

<sup>4</sup> Milton perhaps had this picture in his thoughts:

"And glowing embers through the room

Teach night to counterfeit a gloom."

<sup>5</sup> The folio and 4to. by Roberts have "*this* song."

<sup>6</sup> In the folio Oberon's speech is printed in italics, as if it were "*The Song.*" The fairies most probably "danced it trippingly," while the song was singing. "*The Song*" must be taken as a mere stage direction.

<sup>6</sup> This ceremony was in old times used at all marriages. Mr Douce has given the formula from the Manual for the use of Salisbury. In the French romance of Melusine, the Bishop who marries her to Raymondin blesses the nuptial bed. The ceremony is there represented in a very ancient cut. The good prelate is sprinkling the parties with holy water. Sometimes, during the benediction, the married couple only *sat* on the bed ; but they generally received a portion of the consecrated bread and wine. It is recorded in France, that, on frequent occasions, the priest was improperly detained till midnight, whilst the wedding guests

And the issue, there create,  
 Ever shall be fortunate.  
 So shall all the couples three  
 Ever true in loving be :  
 And the blots of nature's hand  
 Shall not in their issue stand ;  
 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
 Nor mark prodigious<sup>7</sup>, such as are  
 Despised in nativity,  
 Shall upon their children be.—  
 With this field-dew consecrate,  
 Every fairy take his gate ;  
 And each several chamber bless<sup>8</sup>,  
 Through this palace with sweet peace :  
 Ever shall it safely<sup>9</sup> rest,  
 And the owner of it blest.

Trip away ;

Make no stay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.

Puck. *If we shadows have offended,  
 Think but this (and all is mended),  
 That you have but slumber'd here,  
 While these visions did appear.  
 And this weak and idle theme,  
 No more yielding but a dream,  
 Gentles, do not reprehend ;*

rioted in the luxuries of the table, and made use of language that was extremely offensive to the clergy, and injurious to the salvation of the parties. It was therefore ordained, in the year 1577, that the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed should for the future be performed in the day-time, or at least *before supper*, and in the presence of the bride and bridegroom, and of their nearest relations only.

<sup>7</sup> *Prodigious*, i. e. *portentous*.

<sup>8</sup> The same superstitious kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's *Millere's Tale*, vol. i. p. 105, l. 22. Whittingham's Edit.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy misprints *in safety* for *it safely*.

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*If you pardon, we will mend.  
 And, as I'm an honest Puck<sup>10</sup>,  
 If we have unearned luck  
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue<sup>11</sup>  
 We will make amends, ere long:  
 Else the Puck a liar call.  
 So, good night unto you all  
 Give me your hands<sup>12</sup>, if we be friends,  
 And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit.*

<sup>10</sup> *Puck* or *Powke* signified the devil, hence the fairy asserts his honesty.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *hisses*.

<sup>12</sup> *Clap your hands, give us your applause.*





MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.





## MERCHANT OF VENICE.



*Shylock.* [Aside.] How like a fawning publican  
I hate him for he is a Christian.

others:—  
greediness of  
these plays,"  
ther instances,  
observes, "that  
akespeare in his  
ives to one source  
the *Pecorone*, the  
l of *Gernutus*, have  
most probable that  
t altogether, to the  
main incidents; 'and  
tem, partly from his  
the *Pecorone*, where  
ny doubt. Thus the  
the lady at Belmont;  
e principal; the double





## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**M**ALONE places the date of the composition of this play in 1598, Chalmers supposed it to have been written in 1597. It is mentioned by Meres, in his list published in 1598, and it is entered on the Stationers' Books, 22 July, 1598, to be printed by James Roberts, if license were first had from the Lord Chamberlain. It was not, however, printed by Roberts until 1600. There is an edition in the same year, printed by J. R. for Thomas Heyes, in whose favour there is also an entry on the Stationers' Books, 28 Oct. 1600.

It appears, from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play comprehending the distinct plots of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* had been exhibited long before he commenced writing. Gosson, making some exceptions to his condemnation of dramatic performances, mentions among others:—"The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers.—These plays," continues he, "are good and sweete plays."

It cannot be doubted that Shakespeare, as in other instances, availed himself of this ancient piece. Mr. Douce observes, "that the author of the old play of *The Jew*, and Shakespeare in his *Merchant of Venice*, have not confined themselves to one source only in the construction of their plot, but that the *Pecorone*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and perhaps the old ballad of *Gernutus*, have been respectively resorted to." It is however most probable that the original play was indebted chiefly, if not altogether, to the *Gesta Romanorum*, which contained both the main incidents; and that Shakespeare expanded and improved them, partly from his own genius, and partly as to the bond from the *Pecorone*, where the coincidences are too manifest to leave any doubt. Thus the scene being laid at Venice; the residence of the lady at Belmont; the introduction of the person bound for the principal; the double

infraction of the bond, viz. the taking more or less than a pound of flesh, and the shedding of blood, together with the after incident of the ring, are common to the novel and the play. The whetting of the knife might perhaps be taken from the ballad of *Gernutus*, printed in the 1st Vol. of Percy's *Reliques*, but of this no dated edition is known. Shakespeare may have been indebted to an authority that could not have occurred to the original author of the play in an English form; this was Silvan's *Orator*, as translated by Munday. From that work Shylock's reasoning before the senate might be borrowed; but if so it has been most skilfully improved.\*

There are two distinct collections under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The one has been frequently printed in *Latin*, but never in *English*; there is however a manuscript version of the reign of Henry the Sixth among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. This collection seems to have originally furnished the story of the *bond*. The other *Gesta* has never been printed in *Latin*, but a portion of it has been several times printed in *English*. The earliest edition is by Wynken de Worde, without date, but of the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. The latter part of the thirty-second history in this collection may have furnished the incidents of the *caskets*.

But as many of the incidents in the *bond* story of the Merchant of Venice have a more striking resemblance to the first tale of the fourth day of the *Pecorone* of *Ser Giovanni*, this part of the plot was most probably taken immediately from thence. The story may have been extant in *English* in Shakespeare's time, though it has not hitherto been discovered.

The *Pecorone* was first printed in 1550 (not 1558, as erroneously stated by Mr. Steevens), but was written almost two centuries before.

After all, unless we could recover the old play of The Jew mentioned by Gosson, it is idle to conjecture how far Shakespeare improved upon the plot of that piece. The various materials which may have contributed to furnish the complicated plot of Shakespeare's play are to be found in the *Variorum Editions* and in Mr. Douce's very interesting work.

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\* "The Orator, handling a hundred several Discourses in form of Declamations, &c. written in French by Alexander Silvan, and Englished by L. P. (Lazarus Pyol, i. e. Anthony Munday), London, Printed by Adam Islip, 1596." Declamation 95. "Of a Jew who wou'd for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian."

## PERSONS REPRESENTED\*.

DUKE of Venice.  
Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to Portia.*  
Prince of Arragon, }  
ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*  
BASSANIO, *his Friend.*  
SALANIO, }  
SALARINO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*  
GRATIANO, }  
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*  
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*  
TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*  
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, Servant to Shylock.*  
OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*  
SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*  
LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*  
BALTHAZAR, }  
STEPHANO, } *Servants to Portia.*  
  
PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*  
NERISSA, *her Waiting-Maid.*  
JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*  
  
*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,*  
*Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*  
  
SCENE, *partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont,*  
*the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

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This enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ is by Mr. Rowe.





# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO*<sup>1</sup>.

*Antonio.*

**I**N sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;  
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

I am to learn ;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,

That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salor.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your argosies<sup>2</sup> with portly sail,—  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,

<sup>1</sup> There is some confusion in the manner in which these names are given in the folio. The stage-direction is as I have given it. In the dialogue the abbreviation for *Salanio* at first is *Sola*, then *Sol*; and the stage-direction, exeunt *Salarino* and *Solanio*. The names are spelt the same way in several other stage directions. Mr. Knight has printed the name *Solanio*, as Capel recommended, to avoid confusion in the abbreviation.

<sup>2</sup> *Argosies* were large ships, either for merchandise or war. The word has been supposed to be derived from the classical ship *Argo*, as a vessel eminently famous; and this seems the more probable, from *Argis* being used for a ship in low Latin.

Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;  
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;  
And every object, that might make me fear  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
Would make me sad.

*Salan.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats ;  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
Vailing<sup>3</sup> her high-top lower than her ribs,  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks  
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought  
To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,  
That such a thing bechanc'd, would make me sad ?  
But, tell not me ; I know, Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

*Ant.* Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate

<sup>3</sup> To *rail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*. From the French *avalier*. The vessel we may suppose named *Andrew*, in honour of Andrew Doria.

But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.  
[To the King.]

*King.* No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.  
I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold  
the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most  
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that  
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the  
owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the  
end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH,  
COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the  
one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.  
Ver, begin.

We two will leave you : but, at dinner time,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio ;  
You have too much respect upon the world :  
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool :  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?  
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;  
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*  
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !*  
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing ; who<sup>5</sup>, I am very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,  
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.  
I'll tell thee more of this another time :  
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—

<sup>5</sup> The old copies read *when*, the correction is by Rowe.

Come, good Lorenzo :—Fare ye well, a while ;  
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time :  
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear<sup>6</sup>.

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith ; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRA. and LOR.*]

*Ant.* Is that any thing now<sup>7</sup> ?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,  
more than any man in all Venice : His reasons are  
as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ;  
you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and, when  
you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well ; tell me now, what lady is this same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port<sup>8</sup>  
Than my faint means would grant continuance :  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd

<sup>6</sup> *Gear* usually signifies *matter, subject, or business in hand*. It is from the A. S. *Gearwa*, anything *prepared or made ready*. It occurs again in this play, Act ii. Sc. 2 : "If Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for *this gear*."

<sup>7</sup> The old copies have, "*It* is that any thing now." The superfluous *It* is very properly deleted in my corrected second folio. Mr. Collier retains it, with a very unsatisfactory attempt at explanation.

<sup>8</sup> *Port* is *state or equipage*. So in *The Taming of a Shrew* Act i. Sc. 1 :

"Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house, and *port*, and servants, as I should."

From such a noble rate ; but my chief care  
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gaged : To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight<sup>9</sup>  
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth ; and, by adventuring both,  
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost : but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well ; and herein spend but time,  
To wind about my love with circumstance ;  
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,  
In making question of my uttermost,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have :  
Then do but say to me what I should do,  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,

<sup>9</sup> This method of finding a lost arrow is prescribed by P. Crescentius, in his treatise *De Agricultura*, lib. x. c. xxxviii. and is also mentioned in Howel's *Letters*, vol. i. p. 183, edit. 1655. 12mo.

And I am prest<sup>10</sup> unto it : therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages :  
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea :  
Neither have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,  
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;  
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is ; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.      [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary  
of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries  
were in the same abundance as your good for-

<sup>10</sup> *Prest*, that is, *ready* ; from the old French word of the same orthography, now *prêt*.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ears of grief;

And by these badges understand the king.  
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
 Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,  
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
 Even to the opposed end of our intents;  
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  
 As love is full of unbefitting strains<sup>61</sup>;  
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;  
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,  
 Full of strange<sup>62</sup> shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
 To every varied object in his glance:  
 Which party-coated presence of loose love  
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,  
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,  
 Suggested<sup>63</sup> us to make: Therefore, ladies,  
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
 Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,  
 By being once false for ever to be true  
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:  
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;  
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love;  
 And, in our maiden council, rated them  
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
 As bombast<sup>64</sup>, and as lining to the time.

<sup>61</sup> Here, again, the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would change *strains* for *strayings*; but Shakespeare's word was *strains*, i. e. *wanton, light, unbecoming behaviour*. See *The Winter's Tale*, Act. iii. Sc. 2, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>62</sup> The old copies read *straying*, an evident error.

<sup>63</sup> *Suggested*, i. e. *tempted*.

<sup>64</sup> Thus in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "You shall swear not to"

namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt<sup>4</sup>, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself : I am much afraid, my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then is there the county<sup>5</sup> Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown ; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose* : he hears merry tales, and smiles not : I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker ; But, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine : he is every man in no man : if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering ; he will fence with his own shadow : If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands : if he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall<sup>6</sup> never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

<sup>4</sup> The Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship. *Colt* is used for a *witless heady gay youngster* ; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*.

<sup>5</sup> This may be an allusion to the *Count Albertus Alasco*, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.

<sup>6</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio has *should*

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

*Biron.* Where? when? what visor? why demand  
you this?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,  
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried: they'll mock us now down  
right.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your high-  
ness sad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look  
you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend<sup>45</sup>;

Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song,

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd<sup>46</sup> hyperboles, spruce affectation,

<sup>45</sup> *Friend*, i. e. *mistress*.

<sup>46</sup> A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet: there is a similar metaphor from coarser materials further on. The old copy reads *affectation*.

set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determination: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will; I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure<sup>11</sup>.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

*Ner.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news<sup>12</sup>?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

<sup>11</sup> The folio, on account of the Act 3 Jac. I. c. 21, has only "I wish them a fair departure."

<sup>12</sup> "How now! what news?" These words are omitted in the folios 1623 and 1632.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition<sup>13</sup> of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. —Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. *A public Place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no ;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient : yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd<sup>1</sup> abroad : But ships

<sup>13</sup> *Condition*, i. e. *the nature, disposition*. So in *Othello* :

“And then of so gentle a *condition*.”

<sup>1</sup> *Squander'd* here simply means *scattered*. In the old copy we have “water-thieves, and land-thieves,” which is evidently wrong, for it makes the latter *pirates*. The transposition is made in my corrected second folio.

are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves ; I mean, pirates ; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks : The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient ;—three thousand ducats ;—I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured I may ; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me : May I speak with Antonio ?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into : I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks ! I hate him for he is a Christian : But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance<sup>2</sup> here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> "It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for xv in the hundred by the yeare ; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage ; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts."—*Thomas's Historye of Italye*, 1561, 4to. f. 77.

<sup>3</sup> *To catch, or have, on the hip*, means *to have at an entire advantage*. The phrase originated from wrestling. It occurs again in *Othello* :

"*I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.*"

Thus, in Bishop Andrewes' Sermon at Whitehall, 1617 : "If he

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps<sup>32</sup>.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:  
Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows;  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:  
Therefore, change favours<sup>33</sup>; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing clouds<sup>34</sup>, or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,

<sup>32</sup> This is a bit of satire on the citizens, who were deemed anything but witty. An act was passed the 13th of Elizabeth (1571), "For the continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers, providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others), should on Sabbath days and holidays, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats."

The term *flat cap* for a citizen will now be familiar to most readers from the use made of it by the author of *The Fortunes of Nigel*. The meaning of this passage probably is "*better wits may be found among citizens*." So in the *Family of Love*, 1608. "It is a law enacted by the common council of *statute caps*." Again in *News from Hell* brought by the Devil's Carrier, 1606:

"in a bowling alley, in a *flat cap*, like a shop-keeper."

<sup>33</sup> *Favours*, i. e. *features, countenances*. Boyet means *unmask*, and show a change of feature.

<sup>34</sup> *Ladies unmask'd* are like *angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness *sink* before them. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 1.

"*Vailing* her high top lower than her ribs."

Well then, your bond ; and, let me see,—But hear  
you ;

Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,  
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,  
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)  
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him ? did he take interest ?

*Shy.* No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,  
Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the eanlings<sup>6</sup> which were streak'd, and pied,  
Should fall as Jacob's hire ; the ewes, being rank<sup>7</sup>,  
In the end of autumn turned to the rams :  
And when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,  
And in the doing of the deed of kind<sup>8</sup>,  
He stuck them up before the fulsome<sup>9</sup> ewes ;  
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.  
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;

<sup>6</sup> Young lambs just dropt, or *ean'd*. This word is usually spelt *yeen*, but the Saxon etymology demands *ean*. It is applied particularly to ewes.

<sup>7</sup> *Rank*, here means *rammish*.

<sup>8</sup> *Of kind*, i. e. *of nature*.

<sup>9</sup> The *fulsome* ewes appears here to mean the same as *rank*, the epithet previously applied to them. In the following passage from Golding's Ovid, it seems to mean *fertile*. We have *fulsome habundance*, in Lydgate's Siege of Thebes, B. III.

“ But what have your poor sheepe misdone, a cattel meeke  
and meeld,  
Created for to maintaine man, whose *fulsome* dugs do yeeld  
Sweete nectar.”

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
 But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.  
 Was this inserted to make interest good?  
 Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—  
 But note me, signior.—

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio.  
 The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.  
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;  
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood<sup>10</sup> hath!

*Shy.* Threethousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.  
 Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,  
 In the Rialto<sup>11</sup> you have rated me  
 About my monies, and my usances:  
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:  
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine<sup>12</sup>,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help:  
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,  
*Shylock, we would have monies;* You say so;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold; monies is your suit.  
 What shall I say to you? Should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money; is it possible,*

<sup>10</sup> *Falsehood* here means *knavery, treachery*, as *truth* is sometimes used for *honesty*.

<sup>11</sup> *Rialto* is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Italians say *Il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster-bridge. See Note on Rogers's Italy.

<sup>12</sup> *Gaberdine*, see note on *The Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 45.

*A cur can*<sup>13</sup> *lend three thousand ducats ? or*  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this,—

*Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;*  
*You spurn'd me such a day ; another time*  
*You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies*  
*I'll lend you thus much monies ?*

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take  
A breed<sup>14</sup> for barren metal of his friend ?)  
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;  
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty<sup>15</sup>.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm !  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me .  
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show :—  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

<sup>13</sup> The folio has *should*.

<sup>14</sup> *Breed*, i. e. *interest, money bred from the principal*. The folio reads *of* barren metal. Meres says, "Usurie and encrease of gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature ; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, usurie makes them *procreative*." The honour of starting this conceit belongs to Aristotle. See *De Republ.* l. 1. The Greek word *rókos* signifies *offspring* as well as *interest*.

<sup>15</sup> The folio has *penalties*, and in the last line of Shylock's speech, below, "*it pleaseth me*."

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge<sup>20</sup> not, an antick.  
I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via*<sup>21</sup>, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the same.*

*Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in:  
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—  
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;  
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head wax<sup>1</sup>:  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

<sup>20</sup> *Fadge not*, i. e. *suit not*, *go not*. See *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>21</sup> *Via!* an Italian exclamation, signifying *Courage! Come on!* See Vol. i. p. 225.

<sup>1</sup> *Wax*, i. e. *grow*. The pun is obvious.

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.  
*Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.  
*Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day.  
[*Exeunt.*

# ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*  
*Flourish of Cornets.*

*Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA,  
NERISSA, and other of her Attendants*<sup>1</sup>.

*Morocco.*

**N**ISLIKE me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision<sup>2</sup> for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd<sup>3</sup> the valiant; by my love, I swear,

The old stage-direction is: Enter Morachus, a tawny Moore, all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, &c.

<sup>2</sup> To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus, Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers a *lily-liver'd* boy; again in this play, cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate man is termed a *milk-sop*. It was customary in the East for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses; and the fashion seems to have been adopted here as a mark of gallantry in Shakespeare's time, when young men frequently stabbed their arms with daggers, and, mingling the blood with wine, drank it off to the healths of their mistresses.

<sup>3</sup> *Fear'd*, i. e. *terrified*.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—In faith, secrets.—

*King.* [*Reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O queen of queens, how far thou dost excel!  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—*

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;  
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*Steps aside.*

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a Paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear

*Biron.* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!  
[*Aside.*

*Long.* Ah me! I am forsworn.

*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a perjurer<sup>3</sup>, wearing  
papers. [*Aside.*

*King.* In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame<sup>4</sup>!  
[*Aside.*

<sup>3</sup> *Perjurer.* The 4to. and first folio have *perjure*. The second folio *perjured*. The ancient punishment of a perjured person was to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

<sup>4</sup> In the old copies this line is given to *Longaville*.

In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd<sup>5</sup>.

*Mor.* Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple ; after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.*                      Good fortune then ! [*Corructs.*  
To make me blest, or curs'd'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO*<sup>1</sup>

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master : The fiend is at mine elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away* : My conscience says.—*No ; take heed, honest Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gobbo ; or, as aforesaid, Honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels*<sup>2</sup> : Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack ; *Via !* says the fiend ; *away !* says the fiend, *for the hea-*

<sup>5</sup> i. e. be considerate : *advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*. So in Richard III.

" who in my wrath

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd*."

<sup>1</sup> The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone* ; and throughout the play this character is called *Clown* at most of his entrances or exits.

<sup>2</sup> *Scorn running with thy heels*. Steevens calls this *absurdity*, and introduces a brother critic to prove it, who has proposed that we should read "*with thy heels*," i. e. "*bind them*." I prefer the poet's own authority. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, we have "O illegitimate construction ! *I scorn that with my heels*." It was merely a figurative but familiar phrase for *scorning anything indignantly*. Thus in Sam Rowland's Epigrams, a drunkard says :

" Did me go sleepe ? *I scorn it with my heels*."

Again, in *A Crew of Kind Gossips*, 1609 :

" And *with my heeles I scorn it*, by the Lord."

I have attributed this also to S. Rowlands, upon internal evidence.

*vens*<sup>3</sup>; *rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run*. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, — *My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*, — or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; — well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not*; *Budge*, says the fiend; *Budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well<sup>4</sup>: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old GOBBO*<sup>5</sup> *with a Basket.*

*Gob.* Master young man, you; I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind<sup>6</sup>, high-gravel blind, knows me not: — I will try confusions<sup>7</sup> with him.

<sup>3</sup> *For the heavens* was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of.

<sup>4</sup> Roberts's 4to. has *ill* here, and lower down *incarnal* instead of *incarnation*.

<sup>5</sup> It has been inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakespeare designed this character to be represented with a *humpback*.

<sup>6</sup> "*Sand-blind*. Having an imperfect sight, as if there was sand in the eye *Myops*." — *Holyoke's Dictionary*.

<sup>7</sup> Thus the folio and the quarto by Heyes. The quarto by

*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be sav'd-by merit.  
 O heresy in fair, fit for these days !  
 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
 But come, the bow :—Now Mercy goes to kill,  
 And shooting well is then accounted ill.  
 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :  
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;  
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.  
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;  
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;  
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart :  
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty  
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
 Lords o'er their lords ?

*Prin.* Only for praise : and praise we may afford  
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Here comes a member of the commonwealth<sup>2</sup>.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den<sup>3</sup> all ! Pray you, which is  
 the head lady ?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that  
 have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth  
 is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

<sup>2</sup> The princess calls Costard *a member of the commonwealth*, because he is one of the attendants on the king and his associates in their new modelled society.

<sup>3</sup> *God dig-you-den*, a corruption of *God give you good even*. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, tleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my b his soul!) alive, or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, t his own child. Well, old man, I will tell

of your son: Give me your blessing: truth to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, y not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, boy that was, your son that is, your child that sha

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am s

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be swor

if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh an blood. Lord! worship'd might he be! what a bear hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse<sup>9</sup> has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

<sup>9</sup> *Phill-horse*, i. e. *shaft-horse*, sometimes called the *thill-horse*. The stage tradition is that Launce kneels down with his back to his father, and makes him mistake the long hair at the back of his head for his beard, of which he had not a particle.

*Laun.* Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest<sup>10</sup> to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter* BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other*  
Followers.

*Bass.* You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock; See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew

<sup>10</sup> *Set up my rest*, i. e. *determined*. See note on *All's Well* that Ends Well, Act ii. Sc. 2; *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv. Sc. 5; where it may be remarked that Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest*. “The County Paris hath *set up his rest*, that you shall *rest* but little.”

some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression<sup>9</sup> by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind<sup>10</sup> Costard : she deserves well.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a-week : For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allowed for the day-woman<sup>11</sup>. Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

*Jaq.* Man.

<sup>9</sup> *Digression* is here used for the act of going out of the right way, *transgression*. So in Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*—

"my *digression* is so vile, so base,

That it will live engraven on my face."

<sup>10</sup> *Rational hind.* Armado applies this epithet ironically to Costard.

<sup>11</sup> *Day-woman.* *Taberna Casearia* is interpreted in the old Dictionaries a *daye* house, where cheese is made. A friend informs me that he has a cheese-farm in Cheshire, which has been called *Day-house Green* for centuries. A *day-woman* is therefore a *dairy-woman*. Thus Chaucer, in the *Noures Priestes Tale* :

"For she was, as it were, a manner *dey*."

A dairy-maid is still called a *dey* or *day* in the northern parts of Scotland. The etymology is uncertain, but see Ducange in *c.* *Daeria* and *Dayeria*, Jamieson's Dict., and Mr. Way's edition of the *Promptorium Parvulorum*.

*which I apprehended with the aforesaid strain, I keep her as a vessel of thy lair's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*Biron.* 'This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this ?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation ?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir ; I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, sir ; she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too ; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity ; I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence ; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.— My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, LONGAVILLE, and DEMAINS.*

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [*Reads.*] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron.*—

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* So it is,—

*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so<sup>28</sup>.

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.*—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words.

*Cost.*—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment

him. The thing stolen was called *mainour*, *manour*, or *meinour* from the French *manier*, *manu tractare*

<sup>28</sup> The second so, though evidently intended, is not in the old copies. It was added by Hammer.

SC. III.     MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE III.   *The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jess.* I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so ;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :  
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :  
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,  
And so farewell ; I would not have my father  
See me talk with thee.

*Loun.* Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most  
beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If a Christian  
did<sup>17</sup> not play the knave, and get thee, I am much  
deceived : But adieu ! these foolish drops do some-  
what drown my manly spirit ; adieu !           *[Exit.*

*Jess.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be asham'd to be my father's child !  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.   *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.   *The same. A Street.*

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and  
SALANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time ;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

<sup>17</sup> *Did* is the reading of the folio, 1632. The quartos and first folio have "*do*."

'These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—  
Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Set thee down, sorrow!<sup>34</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the same.*

*Armado's House.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH, his page.*

*Arm*<sup>1</sup>. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp<sup>2</sup>.

*Moth.* No, no; O lord! sir, no.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why, tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

<sup>34</sup> So the 4to 1598. The folio omits *thee*, and has *untill* instead of *till*.

<sup>1</sup> In the folios *Brag*. (for *Braggart*) is prefixed to what is given to Armado in the 4to.

<sup>2</sup> *Imp* literally means a graft, slip, scion, or sucker: and by metonymy is used for a child or boy. Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the imp* his son. It was then perhaps growing obsolete. It is now used only to signify *young fiends* as *the Devil and his imps*.

## SC. IV. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

How I shall take her from her father's house :  
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with ;  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest :  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before Shylock's House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT<sup>1</sup>.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—  
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,  
As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—  
Why, Jessica, I say !

Lam. Why, Jessica !

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica :

There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian<sup>2</sup>.—Jessica, my girl,

<sup>1</sup> The old stage-direction is, "Enter Jew and his man, that was the Clowne."

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare meant to heighten the malignity of Shylock's character by thus making him depart from his most settled re-

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility<sup>14</sup>.

[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy  
The French King's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—  
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :  
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot ;  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should :  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this decree ;  
She must lie<sup>15</sup> here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years'  
space :

<sup>14</sup> Thus the old copy: *gentility* may have been used to signify civility; good breeding, what the French express by *gentillesse*. My corrected folio, as well as that of Mr. Collier, substitutes *gar-rulity*, which I think unwarranted, because the "dangerous law" does not interfere with this or forbid it; only the "penalty," which the speech does not advert to. In the old editions this line and the *Item* are given erroneously to Longaville.

<sup>15</sup> That is, *reside* here. So in Sir Henry Wotton's equivocal definition: "An Ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* (i. e. reside) abroad for the good of his country."



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.



To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

*Gra.* That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker, or a prodigal,  
The scarfed<sup>2</sup> bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind<sup>3</sup> !  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo ; — more of this here-  
after.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;  
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait ;  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;  
Here dwells my father Jew :—Ho ! who's within ?

*Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

<sup>2</sup> Gray evidently caught the imagery of this passage in his Bard, but dropt the allusion to the parable of the prodigal—

“ Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,  
While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.”  
So in Othello :

“ The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets.”

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify ;  
When, after that the holy rites are ended,  
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :  
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,  
And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice ?

*Beat.* I answer to that name ; [*Unmasking.*] What is your will ?

*Bene.* Do not you love me ?

*Beat.* Why no, no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,

Have been deceived ;—they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me ?

*Bene.* Troth no, no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,  
Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter :—Then you do not love me ?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her ;  
For here's a paper, written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,  
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

*[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

*Ant.* Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—  
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,  
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets.*

*Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both  
their Trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince:—  
Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many<sup>1</sup> men desire.*  
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince;

<sup>1</sup> The folio omits *many*.

And salt too little, which may season give  
To her foul tainted flesh<sup>13</sup>!

*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient :  
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder  
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

*Beat.* No, truly, not : although, until last night,  
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger  
made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !  
Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie ?  
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
Wash'd it with tears ? Hence ! from her ; let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little ;  
For I have only been silent so long,  
And given way unto this course<sup>14</sup> of fortune,  
By noting of the lady : I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions start  
Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness beat<sup>15</sup> away those blushes ;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool ;  
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant  
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,  
My reverence<sup>16</sup>, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

<sup>13</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would read *soul-tainted*, but this is surely a very fanciful attempt to improve upon the poet ?

<sup>14</sup> Mr. Collier's corrected folio substitutes *cross* for *course*.

<sup>15</sup> The folio has *bear*.

<sup>16</sup> Mr. Collier's corrector substitutes *reverend*, and *bliting* for *biting*, in the last line of this speech, but without necessity.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,  
 To think so base a thought; it were too gross  
 To rib<sup>2</sup> her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,  
 Being ten times undervalued<sup>3</sup> to try'd gold?  
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;  
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,  
 Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?  
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
 There is a written scroll: I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
 Often have you heard that told:  
 Many a man his life hath sold,  
 But my outside to behold:  
 Gilded tombs<sup>4</sup> do worms infold.  
 Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd<sup>5</sup>  
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:  
 Then, farewell; heat; and welcome, frost.—

<sup>2</sup> *Rib*, i. e. *enclose*.

<sup>3</sup> *Undervalued*, i. e. *in silver*, which is inferior in value to gold.  
 weight for weight, in the proportion of one to ten. So before in  
 Act i. Sc. 1:

“Her name is Portia, nothing *undervalued*  
 To Cato's daughter.”

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have *timber*, which mars both metre and sense;  
*tombs* is the emendation of Johnson.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *the answer you have got*; namely, “*Fare you well!*”

Portia. adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

*Por.* A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,  
go;—  
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

*Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;  
With him is Gratiano gone along;  
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail;  
But there the duke was given to understand,  
That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:  
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!*  
*Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—*  
*Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!*  
*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,*  
*Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!*  
*And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,*  
*Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!*  
*She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd:

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday ;  
 Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part  
 The French and English, there miscarried  
 A vessel of our country, richly fraught :  
 I thought upon Antonio, when he told me ;  
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear ;  
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :  
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
 Of his return : he answer'd—*Do not so,*  
*Slubber not<sup>1</sup> business for my sake, Bassanio,*  
*But stay the very riping of the time ;*  
*And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,*  
*Let it not enter in your mind of love :*  
*Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts*  
*To courtship and such fair ostents<sup>2</sup> of love*  
*As shall conveniently become you there :*  
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
 And with affection wondrous sensible  
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

*Salan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.  
 I pray thee, let us go, and find him out  
 And quicken his embraced heaviness<sup>3</sup>  
 With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> To *slubber* is to do a thing *carelessly*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ostents* are *shows, tokens*.

<sup>3</sup> *His embraced heaviness*, i. e. *the heaviness he is fond of, or indulges.*

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,  
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,  
All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
By these exterior shows?—But she is none:  
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Claud.* Not to be married,  
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof<sup>3</sup>  
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,  
And made defeat of her virginity,—

*Claud.* I know what you would say; If I have  
known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,  
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,  
I never tempted her with word too large;  
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd  
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming!<sup>a</sup> I will write against it:  
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
But you are more intemperate in your blood  
Than Venus or those pamper'd animals  
That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide<sup>4</sup>?

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?  
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

<sup>3</sup> *In your own proof, i. e. if in your own experience or knowledge.*  
So in *Cymbeline*, Act i. Sc. 7.

Who knows, by history, report, or his own proof,

What woman is?

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have "Out on thee seeming." Pope made the  
alteration.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *So remotely from the present business.* "You are wide of  
the matter," is a familiar phrase still in use.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yea, *Light o' love*<sup>3</sup>, with your heels?—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns<sup>4</sup>.

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H<sup>5</sup>.

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow<sup>6</sup>?

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

<sup>3</sup> The name of a popular old dance-tune mentioned again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and in several of our old dramas. The notes are given in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, and in Chappell's *Ancient English Airs*, vol. ii. pp. 78 and 193.

<sup>4</sup> A quibble between *barns*, repositories for corn, and *bairns*, children, formerly pronounced barns. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Mercy on us, a *barn*! a very pretty *barn*!"

<sup>5</sup> That is for an *ache* or pain, pronounced *aitch*. See note on *Tempest*, Act i. Sc. 2. Haywood has an epigram which best elucidates this:

"H is worst among letters in the cross-row,  
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,  
In thine arm or leg, in any degree;  
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;  
Into what place soever H may pike him,  
Wherever thou find him *ache* thou shalt not like him."

<sup>6</sup> So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—"Who's there, *trow*?" This obsolete exclamation of inquiry is a contraction of *trow ye*? think you? believe you? Steevens was mistaken in saying, that *To trow* is to imagine, to conceive. See Tooke's *ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕ-ΡΟΕΝΤΑ*, vol. ii. p. 403.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing :  
 Since many a wooer doth commence his suit  
 To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ;  
 Yet will he swear, he loves. .

*D. Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come  
 Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
 Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
 There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchets that he  
 speaks ;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing ! [Musick]

*Bene.* Now, *Divine air* ! now is his soul ravish'd !  
 —Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls  
 out of men's bodies ?<sup>6</sup>—Well, a horn for my money,  
 when all's done.

*BALTHAZAR sings.*

I.

*Balth.* Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever ;  
 One foot in sea, and one on shore ;  
 To one thing constant never :  
 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny ;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into, *Hey nonny, nonny.*

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
 Of dumps so dull and heavy  
 The fraud of men was ever so,  
 Since summer first was leavy :  
 Then sigh not so, &c.*

<sup>6</sup> Thus also, in *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 3, musick is said to be able to "draw three souls out of one weaver."

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy;—  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here; what would my lord:

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord:  
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets<sup>9</sup>;  
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love:  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,  
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day<sup>10</sup> wit in praising him.  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeun.*

<sup>9</sup> *Regreets*, i. e. *Salutations*.

<sup>10</sup> So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:  
"He speaks holiday."

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salanio.*

**N**OW, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd<sup>1</sup> ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Salan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

<sup>1</sup> To *knapp* is to *break short*. The word occurs in the Common Prayer: "He *knappeth* the spear in *sunder*."

*Salar.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart:—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if

Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. *[Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.]*

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

*Claud.* No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: 'only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her.

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and

venge : nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs, but o' my breathing ; no tears, but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too ; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

*Tub.* —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God :—Is it true ? is it true ?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal ;—Good news, good news : ha ! ha !—Where ? in Genoa ?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard. one night, fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me :—I shall never see my gold again : Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it ; I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my 'turquoise'<sup>3</sup> ; I had it of Leah, when I was a

<sup>3</sup> The *Turquoise* is a well known precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east. In old times its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. This is alluded to by Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*—

“ And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring,  
Look well or ill with him.”

Other virtues were also imputed to it, all of which were either

The 4to. is carefully printed, and contains some passages not inserted in the folio. The text, therefore, of the former is generally followed.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*  
DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*  
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence, favourite to*  
*Don Pedro.*  
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favourite likewise*  
*of Don Pedro.*  
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*  
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*  
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*  
BORACHIO, } *Followers of Don J*  
CONRADE, } *ever*  
DOGBERRY, } *Two foot not so*  
VERGES, } *n go,*  
A Sexton. *lithe and bonny,*  
A Friar. *our sounds of woe*  
A Boy. *nonny.*

HERO, Daughter to Leonat  
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonat  
MARGARET, } Gentlewomen  
URSULA, } *sing no more  
a heavy*

Messengers, Watch, and <sup>per so,</sup>  
*s leavy :*

SCENE, *Mgc.*

Sc. 3, musick is said

Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,  
 And so all yours. O ! these naughty times  
 Put bars between the owners and their rights ;  
 And so, though yours, not yours.— Prove it so,  
 Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.  
 I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize<sup>2</sup> the time ;  
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
 To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose ;  
 For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio ! then confess  
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :  
 There may as well be amity and life  
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,  
 Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,  
 Had been the very sum of my confession.  
 O happy torment, when my torturer  
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance !  
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;  
 If you do love me, you will find me out.—  
 Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—  
 Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice ;

*bewitched by an evil eye.* It is used again in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v. Sc. 5, p. 288. See note there :

“ Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.”

<sup>2</sup> *To peize*, is from *péser* Fr. *To weigh* or *balance*. So in *K. Richard III.*

“ Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow.”

In the text it is used figuratively for to *suspend*, to *retard*, or *delay the time*

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end<sup>3</sup>.  
 Fading in musick : that the comparison  
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,  
 And wat'ry death-bed for him : He may win ;  
 And what is musick then ? then musick is  
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
 To a new-crowned monarch ; such it is,  
 As are these dulcet sounds in break of day,  
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
 With no less presence<sup>4</sup>, but with much more love,  
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
 To the sea-monster<sup>5</sup> ; I stand for sacrifice,  
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
 With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !  
 Live thou, I live :—With much, much more dismay  
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets  
 to himself.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy<sup>6</sup> bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?  
 How begot, how nourished ?*

*Reply, reply.*

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies ;*

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the opinion which long prevailed that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death ; there is something so touching in this ancient superstition that one feels loath to be undeceived.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *dignity of mien*.

<sup>5</sup> See Ovid, *Metamorph.* lib. xi. ver. 199. Malone says Shakspeare had read the account of this adventure in the only Legend of the Destruction of Troy.

<sup>6</sup> The repetition of *much* is from the 4to. by Heyes.  
*Fancy*, i. e. *love*.

*Let us all ring fancy's knell ;  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*  
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least themselves ;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious<sup>7</sup> voice,  
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it<sup>8</sup> with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars ;  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ;  
And these assume but valour's excrement<sup>9</sup>,  
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight ;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it :  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> *Gracious*, i. e. *pleasing, winning favour*.

<sup>8</sup> *Approve*, i. e. *justify it*.

<sup>9</sup> That is, what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. *Excrement*, from *excreco*, is used for everything which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails. So in *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 3 :

“ Let me pocket up my pedler's *excrement*.”

<sup>10</sup> Shakespeare has also satirized this fashion of false hair in *Love's Labour's Lost*. See also his 68th Sonnet. Its prevalence

Thus ornament is but the guiled<sup>11</sup> shore  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
 Nor none of thee, thou stale and common drudge<sup>12</sup>  
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,  
 Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,  
 Thy paleness<sup>13</sup> moves me more than eloquence,  
 And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,

in his time is evinced by the Satire of Barnabe Rich, in *The Honestie of this Age*, or the World never honest till now; and by passages in other cotemporary writers.

<sup>11</sup> The first folio reads *guiled* shore, which we must understand as *guiling* or *treacherous*. The second folio has *gilded*, which is the way *gilded* is often spelt in both folios. So in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"Saw how deccits were *gilded* in his smiling."

<sup>12</sup> The old copies read, "thou *pale* and common drudge." I do not hesitate to restore what I feel confident was the poet's expressive word, by which means the undoubted reading *paleness*, afterward applied to lead, may be retained, and not changed to *plainness*, (as most editors have thought necessary,) to the injury of the whole passage. It is evident that the epithet applied to silver should be a depreciating one, while *paleness* is said to move more than eloquence. That *stale* was the poet's word cannot be doubted, coupled as it is with *common*. Thus in *K. Henry IV.* Part i. Act iii. Sc. 2:

"So *common* hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So *stale* and cheap," &c.

<sup>13</sup> On account of the misprint *pale*, above, Warburton substituted *plainness* here, but the reading of the old copy, which I have restored, is the true one. That *paleness* was an epithet peculiar to *lead*, is evident by the poet's use of it in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 5:

"Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and *pale as lead*."

So in *Baret's Alvearie*: "*Paleness* or *wannesse* like lead.—*Ternissure*." See also *Cotgrave* in that word. Thus also *Skelton* in *The Boke of Philip Sparow*, 1568:

"My visage *pale* and dead  
*Wan* and blue as *lead*."

And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.  
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
 In measure rein<sup>15</sup> thy joy, scant this excess;  
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
 For fear I surfeit!

*Bass.*

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit<sup>16</sup>! What demi-god  
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs  
 The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—  
 How could he see to do them? having made one,  
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
 And leave itself unfurnish'd<sup>17</sup>: Yet look, how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,

<sup>15</sup> The 4to. by Roberts has "*range thy joy.*" The other old copies *raïne*. That *rein*, and not *rain*, was intended is evident from the context, and the word is often thus spelt in the old copies.

<sup>16</sup> *Counterfeit* anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*. So in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother,

"The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."

<sup>17</sup> *Unfurnish'd*, i. e. *unfurnished with a companion or fellow*. In Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:

"You are a noble gentleman,  
 Will't please you bring a friend; we are two of us,  
 And pity, either of us should be *unfurnish'd*."

Steevens hesitated about reading *unfinished*, because the hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's *History of Faire Bellora*; afterwards published under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves*: "If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne

The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true !  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll : Fair lady, by your leave

[*Kissing her.*

I come by note, to give, and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
Hearing applause, and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;  
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* - You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am : though, for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more  
rich ;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

her counterfeit, her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing senses, that quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus unfinished." A preceding passage in Bassanio's speech might have been suggested by the same novel : " What are our curled and crisped lockes, but snares and nets to catch and entangle the hearts of gazers," &c.

Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
 Is sum of nothing<sup>18</sup> ; which, to term in gross,  
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :  
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
 But she may learn ; happier than this,  
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
 Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
 Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours  
 's now converted : but now I was the lord  
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,  
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
 Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ;  
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :  
 And there is such confusion in my powers,  
 As, after some oration fairly spoke  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude :  
 Where every something, being blent together,  
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
 Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring  
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;  
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
 To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord, and lady !

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,

<sup>18</sup> "Is sum of *nothing*." This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read, "Is sum of *something*." The reading of the folio seems to suit better with the general tenor of Portia's speech.

I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;  
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me<sup>19</sup> :  
And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you.  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship ; you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;  
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission<sup>20</sup>  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :  
For wooing here, until I sweat again ;  
And swearing, till my very roof<sup>21</sup> was dry  
With oaths of love : at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa ?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your  
marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What ! and stake down ?

*Gra.* No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.——

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?  
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

<sup>19</sup> That is, none away from me ; none that I shall lose, if you gain it.

<sup>20</sup> Intermission, i. e. pause, delay.

<sup>21</sup> The folio misprints rough. The 4to. by Roberts has roofe.

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither !  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord ;  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour : For my part, my lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Sale.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sale.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;  
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome.  
Your hand, Salerio ; What's the news from Venice ?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?  
I know, he will be glad of our success ;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

*Sale.* ' Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost !

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon' same  
paper,  
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek :  
Some dear friend dead : else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant<sup>22</sup> man. What, worse and worse ?—

<sup>22</sup> *Constant man.* It should be remembered that *stedfast*, *sud*,  
*grave*, *sober*, were ancient synonymes of *constant*.

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them<sup>7</sup>.

*Adr.* But say, I prythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad;

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
Will you come? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:  
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?  
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; *My gold*, quoth he:  
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;  
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;  
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;  
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *scarce stand under them*. This quibble is repeated in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"My staff *understands* me."

But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear,  
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble ?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew ?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats<sup>23</sup>.

*Por.* What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair<sup>24</sup> through Bassanio's fault.  
First, go with me to church, and call me wife :  
And then away to Venice to your friend ;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over ;  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along :  
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away !

<sup>23</sup> The Venetian *Ducat* had its name from the legend on it, "Sit tibi, Christe, datus, quem tu regis, iste Ducatus !" Its value when of gold was about 9s. 8d. So that, the relative value of money considered, the loan was a large one ; and Portia's wealth may be estimated by her offer.

<sup>24</sup> *Hair* is here used as a dissyllable ; or *thorough* may perhaps be substituted for *through*.

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [Reads.] *Sweet Bussanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared betwixen you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love! despatch all business. and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,  
I will make haste: but, till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A Street.

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy:—  
This is the fool that lent<sup>1</sup> out money gratis;—  
Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;  
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond<sup>2</sup>  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;  
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,

<sup>1</sup> The folio erroneously has *lends*.

<sup>2</sup> *Fond*, i. e. *foolish*.

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;  
I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*Salan.* It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept<sup>3</sup> with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone ;  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me ;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.* I am sure, the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law ;  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state<sup>4</sup> ;  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :  
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> "That ever *kept* with men," i. e. *dwelt*. In some of the mid-land counties, the common dwelling-room is still called the *keeping* room.

<sup>4</sup> As this passage is a little perplexed in its construction, it may not be improper to explain it:—The duke, says Antonio, cannot stop the course of law: For to deny the commodity (i. e. advantage) which strangers have hitherto had with us in Venice, will much impeach the justice of the state, since in the concourse of all nations there, the trade and profit of the city consists. In the *Historye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, 1567, there is a section "On the libertie of *straungers* at Venice." It must be borne in mind that Antonio was a citizen of Venice, and Shylock one of the *strangers*.

SCENE IV. Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,  
and BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know, you would be prouder of the work,  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments<sup>1</sup>, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover<sup>2</sup> of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,

<sup>1</sup> The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In Greene's Farewell to follow 1617, and in other cotemporary writers, it is used for the human frame in general. "Nature hath so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body." Again, in Chapman's version of the fifth Iliad:

"took the weariness of fight

From all his nerves and *lineaments*."

Several other instances of a similar use of the word by Chapman are adduced by Stevens.

<sup>2</sup> *Lover*. This word was anciently applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him "he is his *true lover*." So in Coriolanus: "I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my *lover*."

See also Shakespeare's Sonnets, *passim*.

In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty?  
 This comes too near the praising of myself!  
 Therefore, no more of it: hear other things:—  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return; for mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return:  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
 Not to deny this imposition;  
 The which my love, and some necessity,  
 Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you.

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
 To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]

Now, Balthazar,  
 As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
 So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,  
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man,  
 In speed to Padua;<sup>3</sup> see thou render this  
 Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;  
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have *Mantua*. Theobald made the necessary correction.

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed<sup>4</sup>  
Unto the traject<sup>5</sup>, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone : I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[Exit.

*Per.* Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,  
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutred<sup>6</sup> like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace :  
And speak, between the change of man and boy,  
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;  
I could not do withal<sup>7</sup> :—then I'll repent,

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *with the celerity of imagination*. So in the chorus preceding the third act of *K. Henry V.*

"Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies."

Again in Hamlet: "Swift as *meditation*." We still say, "*as swift as thought*."

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have *tranect*, a word which is not found elsewhere, either in English or Italian. I adopt Rowe's alteration to *traject*, which corresponds with *traghetto*, as explained by Florio in v. "a *ferric*, a passage, or gozell over, or from, shore to shore;" and with the Latin *trajectus*, which it is quite in Shakespeare's manner to have in mind.

<sup>6</sup> The 4to. by Roberts has *apparell'd*.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Gifford, in a note on Jonson's *Silent Woman*, p. 470, has clearly shown, by ample illustration, that this phrase signified "*I could not help it.*" So in the *Morte Arthur*, "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and

And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :  
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued school  
 Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men ?

*Por.* Fye ! what a question's that,  
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter.  
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
 At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,  
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A Garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly : for, look you, the sins of the  
 father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I  
 promise you, I fear you<sup>1</sup>. I was always plain with  
 you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter :  
 Therefore, be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think, you  
 are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do  
 you any good ; and that is but a kind of bastard hope  
 neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

that shall be great slander for you in this court. Alas ! said the  
 queen, *I cannot do without.*" Part III. c. 108. In the Little French  
 Lawyer, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing  
 the music, which endangered his safety, replies :

" *I cannot do without ;*

I have spoke and spoke ; I am betrayed and lost too."

Mr. Dyce has cited a confirmation from Palgrave. "*I can not do  
 without, a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng  
 is done.*"

<sup>1</sup> *I fear you, i. e. I fear for you.* So in K. Richard III.

"The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
 And his physicians fear him mightily."

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not ; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed ; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother ; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother<sup>2</sup>: well, you are gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he ; we were Christians enough before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another : This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs ; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say ; here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo ; Launcelot and I are out : he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

<sup>2</sup> *I shun Scylla, &c.* alluding to the well known line :

"*Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*"

The author of which was unknown to Erasmus, but was pointed out by Galeottus Martius. It is in the *Alexandreis* of Philip Gaultier, who flourished at the commencement of the 13th century. Nothing is more frequent than this proverb in our old English writers.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more<sup>3</sup> than reason : but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence ; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. — Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir ; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir ?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in : for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit LAUNCELOT.]

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited<sup>4</sup> !  
The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words : And I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,

<sup>3</sup> Milton's quibbling epigram has the same kind of humour to boast of—

“Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, *Pontia*, *Mori*,  
Quis bene *moratam morigeramque* neget.”

So in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631 :

“And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to say.  
I'll see if *more* I eat the *more* I may.”

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *suited or fitted to each other, arranged.*

How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing. It is very meet,  
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then  
In reason he should never come to heaven<sup>5</sup>.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.*                                Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.*                                Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO,  
GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.*

*Duke.*

**W**HAT, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee; thou art come to  
answer

<sup>5</sup> This is the reading of the 4to. by Roberts. The folio has  
‘it is reason he should never come to heaven.’

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's<sup>1</sup> reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* He is ready at the door. He comes, my lord

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our  
face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
'That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse<sup>2</sup>, more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent.<sup>3</sup> cruelty :  
And where<sup>4</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty,  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)  
Thou wilt not only loose<sup>5</sup> the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,

*Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. So in God's Revenge against Murder, 1621 :

"he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*."

<sup>2</sup> *Remorse* in Shakespeare's time generally signified *pity, tenderness*. So in *Othello* :—

"And to obey shall be in me *remorse*."

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *seeming, not real*.

<sup>4</sup> *Whereas*.

<sup>5</sup> *Loose*, i. e. *release*. This is the reading of the old copies, which has hitherto been unnecessarily changed to *lose*.

That have of late so huddled on his back ;  
 Enough to press a royal<sup>6</sup> merchant down,  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;  
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that<sup>7</sup> :  
 But say, it is my humour<sup>8</sup> ; Is it answer'd ?

<sup>6</sup> *Royal merchant* is not merely a ranting epithet as applied to merchants, for such were to be found at Venice in the Sanudo's, the Giustiniani, the Grimaldi, &c. This epithet was striking and well understood in Shakspere's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. A *royal merchant*, as Mr. Hunter remarks, in the middle ages, was a merchant who transacted business for a sovereign of the time.

The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses ; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal question ; but, since you want an answer, will this serve you ?

<sup>7</sup> The worthy Corporal Nym hath this apology usually at his fingers' ends, and Shylock condescends to excuse his extravagant cruelty as a *humour*, or irresistible propensity of the mind. The word *humour* is not used in its modern signification, but for a peculiar quality which sways and masters the individual through all his actions. In Rowland's Epigrams, No. 27 amply illustrates this phrase :

“ Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare ?

*It is his humour* (by the Lord) heelt sweare,” &c.

The reader should know that this note is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. See vol. i. p. 216, note 11.

What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig<sup>9</sup>;  
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'the nose,  
 Cannot contain their urine; For affection<sup>10</sup>,  
 Master of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:  
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
 Why he, a swollen<sup>11</sup> bag-pipe; but of force  
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
 Must yield to himself being offended;  
 As to offend, himself being offended;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 So can I give no

<sup>9</sup> A pig prepared for the table is meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* commonly applied to this animal. So in Fletcher's *Elder Brother* they stand *gaping* like a roasted pig."

"And the third Pennylesses his Supplication to the Devil, And in Nashe's *Peng* passage occurs:—"The causes conducting 1592, the following passage occurs:—"The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see a pig come to the table. Sotericus the surgeon was cholerick at the sight of a sturgeon," &c.

<sup>10</sup> *Affection* stands here for *imagination, sympathetic impression*. The old editions read and point thus:—

"And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th' nose,  
 Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Cannot contain their passion sways it to the mood  
 Masters of passion sways it to the mood  
 Masters of passion sways it to the mood  
 Masters of passion sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loaths."  
 The reading I adopted twenty-five years since, and which has been followed by Mr. Knight, requires no very violent alteration of the old copy; the change is merely in the punctuation of one line, and the omission of *s* at the end of *masters*. Mr. Dyce has substituted *of* for *of* at the end of *masters*. Mr. Dyce has expressed his approval of the reading *swollen*; the reading *swollen* was proposed

<sup>11</sup> The old copies read *swollen*; the reading *swollen* was proposed by Sir J. Hawkins. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *swollen*, which has much the same meaning as *swollen*, but that is an uncommon word, and the poet using *swollen* throughout his dramas, I do not

brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band :  
one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says,  
*God give you good rest.*

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is  
there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour  
since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night?  
and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry  
for the hoy Delay; Here are the angels that you sent  
for, to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions.  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;  
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;  
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and  
thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*,  
that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*.  
It is written, they appear to men like angels of light:  
light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light  
wenches will burn; Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.  
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here<sup>6</sup>.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, be-  
speak a long spoon<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> Probably by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market.

<sup>7</sup> This proverb is alluded to previously in the *Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 47:—"He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon."

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them : I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring  
none ?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?  
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?  
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you :  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it :  
If you deny me, fye upon your law !  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :  
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent <sup>as</sup> to determine this,  
Come here to-day. for

*Salar.* <sup>point</sup> <sup>rd,</sup> <sup>here</sup> <sup>without</sup> <sup>Shout</sup>  
A messenger with letter <sup>the</sup> <sup>bag</sup> <sup>no</sup> <sup>take</sup> <sup>will</sup>  
New come from Padua. <sup>the</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>following</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>26</sup>

*Duke.* Bring us the lett<sup>r</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>messenger</sup>.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Anton<sup>i</sup> <sup>And</sup> <sup>hat,</sup> <sup>man?</sup> <sup>cou-</sup>  
rage yet ! <sup>it</sup> <sup>is</sup>

The Jew shall have my flesh, bl<sup>d</sup> <sup>i,</sup> <sup>bones,</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>all,</sup>  
Thou shalt lose for me one dr<sup>p</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>blood.</sup>

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
<sup>4</sup> test for death ; the weakest kind of fruit

<sup>5</sup> <sup>1</sup> which earliest to the ground, and so let me :





But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins :  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it<sup>9</sup>.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
 And draw her home with musick.      [*Musick.*]

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive :  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

<sup>9</sup> The folio editions, and the quarto printed by Roberts, read :  
 "Doth grossly close *in it*, we cannot hear it."

Johnson thought the third line corrupt, and proposed to read, *it in* ; which proves to be the reading of the quarto printed by Heyes, though he did not know it ; this reading I find in my corrected folio. "Touching musical harmony," says Hooker, "whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high or low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding, is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in every part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony."—*Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book v. This very happy illustration of the recon-dite meaning of the poet was adduced by Dr. Farmer. Hooker appears to allude to the Pythagorean doctrine, that the essence of virtue, of health, of all good, and of God himself, was harmony ;—a doctrine combined by the poet with the general theory of the music of spheres. Milton, in the following lines of his *Arcades*, worked upon the astronomical mythus with which Plato concludes his *Republic*, but no doubt remembered Shakespeare also :—

"In deep of night, when drowsiness  
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lye,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady nature in her law,  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune which none can hear  
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice<sup>22</sup>. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
 That in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
 Which if thou follow, this strict court<sup>23</sup> of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
 Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,  
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
 If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth<sup>24</sup>. And, I beseech you,  
 Wrest once the law to your authority:  
 To do a great right, do a little wrong;  
 And curb th's cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
 Can alter a decree established<sup>25</sup>.

<sup>22</sup> So in K. Edward III. a Tragedy, 1596:

"And Kings approach the nearest unto God,  
 By giving life and safety unto men."

And Thomas Achely quoted in England's Parnassus, under the  
 head "Mercie:"

"Then come we nearest to the Gods on hie,  
 When we are farthest from extremitie,  
 Giving forthe sentence of our lawes with mercie."

The folio has "*course*."

*Malice bears down truth*, i. e. *malice* <sup>ii</sup> *presses honesty*; a true  
 man in old language is an *honest* man. <sup>iii</sup> We now call the jury  
 good men and true.

"Twill be recorded for a precedent ;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—  
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment : by my soul, I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is.  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife :

*Shy.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast :

So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh ?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shyllock, on your  
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do<sup>25</sup> bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond ?

*Por.* It is not so express'd ; But what of that ?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

*Ant.* But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you :

For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death :

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

<sup>25</sup> "Lest he *should*" is the reading of the folio, and the next line,  
"It is not nominated in the bond."

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love ;  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the christian husbands : I have a  
daughter :

Would any of the stock of Barrabas<sup>26</sup>  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !

[*Aside.*

We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge !

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge !—A sentence : come,  
prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little :—there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :  
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh<sup>a</sup> ;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—O learned  
judge !

<sup>26</sup> Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barābas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.

<sup>a</sup> This line is not in the quartos.

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shall see the act :  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

*Gra.* O learned judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a learned  
judge !

*Shy.* I take this offer then ;—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft !

The Jew shall have all justice :—soft !—no haste ;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh<sup>27</sup>,  
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,<sup>28</sup>  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

<sup>27</sup> Balthasar Gracian, the celebrated Spanish Jesuit, in his *Hero*, relates a similar judgment, which he attributes to the great Turk. Gregorio Leti in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has another story of the kind. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583, and ended in 1599. The passages may be found in the *Variorum Shakespeare*.

<sup>28</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *balance* for *substance*, but this would require *Or*, beginning the next line, to be *By*. The old reading is in every respect preferable. Gradation is then expressed, from a *scruple* to the *one-twentieth part of a scruple*, and then a *hair*

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon ;  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not  
Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope<sup>31</sup> your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid ;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further,  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,

have been an old joke. So in the Devil is an Ass, by Ben Jonson :

" I will leave you

To your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

And in Bullein's Dialogue of the Fever Pestilence, 1564, one of the speakers, to show his mean opinion of an ostler at an inn, says : " I did see him aske blessinge to xii godfathers at once." We have here a reference to the English trial by jury, inapplicable to the forms of a Venetian trial.

<sup>31</sup> If to cope is here used for to reward, or give in return, it is the only instance of its use with that meaning ; but as the word is also used for to cover, it seems to me more probable that such is the sense it is intended to bear.

The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

*Gra.* A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake !

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke and all the court,  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;  
I am content, so he will let me have  
The other half in use<sup>29</sup>,—to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter :  
Two things provided more.—That, for this favour,  
He presently become a Christian ;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this ; or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say ?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;  
I am not well ; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;  
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more<sup>30</sup> ;

<sup>29</sup> Antonio's offer has been variously explained. It appears to be "that he will quit his share of the fine, as the duke has already done that portion due to the state, if Shylock will let him have it in *use* (i. e. *at interest*) during his life, to render it at his death to Lorenzo.

<sup>30</sup> i. e. *a jury of twelve men to condemn him*. This appears to

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock ?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn<sup>19</sup> you, as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger<sup>20</sup>, do you not ?

[To ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond ?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd<sup>21</sup> ;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway.

a docu-  
music of spheres. Milton, to controvert.  
worked upon the astronomical of any one was to be in his power,  
his Republic, but no doubt in jeopardy from him, on account

"In deep It was an old feudal law term, thus  
Hath lock'd up Danger, quidquid juri stricto, atque  
To the celestium est." There are frequent instances  
That sit upon letters in the same sense. So in Powell's  
And turn the "Laying for his excuse that he had of-  
On which the England, and therefore would not come  
Such sweet in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis :—  
To lull the within his danger by your will."  
And keepably recollected the following verse of Æc-  
And the l, in composing these beautiful lines : "Mercy  
After the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time  
Of huma

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield  
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;  
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :—  
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this ;  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the  
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation :  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :  
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;  
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever,  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt* PORTIA, and NERISSA.]

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house :—away, make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont : Come, Antonio [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
And let him sign it ; we'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home :  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gre.* Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en :  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice<sup>1</sup>,  
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be :  
This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him : Furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you :—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

⌈ *To* PORTIA.

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant : We<sup>1</sup> shall have old<sup>2</sup>  
swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men ;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
Away ! make haste ; thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this  
house? [*Exeunt.*]


<sup>1</sup> Upon more advice, i. e. more reflection. So in All's Well that Ends Well:

"You never did lack *advice* so much."

<sup>2</sup> Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language there are various instances in the plays of Shakespeare in the sense of *abundant, frequent*. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the king's English." Again in *K. Henry IV. Part II*. "Here will be *old* utis."

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.**Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.**Lorenzo.*

 HE moon shines bright :—In such a night as this<sup>1</sup>,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

And they did make no noise : in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls<sup>2</sup>,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand<sup>3</sup>  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *In such a night as this.* The several passages beginning with these words are imitated in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*, written before 1596. See the play in Hawkins's *Origin of the Drama*, vol. iii.

<sup>2</sup> This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, b. v. v. 666, and 1142.

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare perhaps recollected Chaucer's description of Ariadne in a similar situation in the *Legend of Good Women* ; or he may have taken this circumstance, as Warton suggests, from some ballad on the subject.

<sup>4</sup> Steevens refers to Gower's description of Medea in his *Confessio Amantis*



*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola ! wo, ha, ho ! sola, sola !

*Lor.* Who calls ?

*Laun.* Sola ! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man ; here.

*Laun.* Sola ! Where ? where ?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news ; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* Sweet soul<sup>a</sup>, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter ;—Why should we go in ?  
My friend Stéphano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;  
And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[*Exit* STEPHANO.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick  
Creep in our ears<sup>7</sup> ; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica : Look ! how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines<sup>8</sup> of bright gold ;  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st.

At Ceston ; and 'tis ominous to pass

Any of these without a Pater-noster."

And this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.

<sup>a</sup> *Sweet soul.* These words are given to Launcelot in the old copies.

<sup>7</sup> So in Churchyard's *Worthines of Wales*, 1587 :

"A *musicke* sweete that through *our eares* shall creepe

By secret arte, and lull a man asleep."

Again, in *The Tempest* :

"This music *crept* by me upon the waters."

<sup>8</sup> A small flat dish or plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist ; it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt. The first folio and the 4to. by Heyes have *pattens*. The reading of the second folio is *patternes* ; of the other 4to. *pattents*.

More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee  
twice?

*Ant.* I pray you think:—you question<sup>12</sup> with the  
Jew;

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb<sup>13</sup>;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven<sup>14</sup>;  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no other means,  
But with all brief and plainness, conveniency,  
Not as a Jew, but as a man, to answer the Jew his will.

have been an old joke. So in the *Ignorance with*.

"I will leave to, by Roberts, and most of the

To your godfathers in law folio has imperfectly:  
And in Bullein's Dialogue of the question with the wolf,  
the speakers, to show his 'or the lamb."

says: "I did see him askes the line by the words *when you behold*  
We have here a reference to the end of it.

cable to the forms of a V to have been caught from Golding's *vr*

<sup>12</sup> If *to cope* is here used, *Shk xv. p. 196*:—

only instance of its use in trees make, what time the heady ear<sup>13</sup>  
also used for *to cover*, it is  
the sense it is intended to *st* them."

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts<sup>10</sup>,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any air of musick touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
 By the sweet power of musick : Therefore, the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But musick for the time doth change his nature  
 The man that hath no musick in himself,  
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see, is burning in my hall.  
 How far that little candle throws his beams !  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the  
 candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less :  
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
 Until a king be by ; and then his state  
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
 Into the main of waters. Musick ! hark !

*Ner.* It is your musick, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect<sup>11</sup> ;

<sup>10</sup> We find the same thought in *The Tempest* :

“ Then I beat my tabor,

At which, like *unback'd colts*, they pricked their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses

As they smelt music.”

<sup>11</sup> Not *absolutely good*, but *relatively good*, as it is modified by  
 circumstances.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot. Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia !

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!

*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;  
Seven times tried that judgment is,  
That did never choose amiss.*

*Some there be, that shadows kiss ;*

*Such have but a shadow's bliss:*

*There be fools alive, I wis,*

*Silcer'd o'er; and so was this.*

*Take what wife you will to bed<sup>r</sup>,*

*I will ever be your head:*

*So begone, you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here ;

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth<sup>8</sup>.

[*Exeunt Arragon, and Train.*]

<sup>7</sup> The poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any other woman.

<sup>8</sup> *Wrōth* is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune*, anything that makes one *writhe*. Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historiyes of Troye*, 1471, has frequent instances of *wroth*. Thus also in Chapman's version of the 22nd Iliad—

"Born all to wroth  
Of woe and labour."

And Barclay in his Ship of Fools:

"Be the poore wroth, or be he well apayde."

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light<sup>13</sup>;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me ;  
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam : give welcome to my friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house :  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy<sup>14</sup>.

[GRATIANO and NERISSA talk apart.

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong ;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the matter ?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me ; whose posy was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry

<sup>13</sup> Shakespeare delights to trifle with this *w. d.* It was also a frequent practice with his cotemporaries ; take one instance out of many, from Marston's *Insatiate Countess* :

"By this bright *light* that is derived from thee—

So, sir, you make me a *light* creature."

<sup>14</sup> *This breathing courtesy*, i. e. *this verbal complimentary form*, made up only of *breath*, i. e. *words*. So in *Timon of Athens* a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech : "You *breathe* in vain." Again in *Macbeth* : "Mouth-honour, *breath*."

Upon a knife<sup>15</sup>, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave:  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective<sup>16</sup>, and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk!—no, God's my judge<sup>17</sup>,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk;  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it; and here he stands;  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;

<sup>15</sup> "Like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife."

Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich.

<sup>16</sup> *Respective*, that is *considerative, regardful*; not *respectful* or *respectable*, as Steevens supposed. Thus in *King John*, Act i. Sc. 1:—

"For new made honour doth forget men's names,

'Tis too *respective* and too sociable."

And in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. Sc. 4, p. 180:—

"What should it be that he *respects* in her

But I can make *respective* in myself."

<sup>17</sup> The reading of the quartos was altered in the folio, in consequence of the statute against profane swearing, to "*but well I know.*"

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:  
And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain<sup>18</sup> the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty

<sup>18</sup> *To contain* had nearly the same meaning with *to retain*. So in Bacon's *Essays*, 4to. 1625, p. 327: "To *containe* anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things?"

To urge the thing held as a ceremony<sup>19</sup>?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe;

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Base.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it, but a civil doctor<sup>20</sup>,

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;

Even he that had held up the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honour would not let ingratitude

So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;

For, by these blessed candles<sup>21</sup> of the night,

Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you:

I'll not deny him any thing I have,

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:

Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

<sup>19</sup> *Held as a ceremony*, i. e. *kept in a measure religiously, or superstitiously*. We have it again in Julius Cæsar; Calphurnia says:—

“Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
But now they fright me.”

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *a Doctor of Civil Law*.

<sup>21</sup> *Candles of the night*. We have the same expression in one of Shakespeare's Sonnets, in Macbeth, and in Romeo and Juliet.

*Gra.* Well, do you so : let not me take him then ;  
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you ; You are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,——

*Por.* Mark you but that !  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :  
In each eye, one :—swear by your double<sup>22</sup> self,  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me :  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* [*to Portia.*] I once did lend my body for his  
wealth<sup>23</sup> ;

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety : Give him this ;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

*Por.* I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio ;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways

<sup>22</sup> *Double* is here used for *deceitful*, full of duplicity.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. *for his advantage*, to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was the term generally opposed to *adversity* or *calamity*. So in The Litany : "In all time of our *w<sup>e</sup>alth*." It is only another form of *weal* ; we say indifferently common-*weal*, or common-*wealth*.

In summer, when<sup>24</sup> the ways are fair enough :  
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;  
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even now return'd : I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly ;  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me  
cuckold ?

*Ner.* Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it ,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living ;  
For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo ?  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—  
There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor* air ladies, you drop manna in the way

<sup>24</sup> The old copies have *w nere* for *when*, a mistake of frequent occurrence.

Of starved people.

*Por.*                      It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full: Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so: The first inter'gatory  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That<sup>25</sup> I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So sore. as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.      [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>25</sup> This is the reading of the quarto by Heyes. The folio and the quarto by Roberts have *Till*.

END OF VOL. II.





